OLD WEST

46776

Fall, 1971

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HE FIERY FINISH
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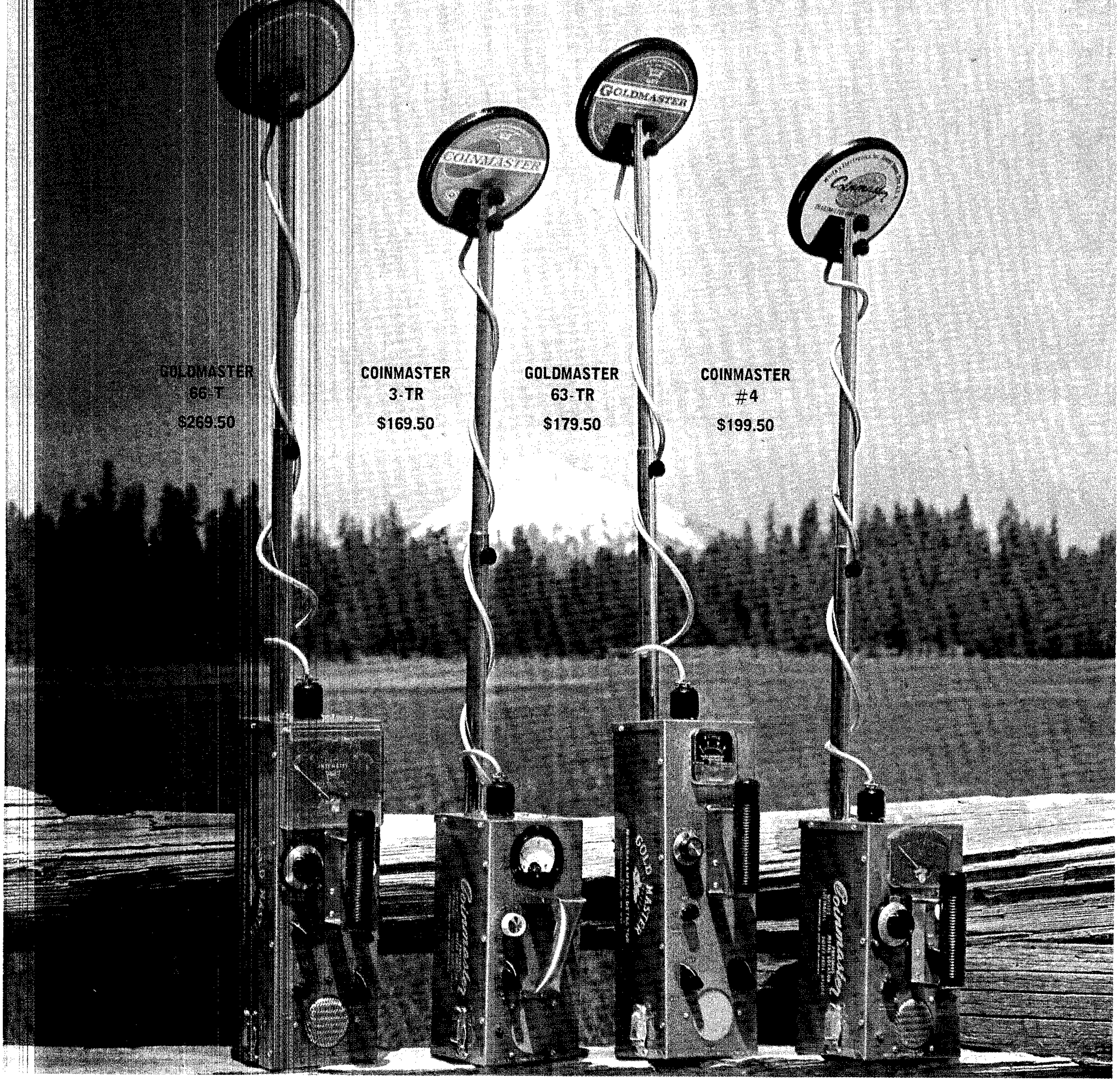

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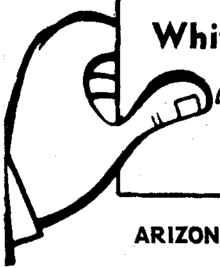

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OLD WEST

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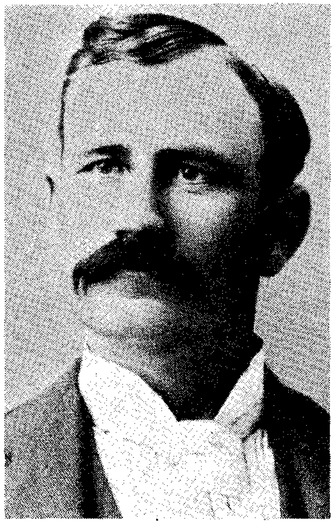
SPECIAL BOOK BONUS!

By H. H. HALSELL

"COWBOYS AND CATTLELAND"

BEGINS on PAGE 27!

"Dedicated to The Old Cherokee Strip Riders"



FALL, 1971 VOL. 8, NO. 1 WHOLE NO. 29

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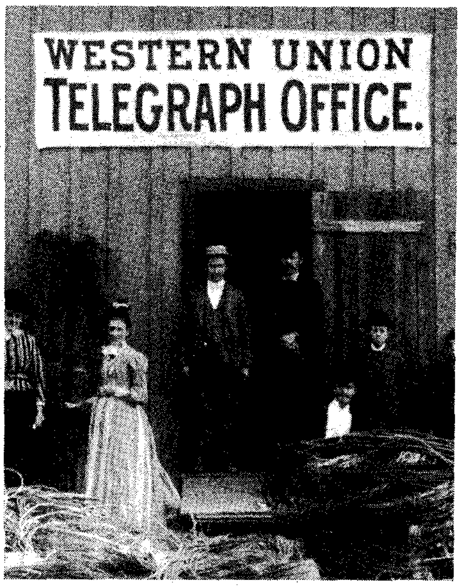

Emergency line to the outside world
Turn to page 6!

Where did she hide the Gamel gold?
See page 14!

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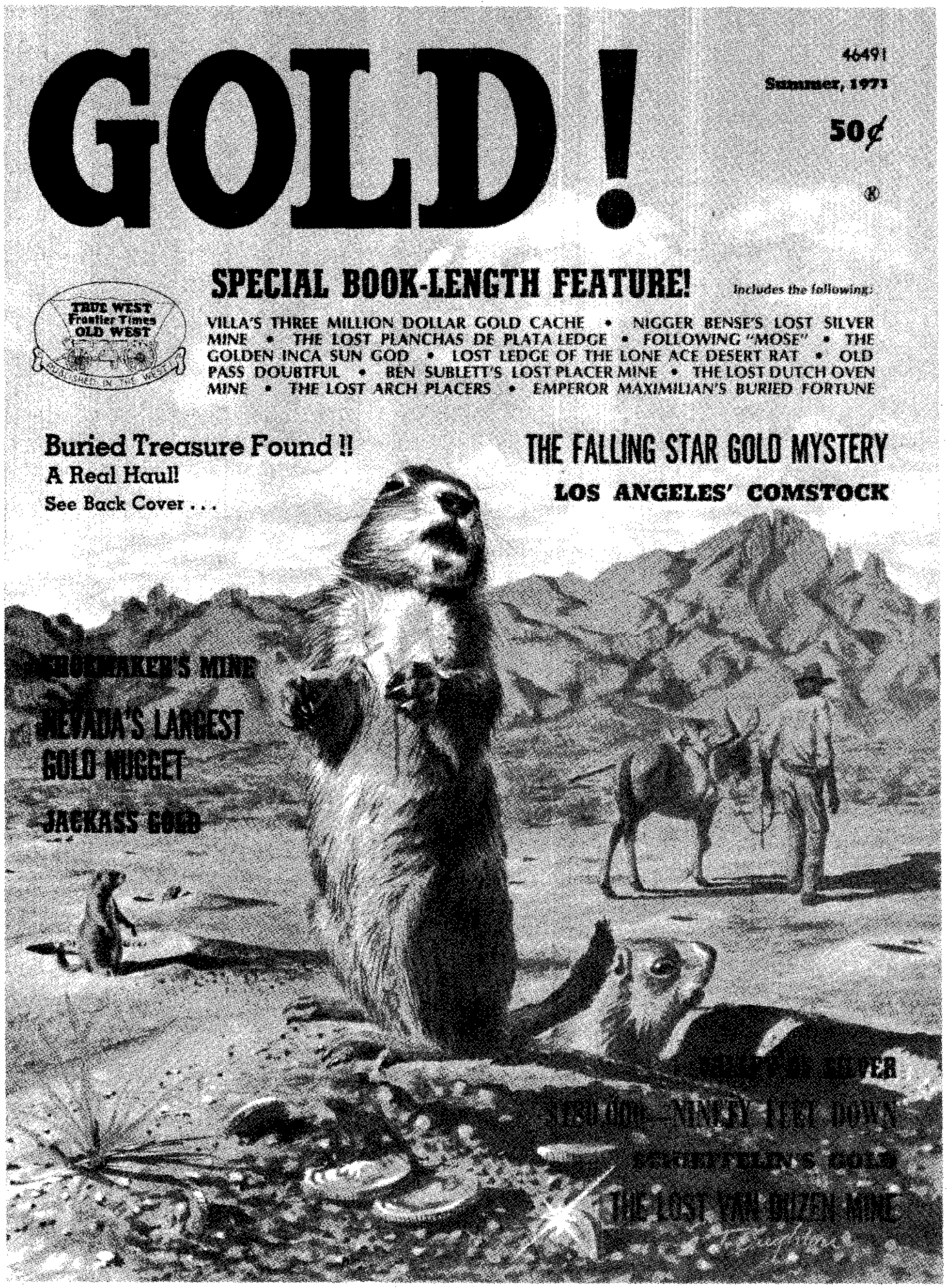
GOLD! #5



GOLD!

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Summer, 1971

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Buried Treasure Found !!
A Real Haul!
See Back Cover . . .

THE FALLING STAR GOLD MYSTERY

LOS ANGELES' COMSTOCK

SHOEMAKER'S MINE

NEVADA'S LARGEST GOLD NUGGET

JACKASS GOLD

VALLEY OF SILVER

$180,000—NINETY FEET DOWN

SCHIEFFELIN'S GOLD

THE LOST VAN DUZEN MINE

In This Issue—

- THE FALLING STAR GOLD MYSTERY
- SHOEMAKER'S MINE
- SCHIEFFELIN'S GOLD
- THE WEST'S MOST FABULOUS GHOST TOWN
- $180,000—NINETY FEET DOWN
- LONG JACK
- CORONADO'S LOST CHILDREN
- VALLEY OF SILVER
- LOS ANGELES' COMSTOCK
- THE LOST VAN DUZEN MINE
- GHOST TOWN—8,700 FEET UP
- NEVADA'S LARGEST GOLD NUGGET
- JACKASS GOLD
- SLIPPERY GULCH
- CAMP FIRE TALES OF LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURE (includes)
  - VILLA'S THREE MILLION DOLLAR GOLD CACHE
  - NIGGER BENSE'S LOST SILVER MINE
  - THE LOST PLANCHAS DE PLATA LEDGE
  - FOLLOWING "MOSE"
  - THE GOLDEN INCA SUN GOD
  - LOST LEDGE OF THE LONE ACE DESERT RAT
  - OLD PASS DOUBTFUL
  - BEN SUBLETT'S LOST PLACER MINE
  - THE LOST DUTCH OVEN MINE
  - THE LOST ARCH PLACERS
  - EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S BURIED FORTUNE IN SILVER PLATE AND SILVER INGOTS

ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND JULY 8!

Chasing Pancho Villa

The Pancho Villa story in the Spring '71 OLD WEST will bring back memories for Mel Lord of Chelan, Washington, as he told me he was a cavalryman along the U.S.-Mexican border during the trouble with Villa. Lord was also a star athlete in football and possibly athletic instructor and rifle instructor in the cavalry at that time.

During the summers of 1934 and 1935, I lived in those old 1917 army tents while working with the C.C.C. boys in the heart of Glacier Park, Montana. We also used the old Sibley stoves which are now rare items for relic collectors. Anytime it rained very much we had to loosen the tie-ropes around the sides so that the tent seams wouldn't split when the wet tent cloth would shrink. Now and then some of the boys would forget to loosen the ropes, and a weak seam in the tent would split from top to bottom. Then they'd have to replace it with another tent and get a warning from the C.O. not to let it happen again.

Sometimes a mountain windstorm would tear up tents if they weren't tied down good. I don't recall anyone getting hurt when a tent blew down, but some of those boys from Brooklyn and the Bronx, New York were plenty scared. Most of the tents had a wooden framework around the lower part inside, and a wooden board floor with the stove set in a box of gravel in the center.

In September 1934 an early snow caught my camp short of supplies and we were snowed in for three or four days about fifty miles from Glacier Park Station. By the time the road was opened up again, we were eating hard-tack crackers and coffee twice a day. That 1917 hard-tack was *really* hard. Some of the boys thought they'd freeze or starve to death before the road was opened. We were very glad to be shipped home shortly afterward.

Perhaps a few of them from Camp #4, Co. 1259, C.C.C. will read this and recall this "tour of duty" in the Montana Rockies.—Walt Thayer, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

•

I read your Spring issue of OLD WEST with much interest, especially Mr. Jim Klohr's article. I, too, was in that chase, but with the 13th U. S. Cavalry Troop "H." Was stationed at Columbus, New Mexico in September 1915 and doing patrol duty along the Mexican border.

I am enclosing a copy of our record of places and the personnel of Troop "H" 13th Cavalry's journey in Mexico March 15, 1916 to February 6, 1917.

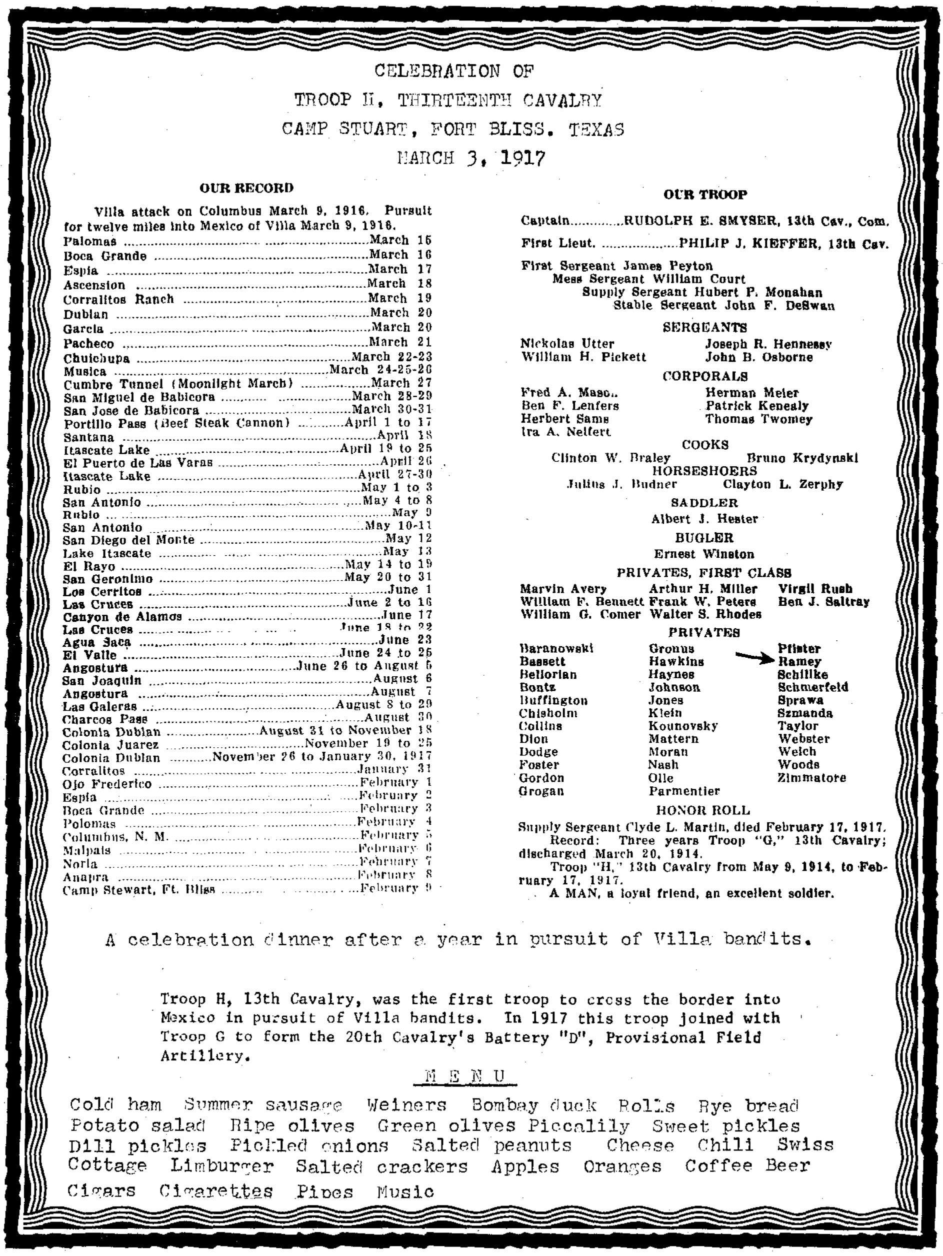
I would appreciate hearing from any of the buddies of "H" Troop 13th Cavalry who were in that chase.—Hiram L. Ramey, 117 Ramona Avenue, Piedmont, California 94611

•

I have just read "Chasing the Greatest Bandido of All—Pancho Villa" in the Spring OLD WEST. It is a good story, but on page ten the two trucks called Jeffrey Quads are two Packard trucks. If my memory serves me right, Jeffrey Quads were originally four-wheel drive. I drove them in France as an ammo wagon. I spent many years with Packard and surely remember our trucks.—Arthur C. Olson, 1100 Water St., Kerrville, Texas 78028

•

I buy OLD WEST off the newsstands and enjoyed reading the story about Pancho Villa, written by Jim Klohr, in the Spring 1971 issue. On page ten is a picture of two trucks identified as Jeffrey Quads. These two trucks actually are Packard trucks. I spent two years in the 7th Field Signal Corps at Fort Bliss, Texas (El Paso). I put a lot of miles on a Packard truck and know the shape of the radiator. The Jeffrey Quad was



CELEBRATION OF
TROOP H, THIRTEENTH CAVALRY
CAMP STUART, FORT BLISS. TEXAS
MARCH 3, 1917

OUR RECORD

Villa attack on Columbus March 9, 1916. Pursuit for twelve miles into Mexico of Villa March 9, 1916.

Palomas	March 15
Boca Grande	March 16
Espia	March 17
Ascension	March 18
Corralitos Ranch	March 19
Dublan	March 20
Garcia	March 20
Pacheco	March 21
Chuichupa	March 22-23
Musica	March 24-25-26
Cumbre Tunnel (Moonlight March)	March 27
San Miguel de Babicora	March 28-29
San Jose de Babicora	March 30-31
Portillo Pass (Beef Steak Cannon)	April 1 to 17
Santana	April 18
Itascate Lake	April 19 to 25
El Puerto de Las Varas	April 26
Itascate Lake	April 27-30
Rubio	May 1 to 3
San Antonio	May 4 to 8
Rubio	May 9
San Antonio	May 10-11
San Diego del Monte	May 12
Lake Itascate	May 13
El Rayo	May 14 to 19
San Geronimo	May 20 to 31
Los Cerritos	June 1
Las Cruces	June 2 to 16
Canyon de Alamos	June 17
Las Cruces	June 18 to 22
Agua Saca	June 23
El Valle	June 24 to 25
Angostura	June 26 to August 5
San Joaquin	August 6
Angostura	August 7
Las Galeras	August 8 to 29
Charcos Pass	August 30
Colonia Dublan	August 31 to November 18
Colonia Juarez	November 19 to 25
Colonia Dublan	November 26 to January 30, 1917
Corralitos	January 31
Ojo Frederico	February 1
Espia	February 2
Boca Grande	February 3
Polomas	February 4
Columbus, N. M.	February 5
Malpais	February 6
Norla	February 7
Anapra	February 8
Camp Stewart, Ft. Bliss	February 9

OUR TROOP

Captain............RUDOLPH E. SMYSER, 13th Cav., Com.

First Lieut. ....PHILIP J. KIEFFER, 13th Cav.

First Sergeant James Peyton
Mess Sergeant William Court
Supply Sergeant Hubert P. Monahan
Stable Sergeant John F. DeSwan

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Bassett
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Chisholm
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Dion
Dodge
Foster
Gordon
Grogan
Gronus
Hawkins
Haynes
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Jones
Klein
Kounovsky
Mattern
Moran
Nash
Olle
Parmentier
Pfister
Ramey
Schillke
Schmerfeld
Sprawa
Szmanda
Taylor
Webster
Welch
Woods
Zimmatore

HONOR ROLL

Supply Sergeant Clyde L. Martin, died February 17, 1917.
Record: Three years Troop "G," 13th Cavalry; discharged March 20, 1914.
Troop "H," 13th Cavalry from May 9, 1914, to February 17, 1917.
A MAN, a loyal friend, an excellent soldier.

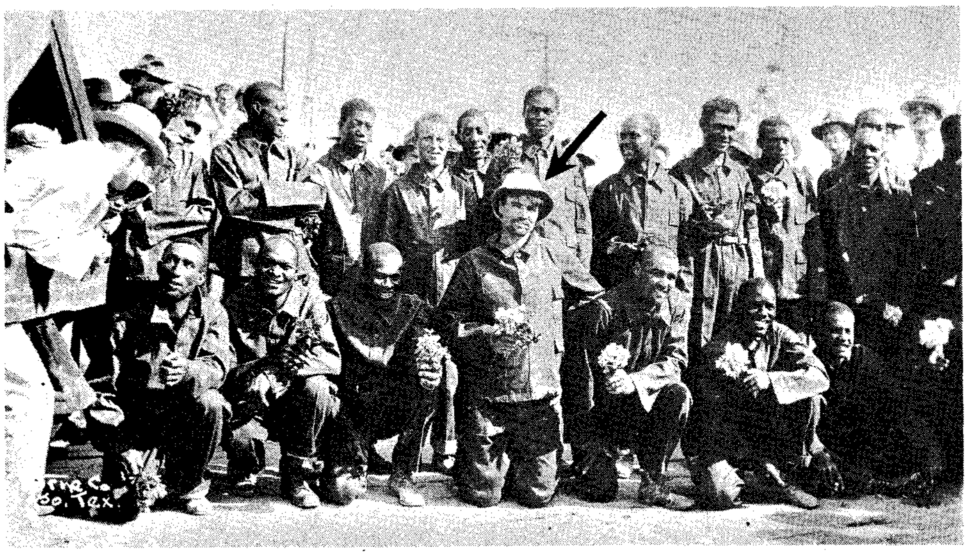
A celebration dinner after a year in pursuit of Villa bandits.

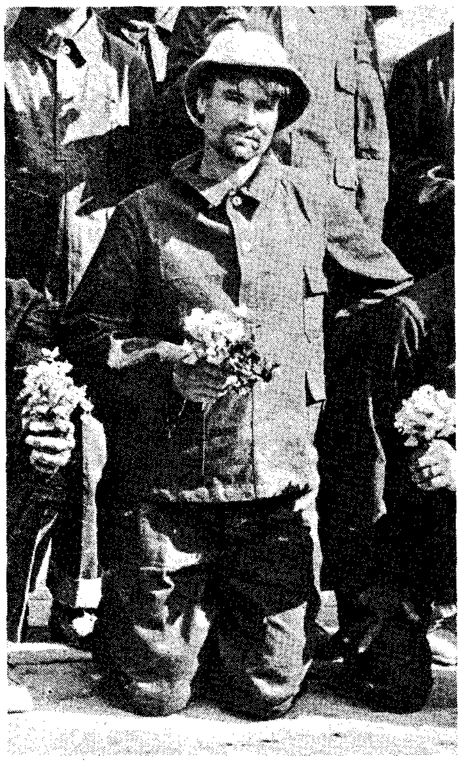
Troop H, 13th Cavalry, was the first troop to cross the border into Mexico in pursuit of Villa bandits. In 1917 this troop joined with Troop G to form the 20th Cavalry's Battery "D", Provisional Field Artillery.

MENU

Cold ham Summer sausage Weiners Bombay duck Rolls Rye bread
Potato salad Ripe olives Green olives Piccalily Sweet pickles
Dill pickles Pickled onions Salted peanuts Cheese Chili Swiss
Cottage Limburger Salted crackers Apples Oranges Coffee Beer
Cigars Cigarettes Pipes Music

At left, Hiram Ramey's commemorative program listing personnel and record of Troop H, 13th Cavalry.





The man to whom Mr. DeHoff refers (shown above and at left, enlarged) in all probability is Lemuel Spillsbury (or Spilsbury). Our original photo bears no identification, but subsequent research has revealed the following: Twenty-four U.S. 10th Cavalrymen of Troops C and K were captured June 21, 1916 at Carrizal, and Lem Spillsbury, the regiment's Mormon scout, was the only white man among those taken (the 10th was a Negro regiment). The man in question appears to be the only white man among the prisoners (above). Further, *one report we found describing* the apparel of the prisoners upon their release at Juarez on June 29 comments that Spillsbury was wearing "a white yachting cap."

a four-wheel drive and the truck on page ten is two-wheel drive. I drove all the models of army trucks we had at that time. Pancho Villa was still giving us trouble while I was camped at Fort Bliss.—John E. Reid, 141 Taintor Road, Palmdale, California 93550

•

Reference is made to the upper picture on page fifteen in the Spring 1971 issue of OLD WEST, "Chasing the Greatest Bandido of All."

Is the man in the white slouch hat on both knees in the center of the front row Lem Spilsbury, the scout and guide with the 10th Cavalry at Carrizal?—Emmett DeHoff, Bird City, Kansas 67731

•

The story of chasing Villa and his bandidos brought back a host of memories of my tour of duty with the 2nd Maine Infantry while on the border in 1916. We arrived at Laredo, Texas, on July 4th, tired and dirty after a long train ride in coaches. We disembarked and marched to an old onion field outside the city where we made camp. On the way down, I tried to open a window on the coach and used my rifle as a lever. The stock broke in half, so as we passed a gang of regulars from Fort McIntosh lined up to see the "militia," one of them shouted at me, "What are you going to do, throw stones?" His remarks were occasioned by the fact that my rifle was hanging by the strap, half in front of me and the other half dangling behind. It was kind of embarrassing. I had just joined the National Guard as they furnished ammunition for the YMCA rifle team. From the day I enlisted, it was only ten days before I was on my way to the border in an OD woolen uniform and Spanish blanket roll. We hiked 60 miles out to Zapata and left squads at ranches and fording places on the Rio Grande.

We employed double guards at night, and one could follow the corporal of the guard with the relief detail, as they went from post to post, by the barking of dogs. It seemed everyone in Zapata owned a dog. Occasionally we would see some Mexican Army details across the river, I imagine the Federal Army, since no attacks were made. During October, we were relieved by a Florida National Guard regiment and returned to Maine after a stopover at Laredo.

To relieve the monotony, we formed a battalion baseball league and rode via mule team from one company to another, carrying our rifles, with some facing the

(Continued on page 40)

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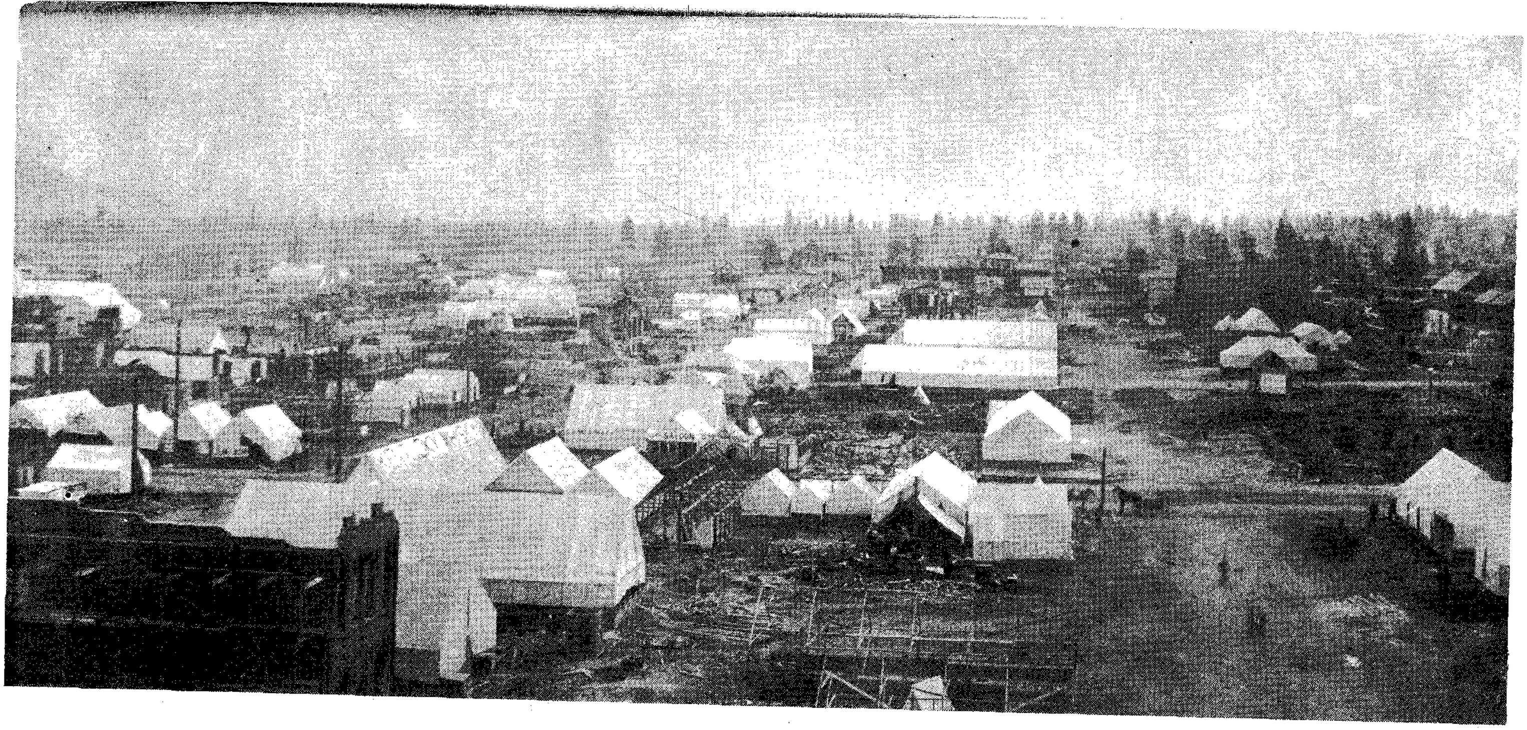


Spokane Falls' thirty-two blocks of burned-out business center became a tent city overnight following the great fire of August 4, 1889. Above is First Street looking east from Lincoln.

THE *Fiery Finish*

A dozen buckets of water could

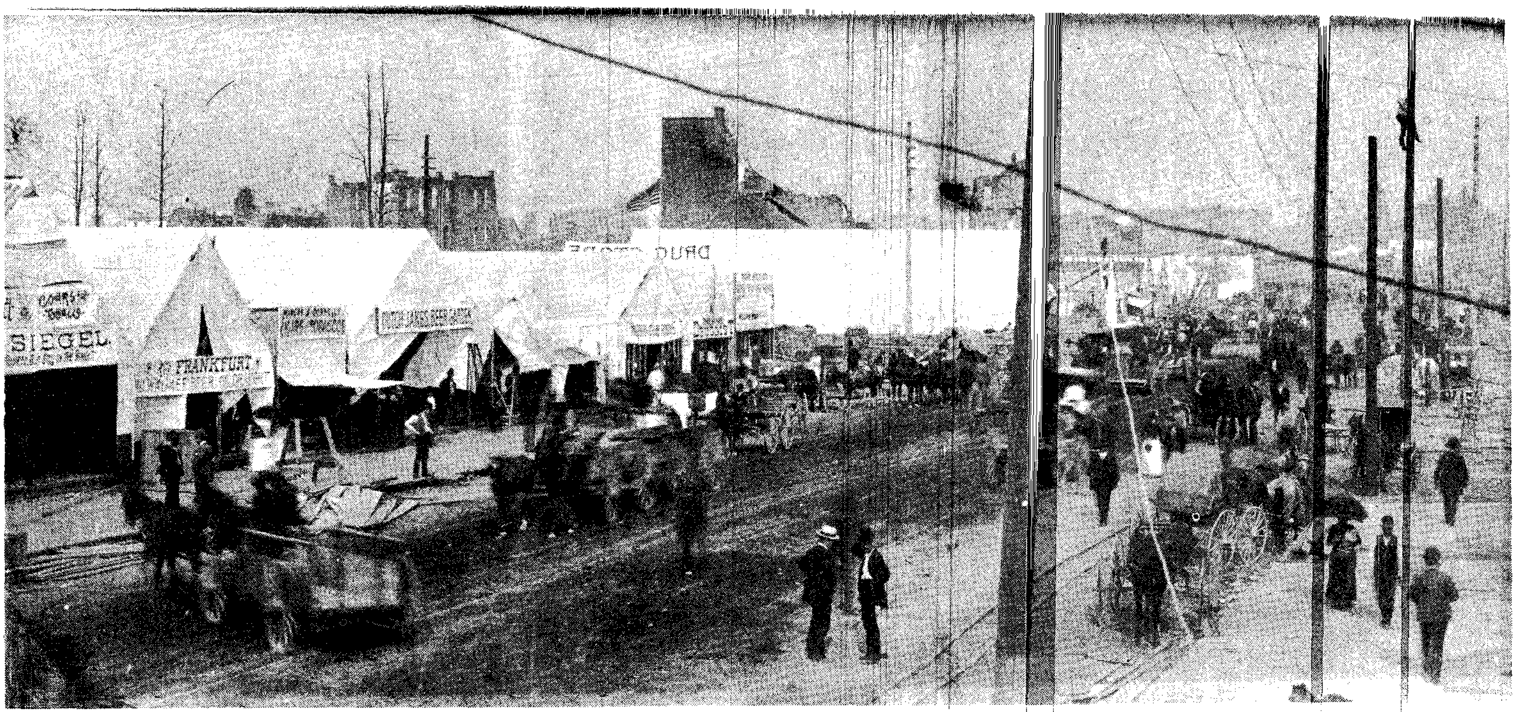
By JAY J. KALEZ

Eastern Washington State Historical Society Photos Courtesy Author

SPOKANE, Washington's true birthdate was the spring of 1872 when J. J. Downing and L. R. Scranton, the first two white men to attempt to establish a home in the Spokane country, staked out their squatters' claims. At that time, the entire white population in what is now Spokane County was less than a dozen people. But it was the great fire of August 4, 1889 that truly marked the end of the sleepy frontier trade village Spokane Falls and the beginning of a booming town to be called Spokane.

For years the Spokane *Chronicle*, proud of its "I was there" status relative

Ruins of the Arlington Hotel at Main Avenue and Howard Street. George S. Davis, a civil engineer staying at the hotel, was badly burned when he dashed in to try to salvage some mining papers. He later died in nearby Sacred Heart Hospital.

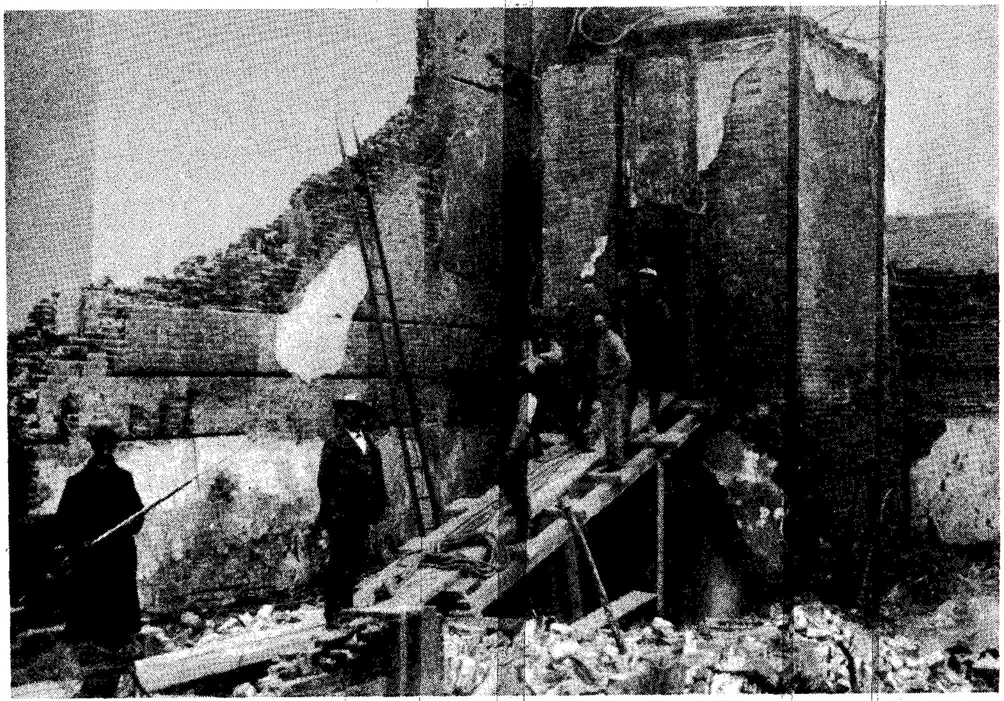


Spokane Falls' main street, Riverside Avenue, after the holocaust. Dutch Jake Goetz's Beer Garden and other establishments at left of center are between Post and Lincoln Streets.

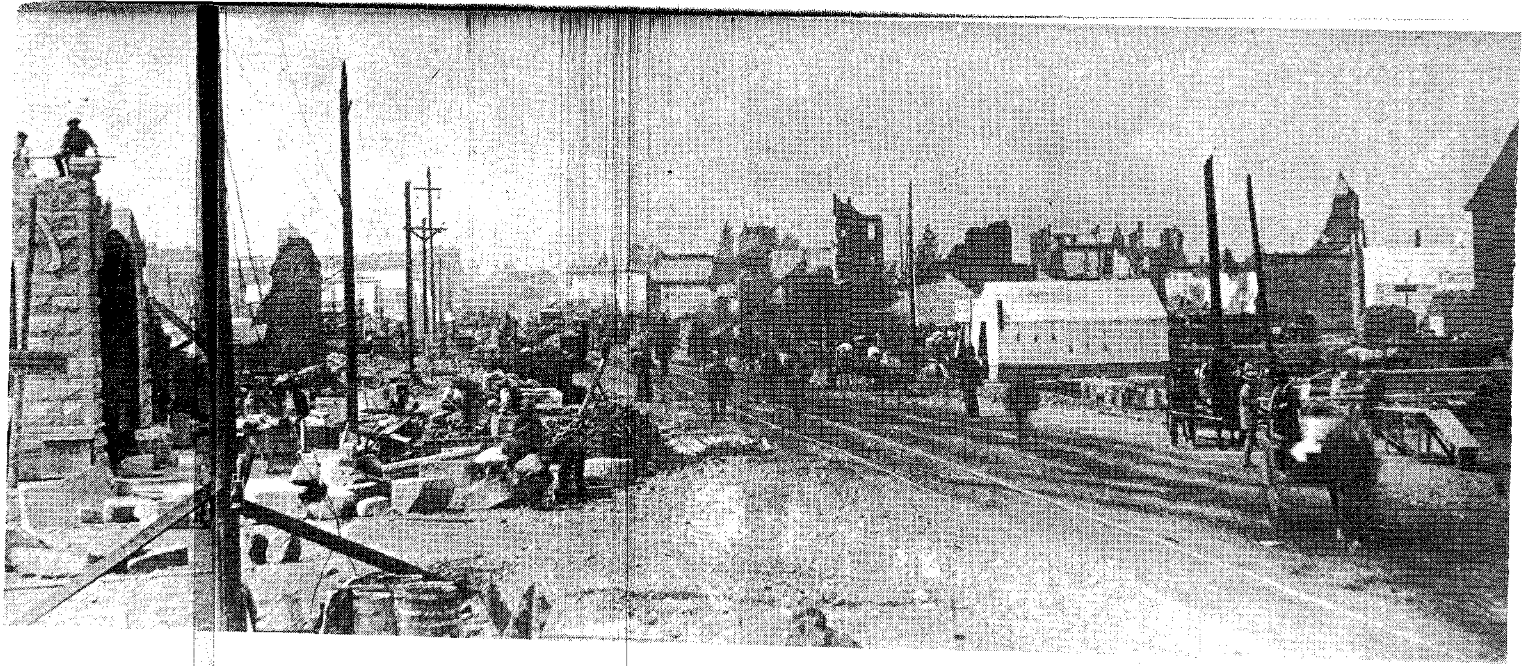
OF Spokane Falls have saved thirty-two blocks!

to the great fire, published on each anniversary date a reminiscent feature of the town's near complete destruction on that fatal August day. Until a few years ago, these news stories carried personal interviews with still living eye-witnesses to the fire; but each year these eyewitnesses became fewer. Their quotes in past issues, however, remain valuable historical records even though they often challenge one another.

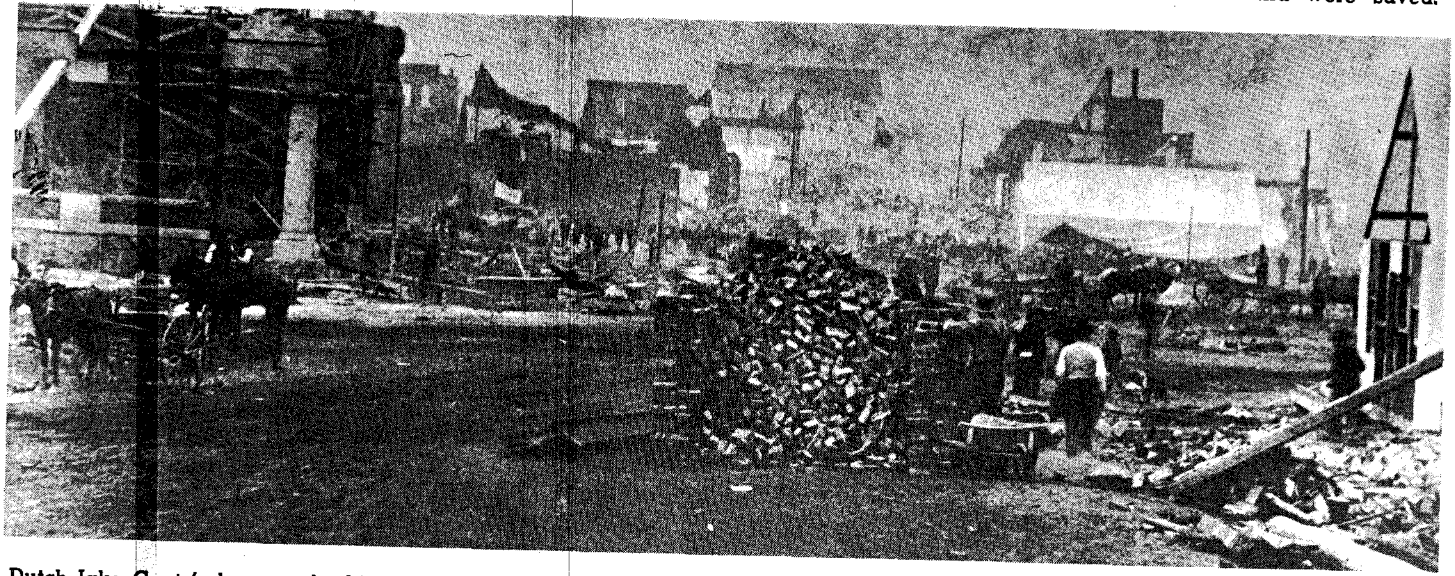
For instance, residents of Spokane Falls at the time of the fire differ greatly in their estimates of the town's population. This is understandable, for a large portion of Spokane Falls' population was transient. Miners, prospectors, cowhands, lumberjacks, farm workers, soldiers and drifters wandered in and



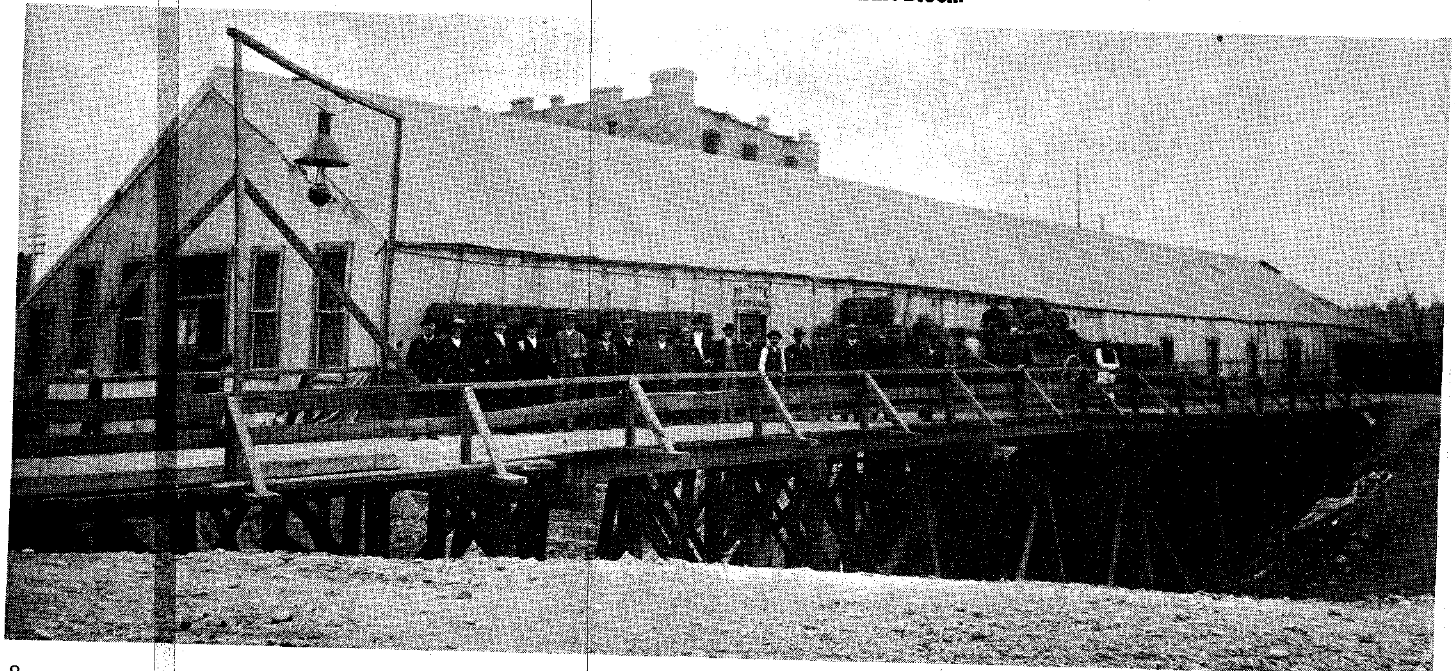
Large vault amid ruins of First National Bank at Howard and Riverside was left sealed for two days to allow the steel structure to cool. Elsewhere in the city, when a safe was opened the morning after the fire, the contents had burst into flames and were destroyed. Guard at left carries rifle with fixed bayonet.

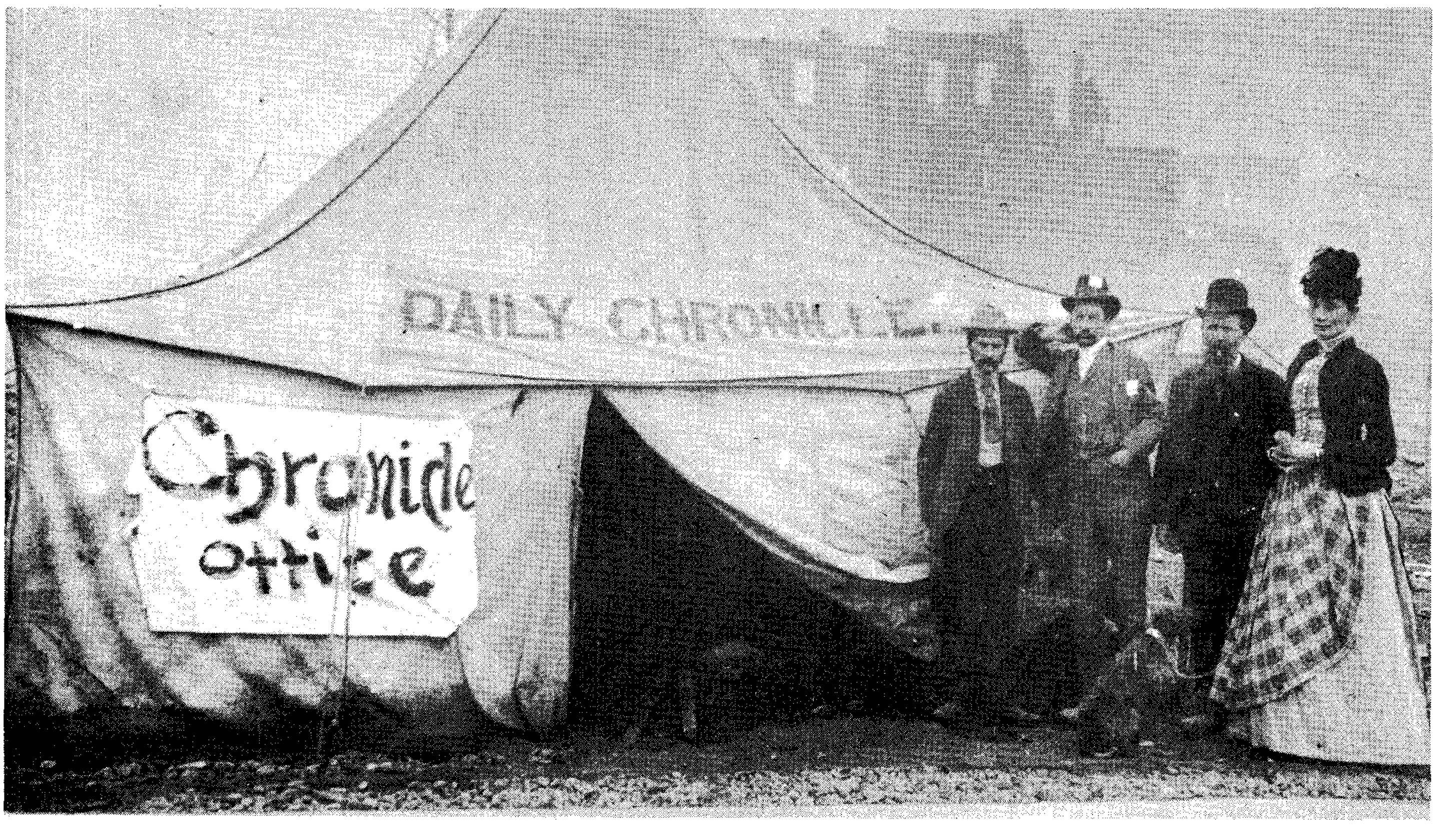


Riverside Avenue the morning after. Buildings at far end of the street were outside the path of the fire. Below is Riverside and Howard, the city center, looking north toward the Spokane River. Buildings in background are across the river and were saved.



Dutch Jake Goetz's huge makeshift gambling hall and saloon of canvas and boards was in business the next day. View below is from the rear; main entrance on Riverside Avenue appears in top photo, page 7. In the fire, Dutch Jake had lost a newly completed $100,000 establishment in the Frankfurt Block.





Temporary office of the Spokane Falls *Chronicle* after the fire. Two of the men pictured are Editor Walter B. Willcox and F. H. McCarter, mechanical foreman, but exact identification is not known.

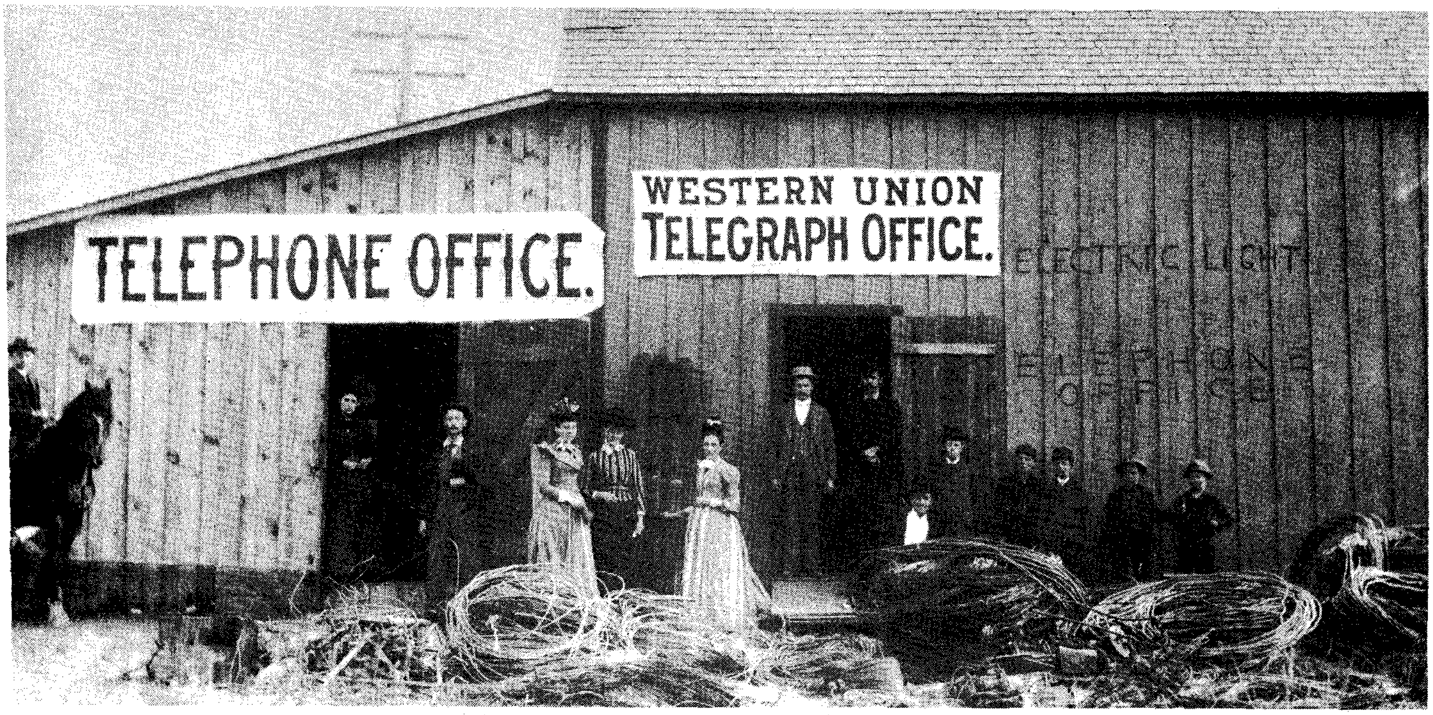
out of the town. The estimated number of residents in 1889 ranged from 4,500 whites plus a thousand or so Indians, to a 17,000 total. The latter figure seems more nearly correct. (The 1890 U.S. Government census placed the population in the rebuilt community at 26,000, noting that it indicated a 10,000 increase in the year following the destructive fire.)

PERHAPS the most accurate account of the disaster is the personally written newspaper story by the editor of the Spokane Falls *Chronicle*, Walter B. Willcox.

According to Willcox, Sunday, August 4, was hot and still. Morning temperatures by noon hit the mid-nineties. The *Chronicle* office was in a one-story, frame building located on Riverside Avenue between Post and Mill Street (Wall) approximately where the Crescent's main store entrance is now located. Having no issue going to press on Sunday, the office was empty when the town's first alarm sounded in late afternoon. Here again, variance in eye-witnesses' reports is evident.

"At six o'clock in the evening, the first alarm was sounded from the Vol-

Emergency center for outside communications and electrical power after the fire. A jump line to the Northern Pacific depot provided a wire to the outside world.



unteer Fire Department station on Washington Street at First Avenue," Willcox's story reads. "In a little over four hours, that fire devastated thirty-two blocks of the city's center, wiping out most of the business section from the N.P. Railroad tracks to the river, and from Lincoln to Washington Streets."

Fifty-nine years later, a Fire Anniversary issue of the Spokane *Chronicle* carried an interview given by Rollo G. Harbord, a member of the city's Volunteer Fire Department hose cart company. Harbord stated. "At 4:00 p.m. in the afternoon a fire broke out in the kitchen of the Buzzard Cafe at Lincoln and Railroad. A pan of hot grease flared up and spread flames to the kitchen ceiling. The fire fanned out quickly throughout the small beanery and jumped to adjacent buildings. Hot cinders flew through the air and ignited the roof of an adjoining saloon.

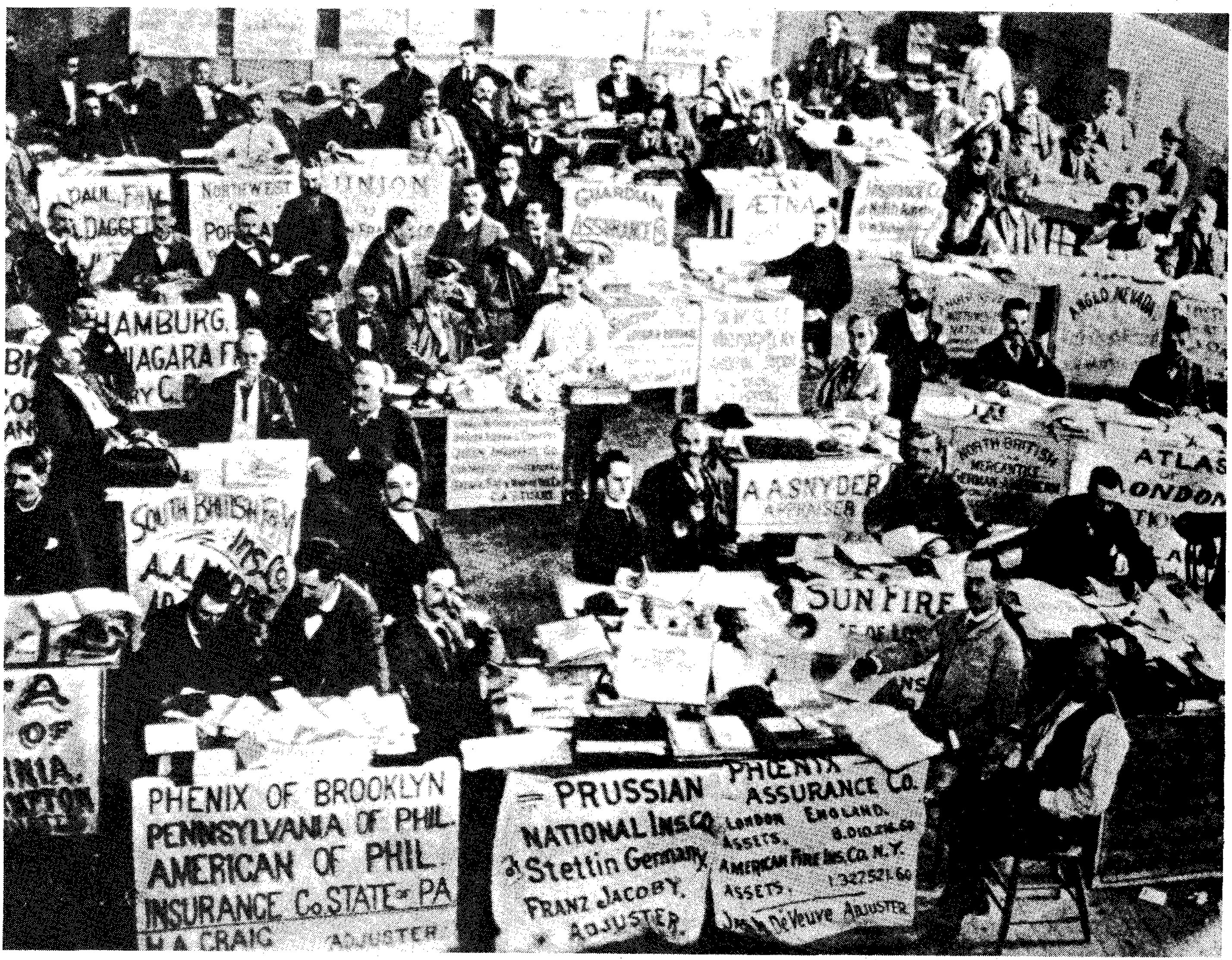
"The big bell atop the fire station at First and Washington began to ring and the dozen or so members of the town's Volunteer Fire Department hurried to their posts. A little blaze quickly turned into a first-class fire. Every piece of fire equipment, hose, pumping and a horse-drawn fire engine, was thrown into action.

"In minutes the hose cart reached the fire hydrant in front of the Pacific Hotel on the corner of First and Post. A weak stream of water was flushed out from the hydrant to meet the flames. By then, the whole block was on fire. A brisk wind relayed the flame from one

(Continued on page 66)

PACIFIC
5 C
HEAD QUARTERS.
PACIFIC
HEAD QUARTERS

Nickel beer was still on tap at Pacific Hotel's temporary location at First and Post Streets in the center of the devastated area. With losses running into the millions, fire insurance claims adjusters were on the job (below) while the city still smouldered. A tent headquarters was erected on Riverside Avenue and there claims were processed. Luckily for residents, Spokane Falls was insurance-minded even for a frontier town.


PAUL F&M
DAGGETT
NORTHWEST
UNION
GUARDIAN ASSURANCE Co
ÆTNA
HAMBURG
NIAGARA F
ANGLO NEVADA
SOUTH BRITISH F&M INS CO
A A SNYDER
NORTH BRITISH MERCANTILE
ATLAS
LONDON
SUN FIRE
PHENIX OF BROOKLYN
PENNSYLVANIA OF PHIL
AMERICAN OF PHIL
INSURANCE Co STATE OF PA
H A CRAIG ADJUSTER
PRUSSIAN
NATIONAL INS CO
Stettin Germany
FRANZ JACOBY
ADJUSTER
PHENIX ASSURANCE Co.
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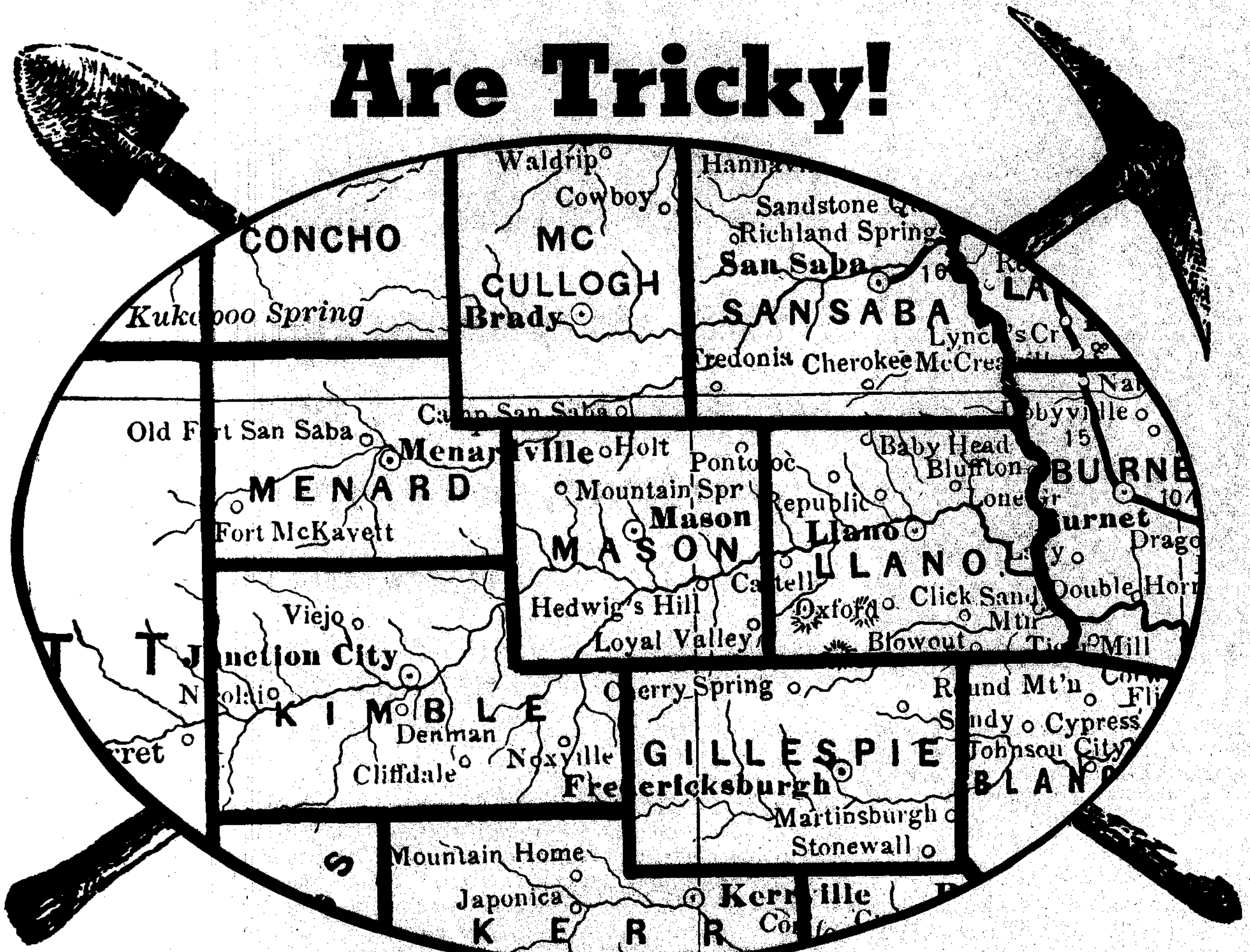
Why Treasure Stories Are Tricky!


CONCHO
Kukapoo Spring
MC CULLOGH
Brady
Waldrip
Cowboy
Sandstone
Richland Spring
San Saba
SAN SABA
Cherokee
McCrea
Old Fort San Saba
Camp San Saba
Menardville
MENARD
Fort McKavett
Holt
Pontotoc
Mountain Spr
Mason
MASON
Hedwig's Hill
Loyal Valley
Castell
Baby Head
Bluffton
Republic
Llano
LLANO
Click Sand
Oxford
Blowout
BURNET
Burnet
Double Horn
Viejo
Junction City
KIMBLE
Denman
Cliffdale
Noxville
Cherry Spring
GILLESPIE
Fredericksburgh
Round Mt'n
Sandy
Cypress
Johnson City
BLANCO
Martinsburgh
Stonewall
Mountain Home
Japonica
KERR
Kerrville

EDITOR'S NOTE: During the years we've been publishing stories about people and places in the West, quite a few treasure hunters have begun reading our magazines for tips and clues which would sail right over the heads of people who didn't share that interest. So now, when we run across a story which combines the Old West theme with an added element of lost fortunes etc. we like to include it for the benefit of our treasure seekers.

Practically any type account is hard to check out after fifty to a hundred years have gone by, but treasure stories are the most will-o-the-wisp of all. We thought you might be interested in a little look behind the scenes at the strange world of coincidence as it affects "truth." Both of the following stories, "$10,000 Lost Post Hole Cache" and "The Gamel Gold," are based on family reminiscences as told by *members* of those families. In each instance we sent the story to a third (and disinterested) party who assured us the account was one familiar to the old-timers of the area and did indeed happen.

As we wrote one of the authors, Mrs. Polk, "It's uncanny how similar the stories are—adjoining counties, not the same year but the same decade, the ranch husband on a trail drive, the pregnant wife, the outbuilding where the money was kept, the death of the woman, the lost fortune, etc. And even more strangely, both stories are based on and substantiated by interviews with people directly connected with the principals.

"What do you think we have here—a legend? It *has* to be that, or else two things happened which are so similar they should be run side by side."

Her reply went as follows: "When you go into Mason's history in the 1870s—likewise that of Menard's and other adjoining counties—you realize there could be similar stories, for those were the days of the big cattle boom. Ranchers grew rich so fast it left them confused. There were no banks closer than Austin or San Antonio. Buyers from the East came in on the Concord coaches, bringing their cowboys, etc.; also their sacks of gold.

"As a child, when I should have been playing dolls, I sat on the gallery banisters and heard old men tell these tales. No doubt they embroidered them a bit but on the whole they checked out.

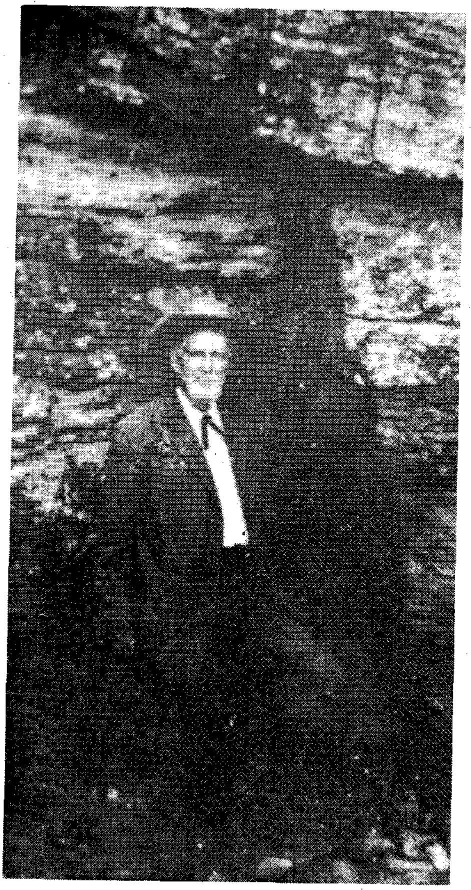
"Recently I saw a copy of the Mason *News* dated 1877 which told of the first Mrs. Gamel's brother, a Crosby, building his new home in Mason. The home cost $14,000 and he paid for it in gold! Now those ranchers felt their gold was safer hidden on their ranch than being hauled by buggy or stage to them from a far-off bank.

"I feel the two stories run side by side could create quite a bit of interest. Of course, though, I won't resent your returning mine.

"As for both wives being pregnant, when was a pioneer wife ever anything but pregnant!"

So here are the two stories—golden peas in a pod!

Please turn the page . . .



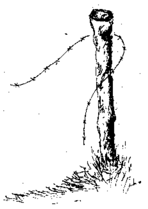
W. J. (Uncle Jack) Wilkinson, whose wife died while he was on a cattle drive to New Orleans. Before her death she had buried $10,000 in gold coins, a treasure that has never been found.

$10,000 LOST POST HOLE CACHE

This desperate ranchwoman, trying to guard her husband's fortune, managed to lose it forever . . .

By XANTHUS CARSON

Photos Courtesy Author



IN early manhood the fever to "go West" seized W. J. Wilkinson, just as it did so many other young men when the dark clouds of the Civil War spread over the country. In return for this feverish urge as it turned out, fate dropped two of the most ironic tragedies upon him that could befall a frontier cowman: First, the death of his wife while she was alone and he was in New Orleans on a cattle drive; second, during the same time, the loss of $10,000 in gold coins—a fortune then, and more so today if they could be dug out of their hiding place somewhere near an old cattle pen on the Wilkinson homestead site.

"Uncle Jack," as the man became known far and wide, left his home in Mississippi, where he had been a rafter, and landed in Culberson County, Texas. There he served as a captain of the Texas Rangers and did some ranching, making money all the time. He also ran cattle in Coleman and Brown Counties, but did not remain long in these parts. Wilkinson left just before the outbreak of the bloody range wars over the barbed-wire fencing of "free grass," along in 1870.

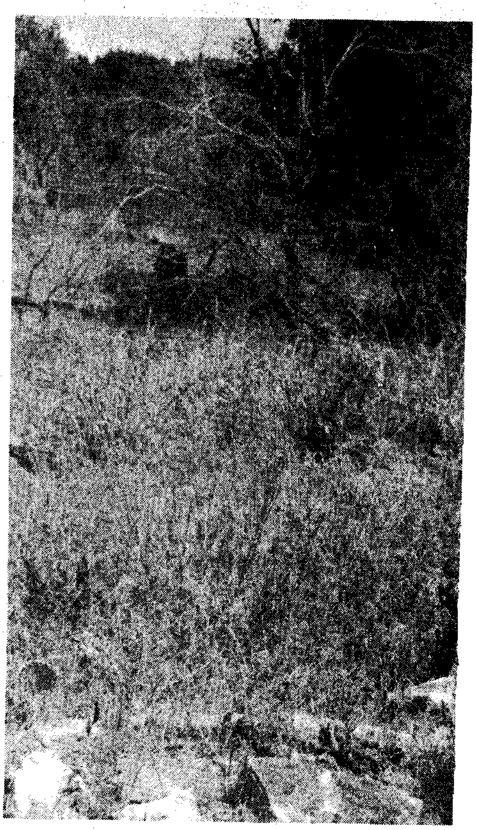
He moved his spread to the open ranges along the San Saba River, near the settlement of Menardville and the old San Saba Mission. This country was then protected from the Comanche Indians by Federal troops stationed at Fort McKavett. In this country Wilkinson became a big rancher. He raised cattle, sheep, and goats, and continued to make lots of money at whatever he turned a hand. Uncle Jack made annual cattle drives to New Orleans, the nearest market for his beeves. All along the trail he also traded in horses and mules.

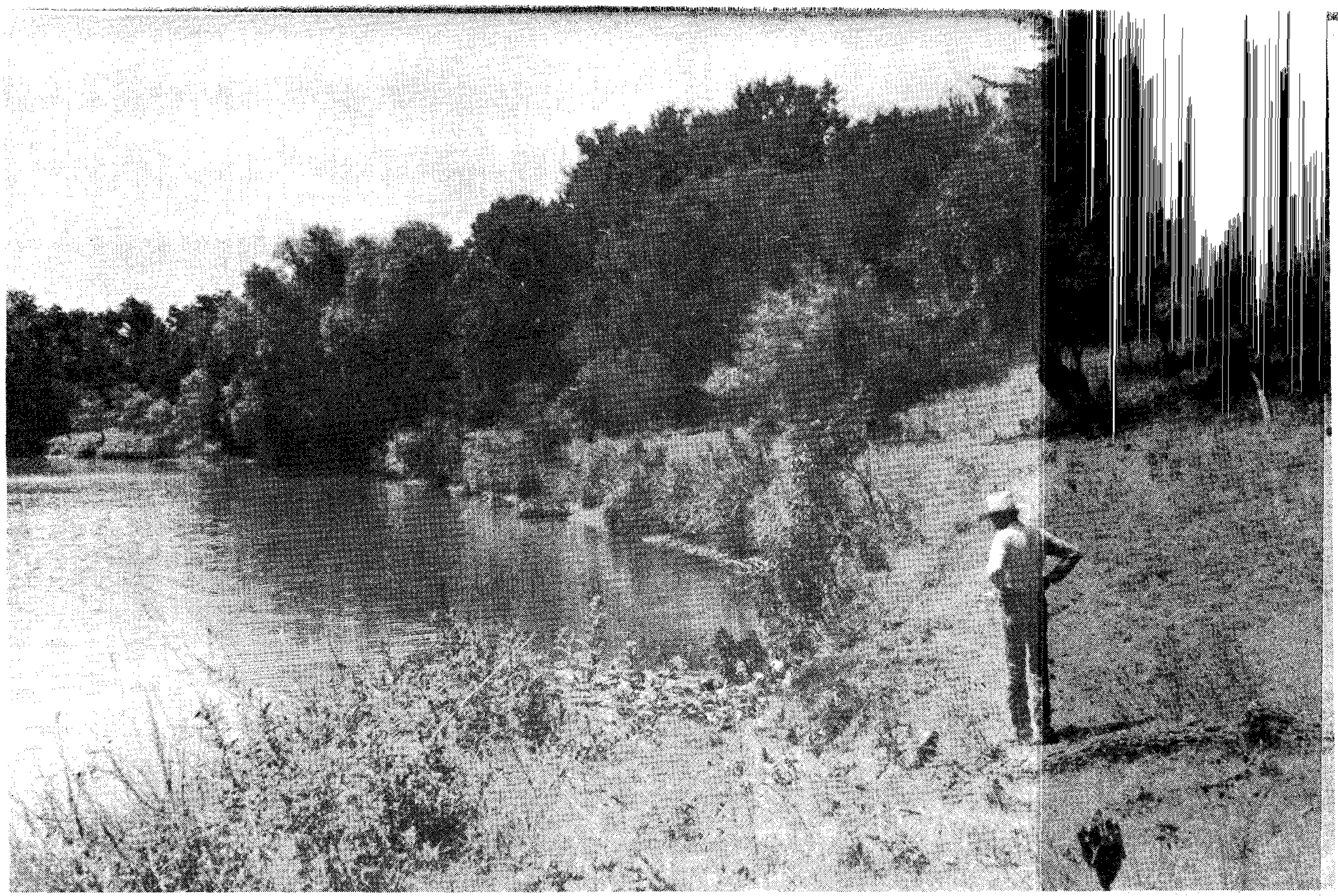
While on one of these drives in 1872, luck ran out on Wilkinson. The tragedy which befell him didn't come about through anything occurring on the cattle drive. Instead the whole matter was the result of something completely out of Uncle Jack's control.

A neighboring rancher, Wat Key, had rounded up his cattle and thrown them in with the Wilkinson spread, and the two cowmen, with herds combined, had struck out over the long trail to New Orleans. Jack Wilkinson's wife remained at the ranch headquarters to look after things while her husband was away on the drive. Mrs. Key stayed with her, as Mrs. Wilkinson expected to give birth to another child soon. The country was raw; neighbors were few; doctors were even more scarce.

One day after the cattle drive had been on the trail for some time, the two women had occasion to step out the back door to the log cabin smokehouse, not far away. When they entered the smokehouse Mrs. Wilkinson noticed at once that the dogs had dug up one corner of the dirt floor where her husband had buried $10,000 in gold coins. Some lay scattered in full view.

Alarmed, the women at once got busy. They chased out the dogs and hustled around for a fruit jar. Scratching around in the loose dirt, they gathered up the coins and placed them in the





Picnic Bend, known by some as Wilkinson's Hole, near the old Wilkinson ranch house. The gold is buried in this immediate area.

jar. As the two women left the smokehouse Mrs. Wilkinson remarked that she'd hide the money where the plagued dogs wouldn't find it. That is just what she did, and it's still hidden!

Carrol Palmer, ramrod of the ranch now in operation on the Wilkinson site, points out to the author some ruins which could be Uncle Jack Wilkinson's ranch headquarters near where the gold is hidden.

Mrs. Key went on into the house. She didn't remain outside to watch Mrs. Wilkinson hide the money. In fact, she paid no attention to what her friend was doing, except to notice that she carried the fruit jar in her hands and trudged off down a slope toward the corrals, not far away. The San Saba River course was near the corrals. The location is known by local citizens today as Wilkinson's Hole.

Not long after the incident with the dogs, Mrs. Wilkinson's baby was born prematurely. It is not known whether this was caused by excitement and the strenuous efforts of burying the money. The cowmen had not returned from New Orleans, and were not expected for several weeks, since horse swapping along the trail usually took lots of time.

Mrs. Wilkinson died during childbirth, all the time uttering incoherent words to Mrs. Key about where she had buried the fruit jar filled with gold. But Mrs. Key was unable to understand her. Mrs. Wilkinson went to her grave without being able to reveal the hiding place of the money.

As happened many times on the frontier Jack Wilkinson learned about his wife's death through a stranger on the trail. Frank Wilkinson, Uncle Jack's son, told me about it during a recent interview.

One night a lone horsebacker rode into the Wilkinson-Key camp. Once the horsebacker had pulled the saddle and pack from his horses, he started relating various bits of news, one of which had to do with Mrs. Wilkinson's death. It had occurred when he was camped near the Wilkinson corrals, handy to the San Saba's water and mesquite wood.

Before the man's story was finished, Uncle Jack had jumped up from a squatted position at the fire. He caught a horse and lit a shuck over the long trail for home. It took him several days to reach the ranch and his wife was already buried.

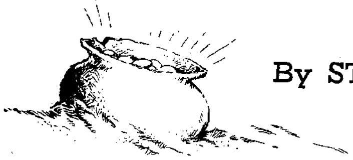
IN TIME the grieved man looked for the gold which his wife had hidden just before she died, believing that the money had been placed at the bottom of some post hole of the corral fence. The Keys and Wilkinson were almost certain that the woman had lifted a post, enlarged the hole, and made it deeper. Then she had placed the jar of coins in the bottom of the hole, and put the fence back in order.

But there's another theory to the way it happened. Some people believe that Mrs. Wilkinson hid the money in the hollow trunk of a tree which grew by the corrals. It would have taken less effort. There are some trees in the area today which indicate that such hollows could have existed.

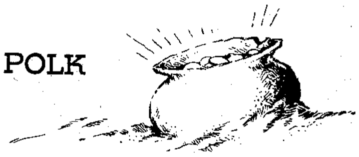
(Continued on page 60)

THE GAMEL GOLD

Where did the rancher's wife bury his fortune?



By STELLA GIPSON POLK



Photos Courtesy Author

John W. Gamel

IT WAS 1879. A midday summer sun beat down on the little frontier town of Mason in the Texas Hill Country. That same heat danced across the smooth knoll where the Gamel home sat southeast of the town square. It highlighted the long flight of steps marching in broken elevations to the street on the north. Then it came to rest on the steps leading west and down to the potato house.

It was time for Kate Gamel to start the noonday meal. Her husband John would be in on the stage. Kate sighed. John had become a big cattleman in the thirteen years they had been married. He was so busy with his huge holdings that he hired all his labor now. He wanted to do the same for her, but Kate was a thrifty housewife and, besides, she liked to cook. Again she sighed, recalling those first years when they didn't have as much but John was home more.

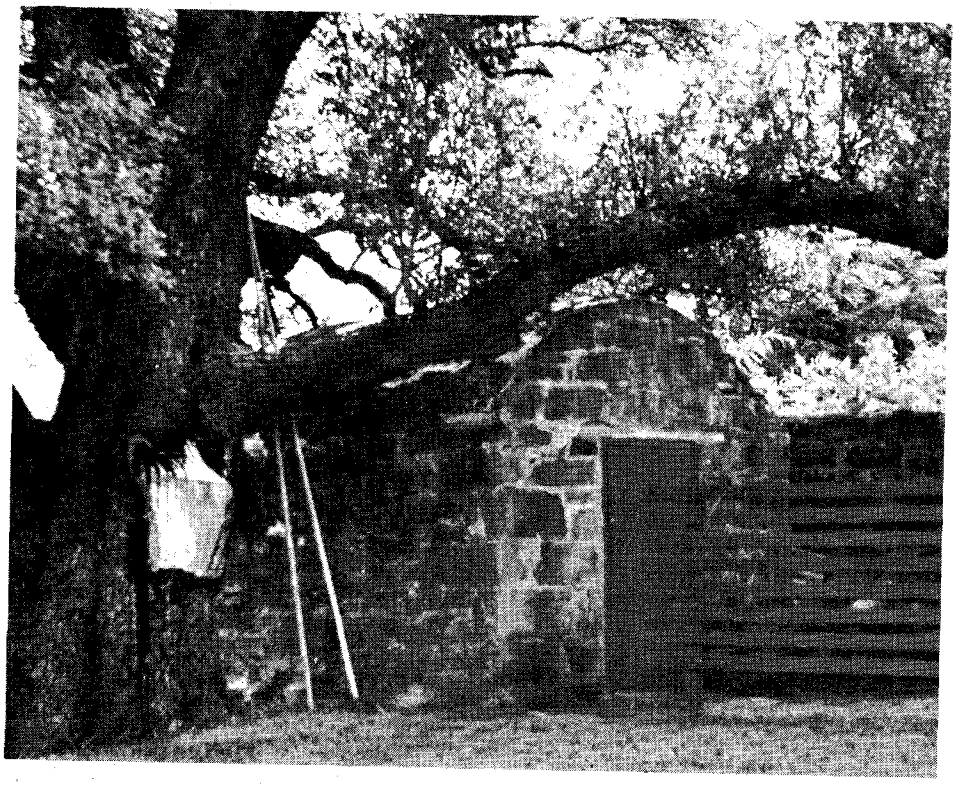
She lifted a basket off the porch wall. John liked potatoes as anyone could see judging from the size of his potato house. And though he never dirtied his hands now at gardening, he was immensely proud of the vegetables he grew and watered from the Gamel spring which gushed from between boulders a few hundred yards from his house.

Standing on the top step, Kate looked down at the potato house. It seemed far away but when she got there she could rest, for the low stone house was built under a spreading liveoak, its interior always cool.

Suddenly she decided to call her boys, Archie and Johnny. They could get the potatoes for her and she wouldn't have to go out in the hot sun. The new baby was about due and Kate wasn't feeling too well.

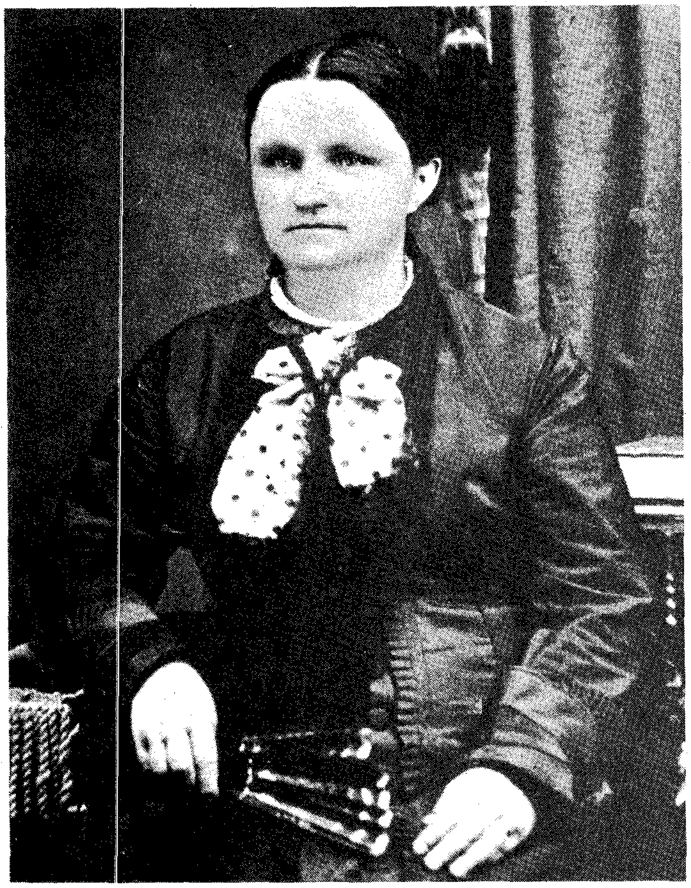
The boys didn't answer. Probably they were at the gypsy camp just across the branch of Comanche Creek. When the gypsies rolled into Mason, always camping in the same place, she couldn't keep the boys at home.

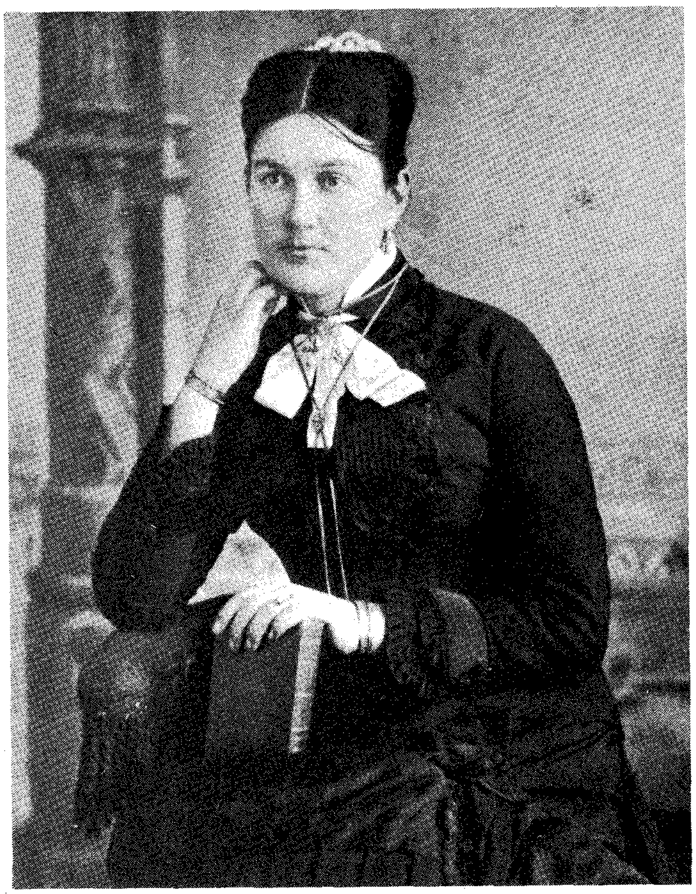
In 1866 she, Kate Crosby, had married John W. Gamel, a handsome young man just returned from the Confederate Army. Before she realized what actually was happening, John Gamel had become immensely wealthy. As a stockman he measured his holdings by his thousands of cattle and took little account of land, using besides his own acreage great areas of leased lands as well as any unfenced required for his livestock. He sent thous-



Courtesy ***Mason County News***

The potato house where Kate Gamel died.





At left is Kate Crosby Gamel, John's first wife, who died without revealing where she had cached the family's fortune in gold coins. At right is John's second wife, Alice Kettner Gamel.

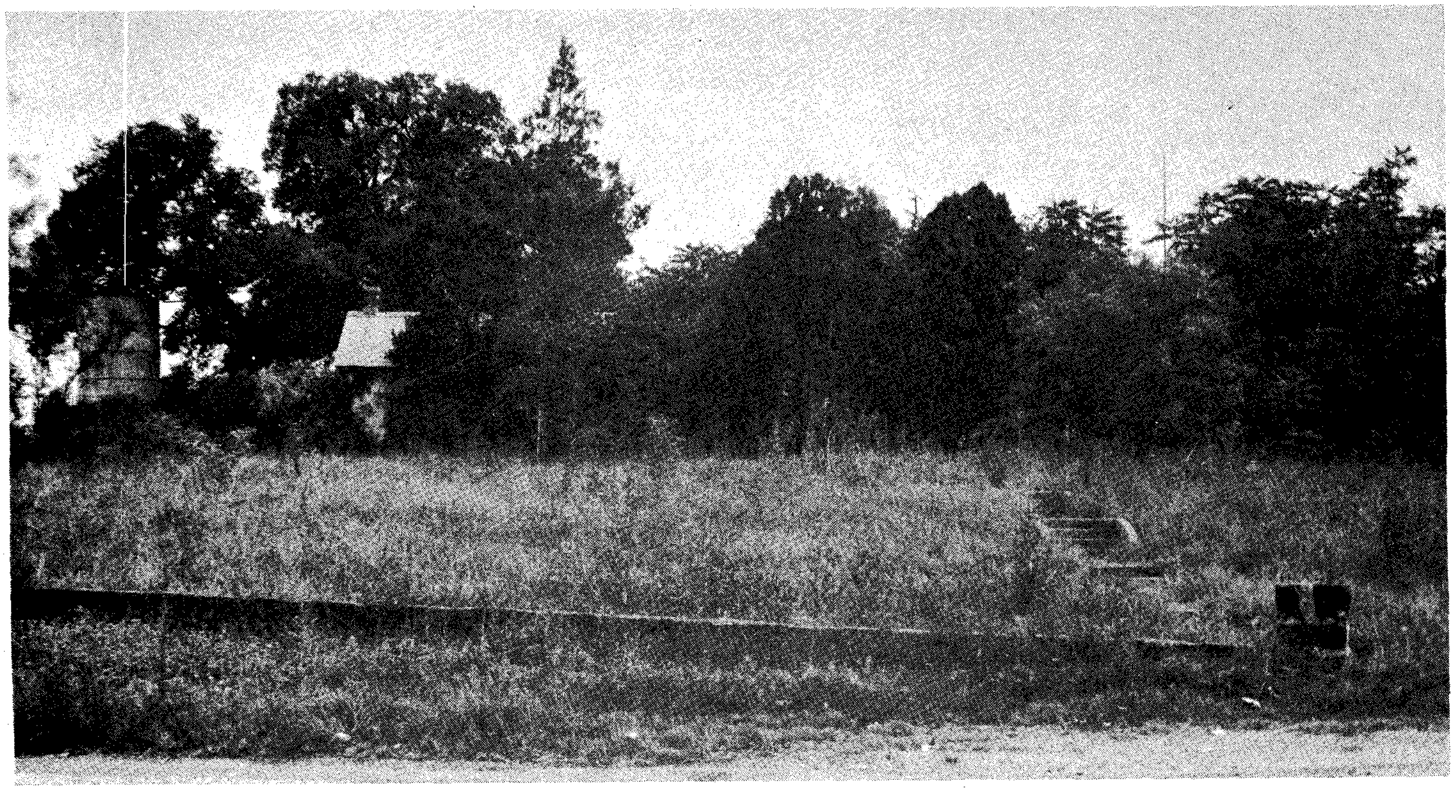
ands of head of livestock up the trails from Mason's great cattle kingdom.

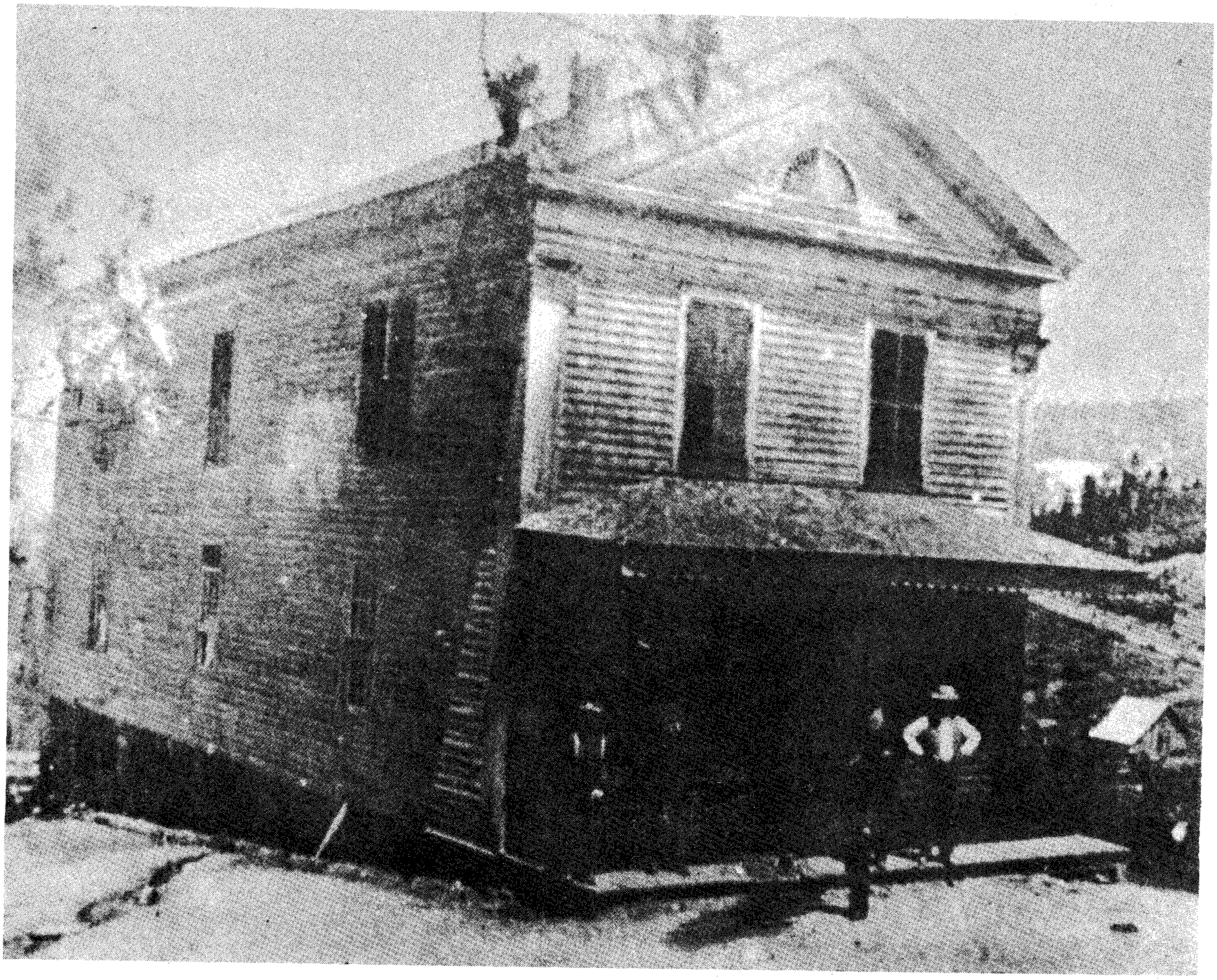
ALL this was on Kate's mind as she went heavily down the steps, for she was custodian of the gold John Gamel accumulated from his cattle dealings. Wealthy buyers from the East would roll into Mason on the heavy Concord coaches passing through, their cowboys and remudas, chuckwagons, cooks and gold *following*. Usually these buyers stayed at the Mason House, a prominent hotel connected with the stage stop;

(Continued on page 64)

The Gamel place today looking north with the house amid the trees.

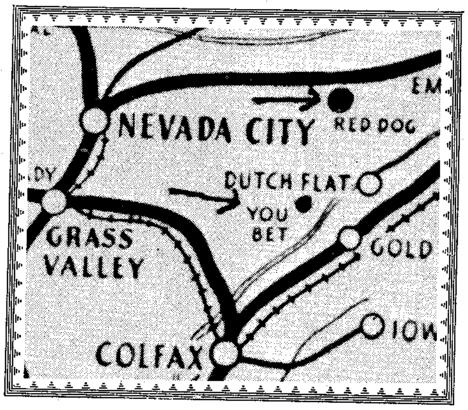
Courtesy **Mason County News**





RED DOG and YOU BET

Flood and dust, fire and blizzard; from one extreme to another, the only thing constant was hope


NEVADA CITY
RED DOG
EM
DY
DUTCH FLAT
YOU BET
GRASS VALLEY
GOLD
COLFAX
IOW

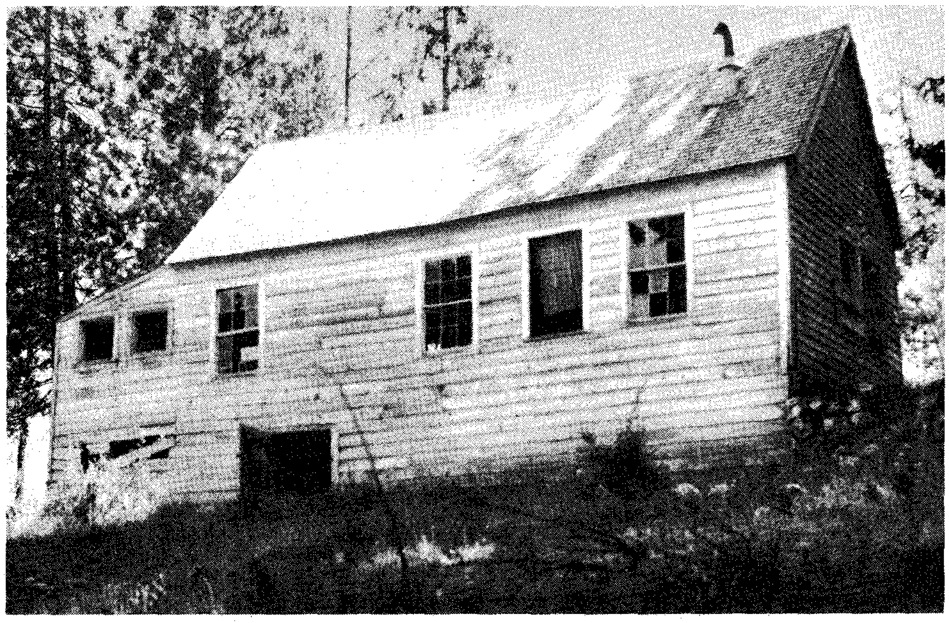
By ALBERT E. DAVIES

Photos and Map Courtesy Author

JUST WHO was the first to find a little pocket of gold in a California stream which later would be the site of Red Dog is not known. Recorded history gives credit to three men from Nevada City who climbed the hill from Greenhorn Creek, discovered the ravine, and decided to prospect.

Henry Stehr, Joseph Chew and Charles Wilson, all very young in years but mature in experience and hardened by the

At left, the original old Odd Fellow's Hall at Red Dog.



Abandoned schoolhouse at You Bet.

long journey overland from the East, had learned to survive under the most difficult conditions and primitive living. Stehr and Chew are credited with naming the ravine Arkansas, while Wilson is supposed to have named the hill on which the town was later located, Red Dog Hill after a zinc mine in Illinois where he had worked at one time.

There are several other legends about how the town was named. One version credits a local miner who sported a long red beard and who spent more time coloring his insides with red whiskey than he did mining. Another tale centers about the miners having their rest disturbed at night by the howling of a large red dog. This dog, when sighted, was always accompanied by a beautiful and scantily-clad maiden. All attempts to get close to or trap this pair ended in failure, as they would disappear in the forest.

In the 1850s, the people then living in Red Dog having evolved into a more decorous type, made an attempt to have the town's name changed to Brooklyn. Red Dog however, had been granted a post office under that name in 1855 and as the government claimed there was another Brooklyn in California already, the request for the more dignified name was denied.

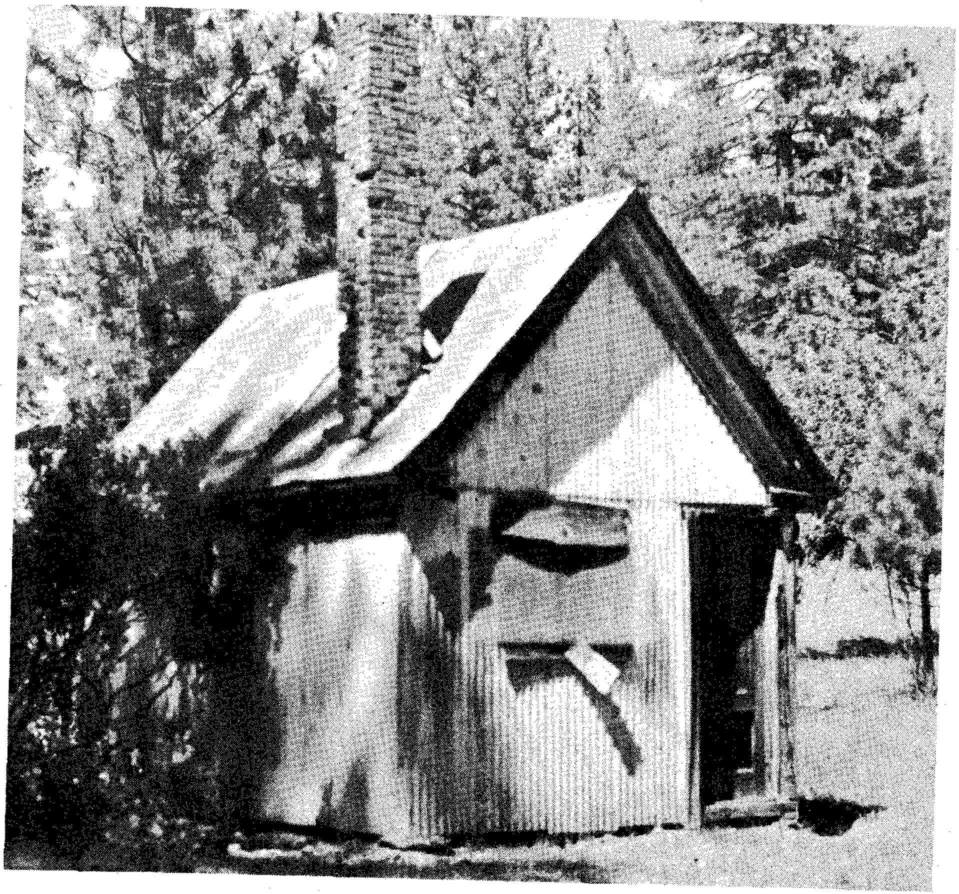
IT WAS placer gold that the three prospectors discovered in the Arkansas Ravine, and the men undoubtedly kept it to themselves until it was necessary to go the nine miles west to Nevada City for supplies. They probably paid with the only collateral they had, which was "dust." It is possible that with the help of a little liquid cheer, one may have talked too much and some bystander was curious enough to do a little following when they returned to camp.

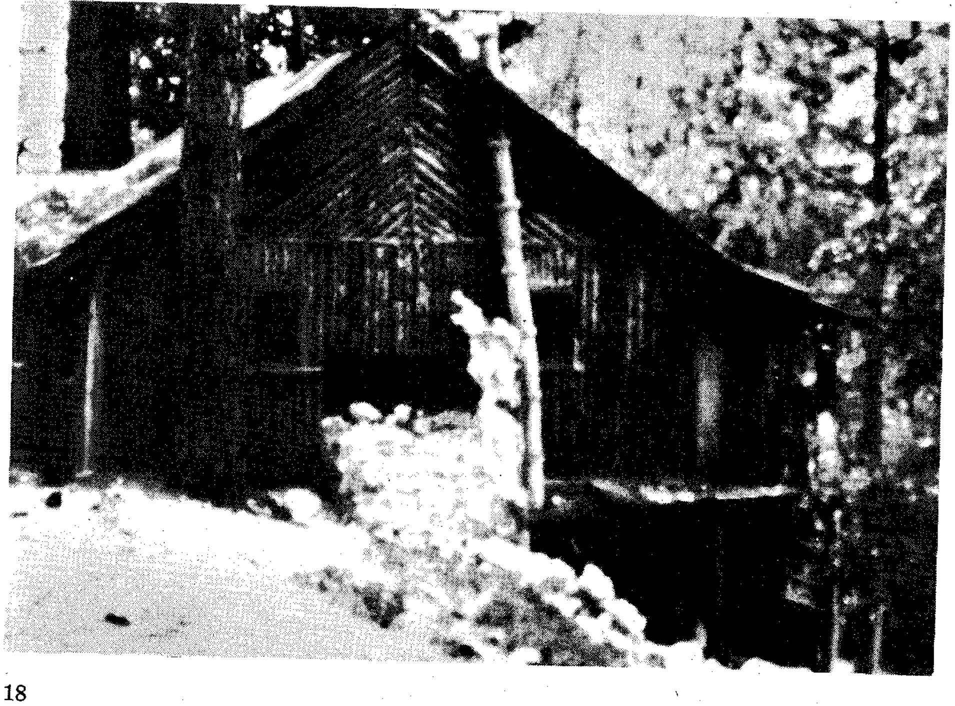
In any event other prospectors were attracted and a town promptly grew. On a hill across from the cemetery was the site of the town, all evidence of which is now gone; but the cemetery, at one time overgrown and concealed by brush, has been cleared. The discovery, clearing, and maintenance of this old cemetery is due to the efforts of Lyle White.

The Red Dog cemetery, several times swept by fire, has little left but stone and iron to mark its location. It is rather sad that so many young people are represented. The rigors of primitive conditions are emphasized—young mothers died in childbirth, children died in the first few years of their lives. Accidents in the open flumes accounted for many young men. Water for washing the gold-bearing gravel was necessary, and water was encountered in many mine shafts. Miners working in wet clothes much of the time were susceptible to pneumonia. With limited access to medical aid this accounted for many deaths. Cave-ins were common and only hand tools were available for rescue. The grave of Henry Stehr is in the old Red Dog cemetery.

It seems strange that all evidence of a town could be gone, but fire, flood and time are great eradicators; also hydraulic mining in later years literally washed away whole mountains. Gold mining in the early days of California was voracious. When gold was discovered

This house was the scene of the most notorious gunfight in You Bet.





At left from top, assay office of the You Bet Mine; the cemetery at Red Dog; and a house in You Bet whose tumbling chimney was built of petrified wood.

in the ground, vegetation, buildings, anything in the way of getting at the gold was removed or destroyed.

In 1854 Red Dog claimed over 2,000 inhabitants. Among the buildings listed at that time were two hotels, four stores, several saloons, and over fifty "dwelling houses."

In October 1855, Brooklyn Lodge Number 46 Independent Order of Odd Fellows was organized in the then-thriving town of Red Dog. In 1857 the lodge outgrew the loft over the livery stable where the members had been meeting, and a two-story building was constructed which they claimed to be the finest lodge hall in the northern mines. (The same claim was probably made in many locations about this time.) While the lodge used the upper story of this building, the first floor served as a school.

The village is reported to have prospered for over sixteen years and in 1866 business and town buildings listed were "two variety stores, two clothing stores, one hardware store, one boot and shoe store, one meat market, two fruit stands, one dressmaking shop, three saloons, two hotels, a Masonic Hall and an Odd Fellows building." Although in 1859 many of Red Dog's miners had joined the silver rush to the Comstock, within a year most of these people had drifted back.

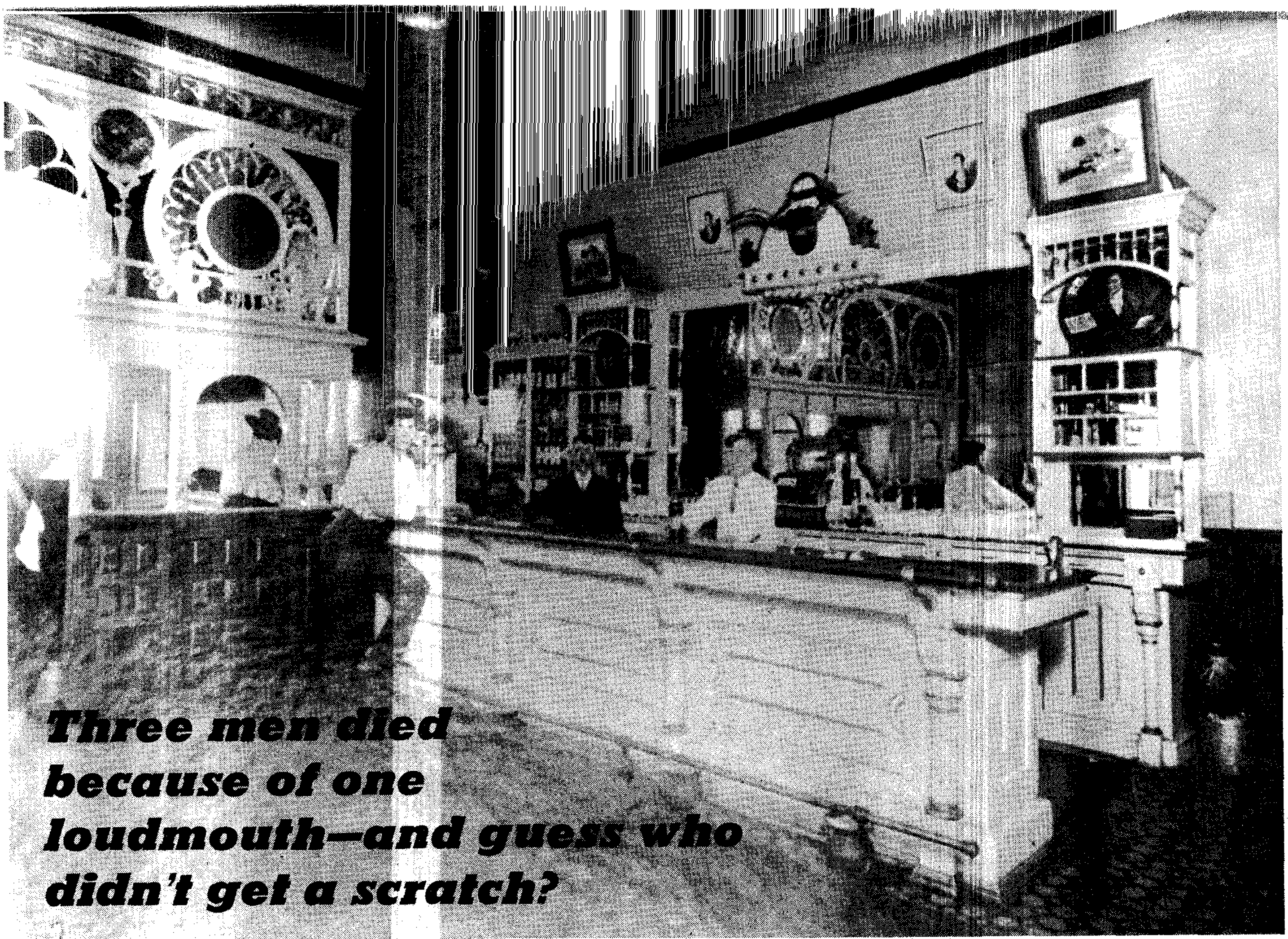
Fire starting in one of the hotels in 1866 destroyed most of the business section and many homes, but the town was rebuilt. The Odd Fellows Hall is the only building left which was a part of the original town of Red Dog. Being located away from other buildings, it escaped the fire. However, it was not to end its days in old Red Dog.

Disaster again struck in the winter of 1867 when extremely heavy rains washed silt and gravel from hydraulic workings over other mine operations, burying equipment and covering gold-bearing rock which had been uncovered by years of work. Flood water washed away flumes carrying water to the mines, and many people were financially ruined. By 1869 Red Dog was virtually deserted. Most of the miners and many of the business people had moved to You Bet. Merchants razed their stores, moved the material, and rebuilt in the new town which was prospering.

When in 1870 the Odd Fellows Lodge was also relocated in You Bet, each board in the building was numbered. The building was taken apart, moved to its new location, and re-erected in two stories as it had originally been in Red Dog. The only exception was that lath and plaster was not reapplied; instead, a painter was engaged to paint murals of mining scenes on the interior walls of the lower floor. About 1915 the lower floor of this venerable edifice was moved to Peardale where it was used as a community hall but is now slowly sinking in disuse and decay.

What reason to accept for the name

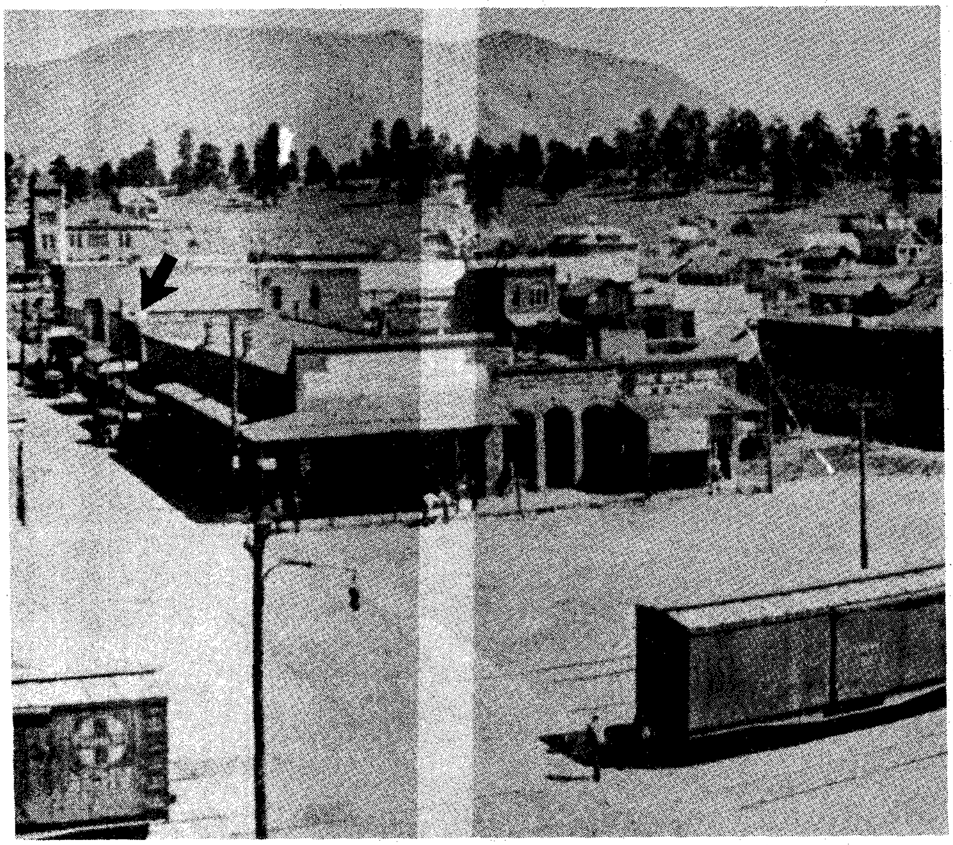
(Continued on page 52)



Three men died because of one loudmouth—and guess who didn't get a scratch?

Flagstaff saloon believed to have been John Berry's place where the gunfight occurred in 1887. By the time of this photo it was called the Temple Bar. Below, North San Francisco Street and Railroad Avenue in Flagstaff in 1910 showing the location of Berry's saloon (arrow).

Courtesy Platt Cline, **The Arizona Daily Sun**



BLACK MONDAY

By V. G. BENSON

Photos Courtesy Maurice Kildare

MONDAY, January 18, 1887, was a bitterly cold day in Flagstaff, Arizona. The loggers and cowboys had left, after the usual Saturday night celebration, and the little town was quiet.

Bill Lamb—unfortunately—had stayed over. Ordinarily Lamb was a quiet, hard-working cowboy but on Monday afternoon he started drinking heavily. At first he kept to himself and drank quietly, apparently not wishing to be disturbed. Later in the evening he grew noisy and abusive. Shortly before midnight Lamb,

(Continued on page 68)

Courtesy James C. Cage

Remains of the rock fort in Quitman Canyon built and defended by Colonel Benjamin Grierson and his men in 1880.

NINE Against a

By BOB MILES

Photos Courtesy Author

THE NINE MEN, three white and six black, huddled behind the rough rock walls of their hastily constructed fortifications, listening intently to the ominous night sounds that drifted to them from the warm July darkness.

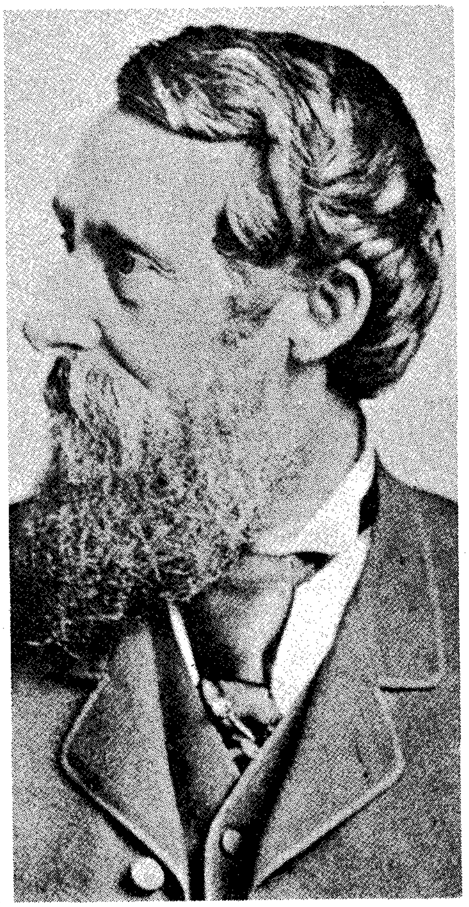
Somewhere out there in the mountains of far West Texas lay 100 harried Indian warriors, led by the fierce Chief Victorio—the same Apache Indians who had killed between 500 and 1,000 people and kept 2,000 cavalrymen and countless civilian posses and Mexican troops in the field since leaving the reservation the year before.

The tall, bearded man who peered over the rock wall into the darkness was Colonel Benjamin H. Grierson, 10th Cavalry, commanding officer of the Army's District of the Pecos. Colonel Grierson and his small party had been on an inspection tour of several military posts along the Rio Grande which had been manned to prevent Victorio from crossing from Mexico into Texas and reaching the Mescalero Apache Reservation in southern New Mexico where it was believed he would obtain supplies and reinforcements.

Victorio, reputedly one of the greatest of the Apache leaders, had left the reservation in 1879 after repeated attempts to remove him and his Warm Springs Apaches from their Ojo Caliente Reservation at Cañada Alamosa, New Mexico to the arid San Carlos Reservation in Arizona. The Indians were determined to die fighting rather than leave their home and their determination was recognized by the Army. General John Pope, commanding officer of the Department of Missouri, admitted that Victorio and his band "are resolved to die rather than go to the San Carlos Agency, and there is no doubt it will be necessary to kill or capture the whole tribe before present military operations can be closed success-

Word came that Indians had crossed the border. The colonel's little band couldn't hope to stop them but it could delay them. Deliberately stationing themselves at the only waterhole in the Indians' line of march, they threw up rocks and waited . . .

HUNDRED



Courtesy National Archives

Colonel Benjamin H. Grierson

fully. The capture is not very probable, but the killing (cruel as it will be) can, I suppose, be done in time."

After a bloody pass through New Mexico, Victorio had been driven into Mexico but was expected to try to cross back into Texas. The exact number of his followers was not known, but estimates ran as high as 300. This number included not only Warm Springs and Mescalero Apaches, but representatives of several other Apache groups as well as Comanche and Navajo Indians. Colonel Grierson estimated that there were 100 warriors with Victorio in July 1880.

AT FORT QUITMAN, near present-day McNary, Texas, Grierson had learned that Mexican forces under Colonel Adolfo T. Valle had engaged Victorio's band in Mexico, about fifty miles southwest of Fort Quitman, losing a number of horses and most of their supplies. After providing these Mexican troops with the essentials, Grierson started for a post at Eagle Springs, about forty miles to the east. He surmised that, with the Mexican troops out of the way, Victorio would attempt to cross the river in the vicinity of Eagle Springs. This was on July 29.

Courtesy Fort Davis National Historic Site

Diorama at Fort Davis museum depicts the battle at the waterhole in Quitman Canyon.

"While en route, and near the east end of Quitman Cañon," the Colonel later reported to the assistant adjutant-general of the Department of Texas, "an Indian was observed on top of a ridge near the road, who, upon being fired at, quickly fled. Soon after, I was met by couriers from Captain [Quincy O'Maher] Gilmore, commanding officer at Eagle Springs, bringing information that the Indians had crossed the river, and that patrols had twice been fired upon by them. Deeming it my duty I camped directly in their line of march, and at the only water for a long distance north. I then had with me only First Lieutenant William H. Beck, Tenth Cavalry, one non-commissioned officer, and five privates—two of whom were teamsters—and my son, Robert K. Grierson [age 19], who just through school, was out in search of adventure and suddenly found it."

The 10th Cavalry, the famed "Buffalo Soldiers," was composed of Negro troopers commanded by white officers. Grierson had been with the 10th since the unit was formed in 1866, so the 10th was also called "Grierson's Brunettes."

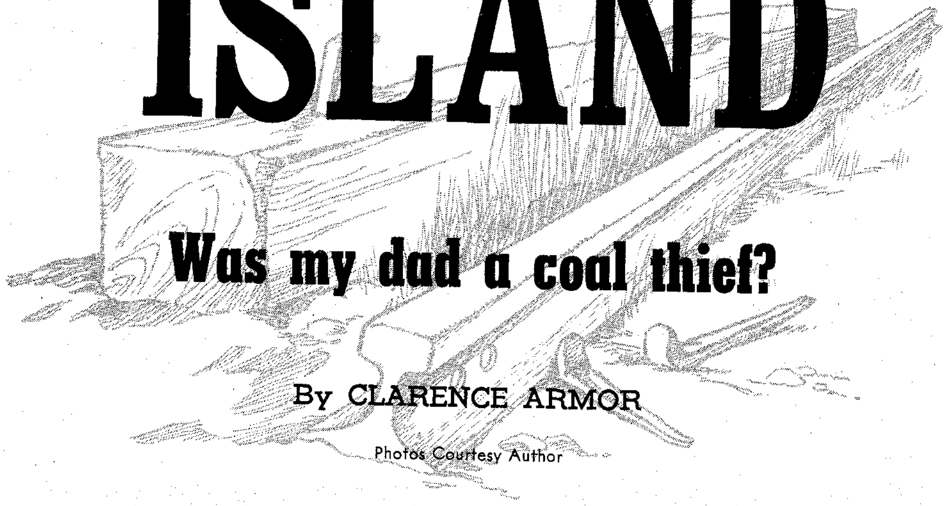
Placing a wagon and ambulance in position along a ridge near the Butterfield stagecoach route at a waterhole known as the Tinaja de las Palmas, the men quickly built two walls with the rough stones which covered the area. The fortifications built, they settled down to wait—nine against one hundred!

During the night Colonel Grierson sent word by the drivers of passing stagecoaches for the cavalry at both Fort Quitman and Eagle Springs to proceed immediately to the *tinaja*. The night must have been a long one for the nine men, with even the soft scurrying of the kangaroo rats bringing visions of creeping Apaches. About 1 a.m. on the morning of July 30, horsemen were heard approaching the camp. These proved to be couriers from Eagle Springs with word that patrols had again been fired upon and one scout (probably a Tigua Indian from Ysleta) killed. The Indians, the couriers told Col. Grierson, were camped only ten miles away.

"Having a thorough knowledge of my position and surroundings, I strengthened my camp with such means as were available, and sent the couriers on to Quitman, to hasten forward Company

(Continued on page 61)

RAILROAD ISLAND



Was my dad a coal thief?

By CLARENCE ARMOR

Photos Courtesy Author

NEARLY sixty years ago my dad got restless for new country and followed the first wave of homesteaders into an area of northern New Mexico located on a high mesa overlooking the Canadian River about a thousand feet below.

When he got located he sent for my mother and me. We prepared a shoebox full of fried chicken and bananas and set forth on the long journey. It was truly a journey then, not just a trip. Traveling from southern Oklahoma, we rode three different trains and stayed overnight twice on the three-day trip.

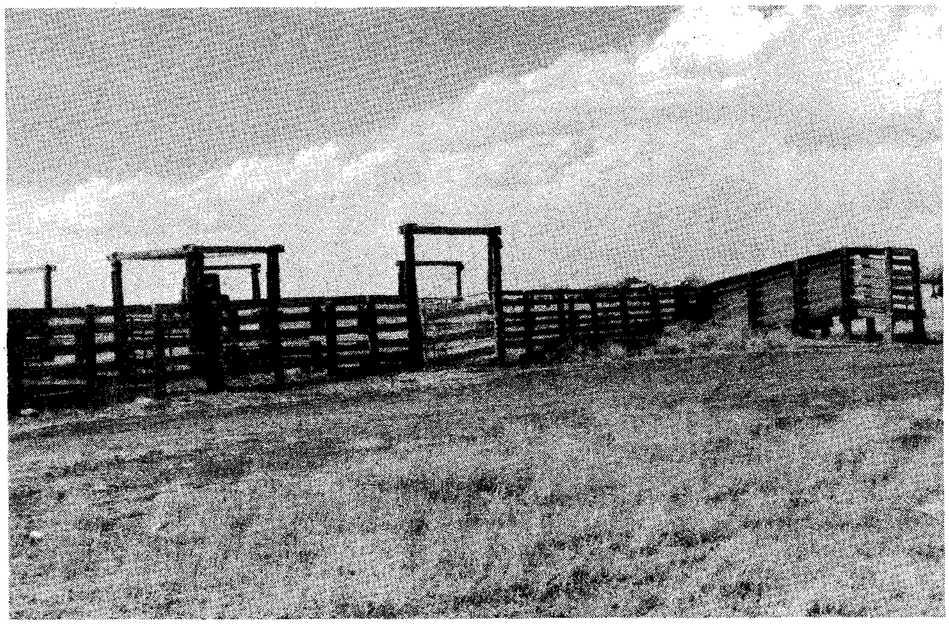
The second night we stayed at Tucumcari, New Mexico and the next morning got tickets for the single little wooden passenger coach attached to the back end of an empty coal train that climbed the mesa to our future home, Roy.

(I have read that Roy was founded in 1916. This date, I assume, *must* mean when the town was officially organized. For if I am not mistaken we left there before or by that date after having lived there four or five years. But for my dates I have only my memories. These could be unreliable for small boys don't care what year it is, and now I have no one to ask about dates as my family of that time are all gone, but I think we went to that country in 1911.)

THAT branch line railroad we rode into town was the cause of some trouble; trouble that may be a little funny now, but it wasn't then—not to me.

Even the empty train had to pick up a pusher engine just outside Tucumcari to help climb the mesa, then headed northwest to a coal mining town in the edge of the mountains called Dawson. I am told the town is no longer there, but then it consisted of several hundred miners and their families and a big red company store.

Of course the trainloads of coal and coke, consigned principally to the big mining smelters to the south, was ninety per cent of the income and reason for the railroad's existence. But it also made possible the existence of several little towns on the mesa country between Tu-



At left, the old home of Frank Roy, founder of Roy, New Mexico. At right, loading pens today stand idle.

cumcari and Dawson. That was the only reason the land was being settled—the railroad had come through.

So dependent were we on the railroad that a delayed delivery meant we ran out of food or fuel in a short time. It was like waiting for a ship to supply life to an island. But we did have water.

There was one well that supplied the entire town. The family who owned the well, several miles out in the country, must have got wealthy, by the settlers' standards, hauling water on a wagon and selling it to every family in town at fifty cents per barrel. That was half a day's wages.

I guess we could have been called underprivileged, but we didn't know it. We even thought we were happy. By our rules, if something needed to be done we just did it. The government didn't even know we were out there. That do-it-yourself attitude was the cause of the showdown with the railroad.

During one severe winter, everyone in Roy ran out of coal at the same time. That, too, was due to the community spirit—you had two buckets of coal and your neighbor had *none*, you gave a bucket of coal. Or, if he had sick folks, you gave him *both* buckets of coal.

The local coal jobber, with a little open-front coal shed down by the tracks, had a long-delayed order for a car of coal, but it didn't come in. That was especially bitter since a coke and coal train came through from Dawson every few days. The town railroad agent was helpless; he was out of coal too. But railroad orders are similar to army orders—it's hard to get a snafu straightened out—so the coal trains rolled on through without stopping.

The down-trains from Dawson stopped only on signal to grudgingly pick up an occasional passenger for the little wooden coach tacked on the end of the payload. But the up-trains stopped while the crew and the agent went down to the boarding house for lunch.

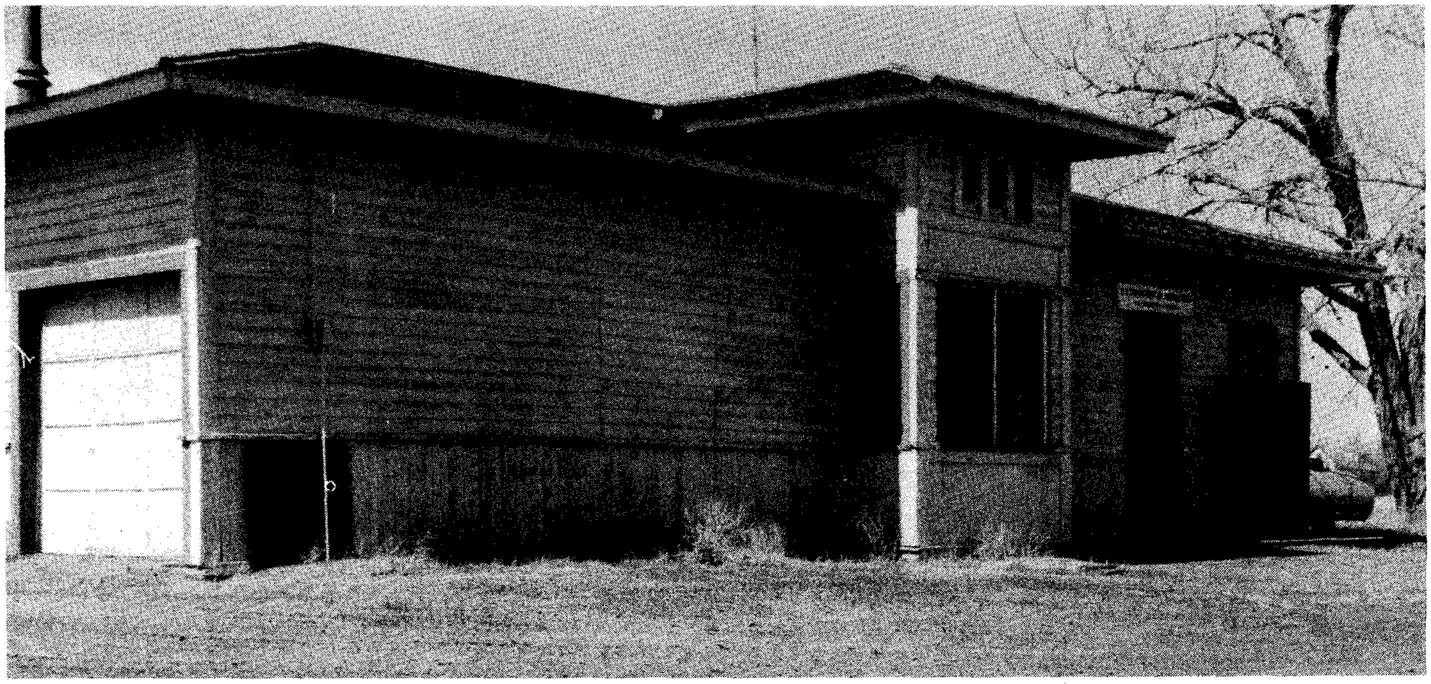
Of course, if I had been older I might have understood better what was happening when a couple of "town" men ate lunch with the train crew at the boarding house. That was unheard of; town men were supposed to eat at home and *not* waste money like that. Just drummers and other travelers ate at the boarding house. But I guess kids just don't appreciate conspiracy.

The next day was better. Nearly every man and every wagon and team in Roy were gathering out on the prairie at the northwest edge of town. I joined a squad of other small boys who were scooting in and out among the wagons waiting there on the open prairie. The men bawled and yelled at us to "Git for home!" but, of course, that had no effect. The nearest thing to an impossibility is to get rid of a bunch of kids when something interesting is going on. They can't be reasoned with, caught or whacked, so it usually ends up by ignoring them (a sort of unavoidable cross to bear).

JUST THEN we all heard the long lonesome wail of a freight approaching down-grade. It came into sight going slowly instead of with the usual ground-shaking thunder. The big drivers and pistons were clanking and knocking as they do when a loaded train is coasting free. As it slowed down even more, I noticed the entire crew was riding the engine and tender.

The men in our group stood quietly

(Continued on page 60)



The original train depot in Roy today is used by the U.S. Agriculture Department.

Courtesy Maxwellington Forrester

Alexander McDonald, who found Fenrow Cleator's gold mine, worked it, booby-trapped the tunnel, and then was killed in a highway accident.

Dead

The old prospector contrived a booby-trapped horror

A CAR whizzing along U.S. Highway 85 in Colorado on a June day in 1937 rounded the shoulder of a cut-down hill right onto an elderly prospector and a pack burro. The old man and his shaggy consort were knocked off the road into a barrow ditch. The driver of the automobile did not stop. Not long afterward a highway patrolman came cruising along. He dispatched the fatally injured burro with his gun. The aged prospector was taken from Huerfano County to a hospital in Pueblo.

This deplorable incident brought to public knowledge the first account of the dead man's mine on a "silver mountain." Unfortunately, there are a dozen so-called Silver Mountains in Colorado. But in this case the information indicated one in the Wet Mountains, or maybe a peak of Greenhorn Mountain at the extreme southern end of the range.

The prospector was identified as Alexander (Alex) McDonald. He gained consciousness only at rare intervals, but according to his mutterings McDonald had found a gold lode on a peak which he called Silver Mountain. It assayed $40,000 to the ton and he had two metallurgist's reports in his pocket proving the statement. McDonald also revealed that over the shaft into the mine he had built a cabin to conceal and protect it from claim jumpers. He babbled about many booby traps placed in and around his mine to prevent others from discovering his tunnel into the mountain. Those who heard the somewhat feverish ramblings knew nothing whatever about mining and were unable to judge much from his words. Then McDonald was found dead in his hospital bed one morning. He was buried in potter's field, having none of the alleged gold or any money among his effects.

In Pueblo the story of the old man's rich gold mine was soon forgotten, but when the tale reached the villages along the Huerfano River, especially the remote ones of Crow and Greenhorn, citizens there remembered him for he had obtained supplies and sometimes equipment in those places.

People in the sparsely inhabited area were convinced that he told the truth. They knew that he had worked such a mine, and that his cabin had been built over a very shallow shaft. They also believed it was booby-trapped or mined with explosives against intruders. McDonald had always said so.

The one important fact not known to the villagers was what mountain or peak in the range the old prospector had designated as Silver Mountain. Evidently silver had been discovered before McDonald came onto his gold ledge.

THERE was one man, a small country storekeeper named Maxwellington Forrester, who knew considerable about McDonald and his mine. Moreover, he kept his mouth shut, being the type who did not discuss other men's personal affairs. He had sent out some of McDonald's gold, and knew how rich the mine was. In addition he had supplied the old prospector with the newest and most powerful explosives. Yet even Forrester had no idea where McDonald's Silver Mountain was located.

Forrester was running his little store off the main north road on the Huerfano River, not far east of Tioga, when McDonald came south out of the mountains for the first time, in 1933. He always traded with Forrester, who later sent his boxed gold from the store to Denver. In time the two men became good friends. It was then that the storekeeper learned how McDonald had happened to enter the Wet Mountains.

Several years before in Santa Fe Mc-

Colorado's Wet Mountains still hide the site of McDonald's lost gold mine.

Man's Mine

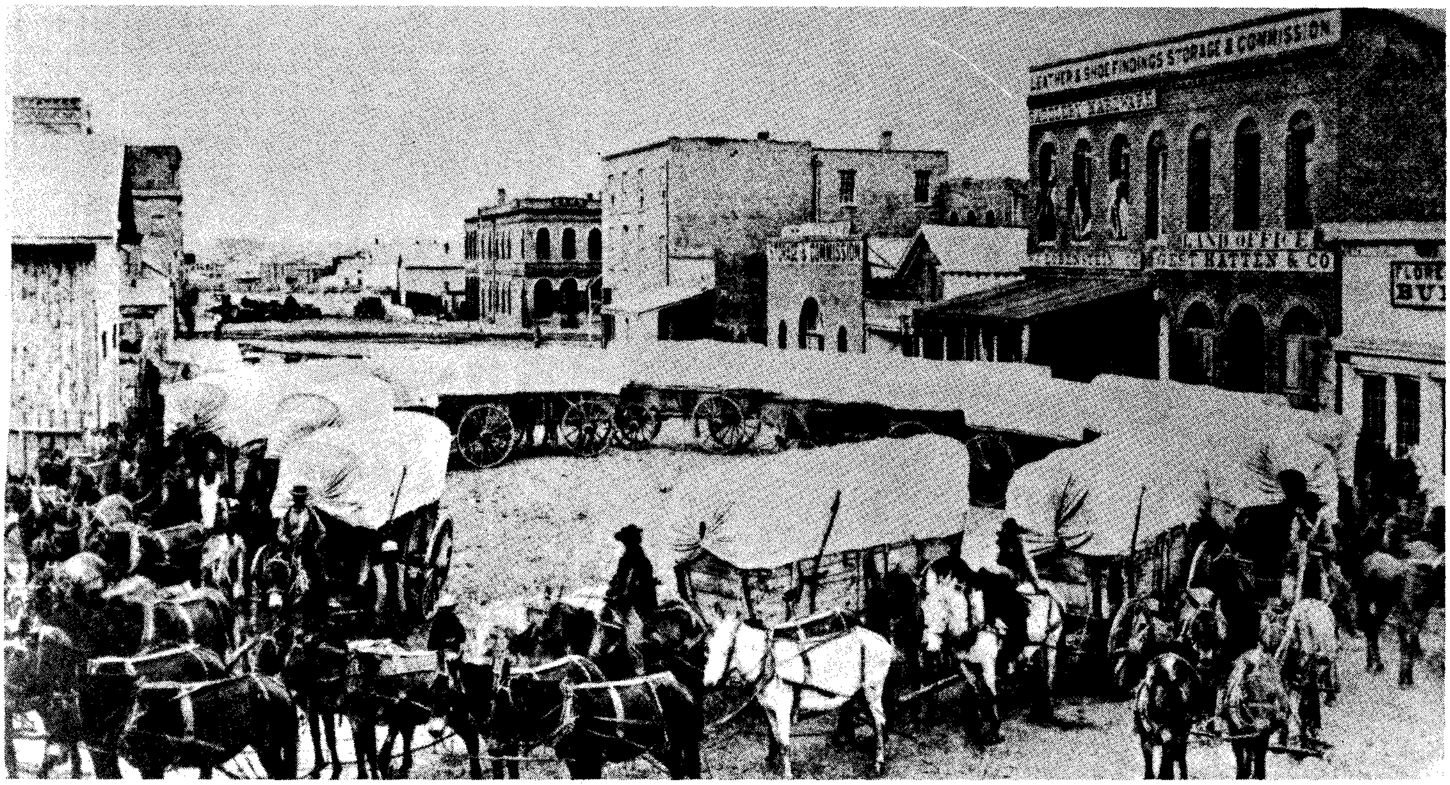
By MAURICE KILDARE

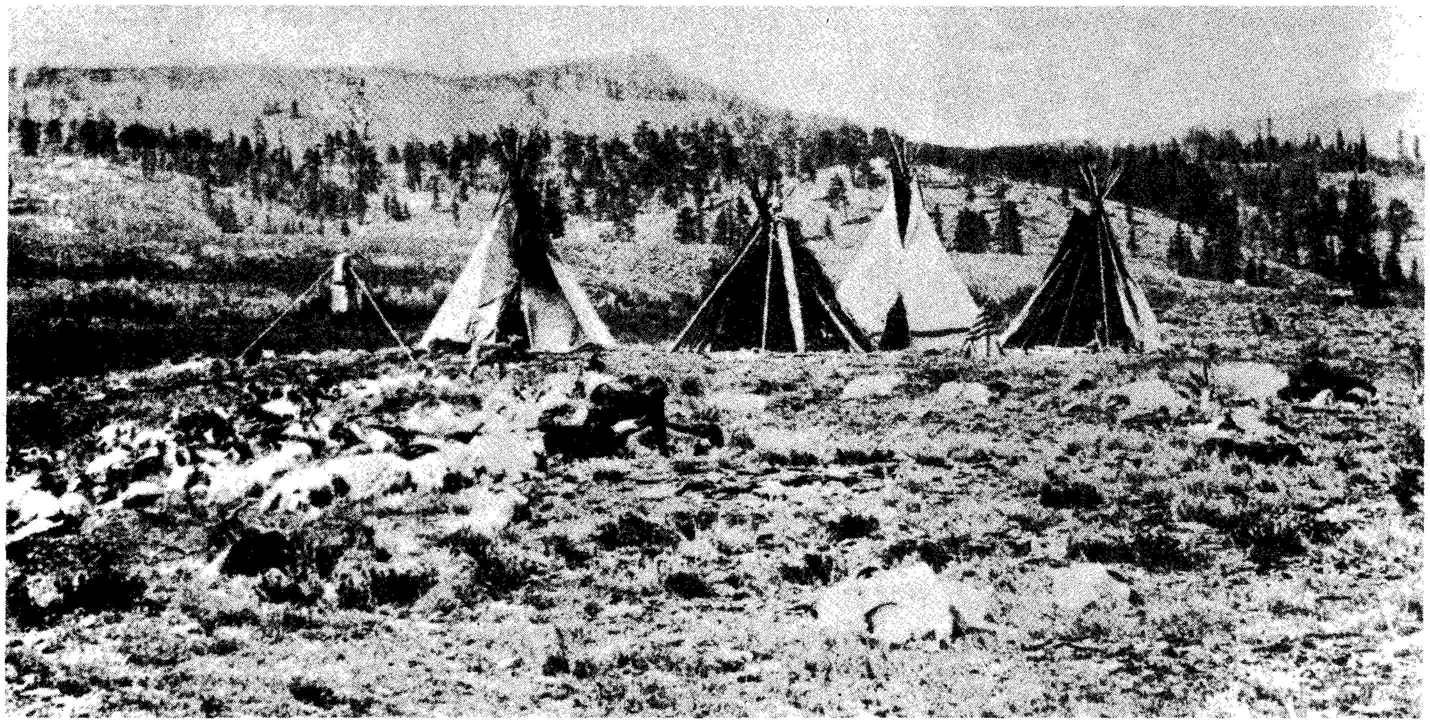
Photos Courtesy Author

Donald had obtained a hand drawn map to a mine discovered in 1879 by a prospector named Fenrow Cleator. This map and mine had nothing whatever to do with any old Spanish discovery. McDonald never revealed how he had come into possession of the map which eventually led him to the gold. However, he was cognizant of many intimate details concerning the long dead Cleator. This knowledge was later to add a mysterious aura to McDonald's "lost" mine. For instance, he knew that Cleator had left a family in Indiana when he went west to

Denver, Colorado where Fenrow Cleator outfitted his prospecting party in 1878 before beginning his hunt for gold.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection





Utes ranging out from a camp like this one came upon the original discoverers of the gold mine and killed all except Fenrow Cleator.

Denver. In that town on Cherry Creek he became well acquainted with four other men. The five formed a prospecting party, outfitted and roved south through the Rocky Mountains in 1878.

The next year they were in the southern end of the Wet Mountains where Cleator found pieces of float on the bench of a steep-sided peak. They were large and too heavy to have drifted far on the surface. Realizing this, he and his partners traced them higher, but not more than 300 yards. The source was discovered to be a wide quartz vein rotten with gold. The lode jutted out of the ground, contained in native rock of which no more than four feet were exposed to the elements.

The quartz broke apart in their hands. By the time they had dug along the lode a few feet they estimated their having recovered $25,000 in raw gold. The men started digging down alongside the vein. The deeper they dug the wider it became. Two of the party were experienced miners—having worked in California, Idaho and Montana. They declared that nowhere else had they seen anything to compare with this find.

By the middle of October the partners were completely out of grub and subsisting on unsalted wild game. But they had accumulated approximately $50,000 per man as shares in the operation. A quarter of a million dollars in gold represents considerable weight, if not bulk. However, other than a few cooking utensils and several pounds of jerked venison they had nothing else to pack out on their four mules, so transporting their wealth created no serious problem.

Mounting their riding horses the party set out on the morning of either the 25th or 26th of October. The gold was packed on the mules. The prospectors came out of the mountains eastward, intending to reach a stage road and proceed north over it to Denver.

For ten months they had been in the mountains, cut off from all news of the outside world. Thus they did not know that an uprising of Ute Indians had cost the lives of their agent, Nathan C. Meeker, and ten of his employes. Nor did they know that a relief column of soldiers under Major T. T. Thornburgh had barely escaped annihilation in Red Canyon.

The Utes were bent on revenge raids against all white men for mistreatment received at Meeker's hands. Small groups of travelers and prospectors were attacked on sight. Villages making nominal resistance were also raided in fury.

THE prospecting party gained into the flatlands somewhere near what is now called Rye, and made camp. When they started packing up in the gray dawn, a band of lurking Utes struck them. Two of the prospectors were killed in the opening fire. Cleator and the other two managed to take refuge behind rocks. For the next four hours a desultory fire was kept up by both sides. Two of the saddled horses were killed by the Utes out of pure cussedness.

Late in the afternoon about fifteen of the Indians made a frontal charge. A third prospector died when he stood up from behind a pile of boulders in order to better work his repeating rifle. Then the fight settled down into what amounted to a stalemate until sundown. Charging again, the Utes fell upon the remaining whites in a determined assault. The fourth prospector went under in a hand-to-hand engagement, slain with a knife. Cleator killed the momentarily victorious Ute. Apparently the Indians did not realize the number of casualties among the prospectors, for as dusk deepened they fired a few random shots toward where Cleator had holed up, and departed.

By ten o'clock that night, he had cautiously secured the surviving livestock, and had buried his dead partners under a common pile of rocks. Then mounting and gathering in the mules, he rode as fast as possible all night long. (Not until he reached Pueblo did he learn of the Meeker massacre and the death of Major Thornburgh and most of his men.)

For five years Cleator tried to locate relatives of his dead partners; but like many prospectors in the western goldfields they must have been going under assumed names. They came from nowhere, were unknown, and went out of the world the same way.

Cleator kept all the money the gold brought. McDonald said that the sole survivor eventually took his family to Illinois where he bought considerable land and lived out his days.

Not caring to return to the gold lode, Cleator drew a map of the location. It was given to his wife's brother who went to Colorado. After more than a year of failure to find the mine he went down to Santa Fe. Presumably the map passed into other hands long before it was obtained by McDonald.

ENTERING the Wet Mountains McDonald prospected and searched, discovering a silver lode of low values. It was then that he named a peak Silver Mountain. When he finally located the Cleator mine the details on the map proved to be exact although it took him three years to come onto it.

After taking out considerable gold McDonald appeared at Forrester's store. From the proceeds he obtained more supplies and equipment. According to his own account, McDonald built a cabin

(Continued on page 64)

COWBOYS and CATTLELAND

By H. H. HALSELL

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

OLD WEST Special!
BOOK BONUS!

COWBOYS and CATTLELAND

By H. H. HALSELL

"*Dedicated to*

THE OLD CHEROKEE STRIP RIDERS
who galloped up and down the Cimarron
with me in the years ending in 1889"

Raid on the Babb Family

DURING the year 1865 the Indians made a raid in Wise County [Texas] and carried off two Babb children—Bianca, a girl, and J. A. (Dot) a boy. These children were small when carried away. Some years afterward, a trapper was selling pelts in the settlement and was telling about seeing a white boy and girl with the Comanches. Old Mr. Babb heard the tale and arranged to buy the children. The deal was made and the children brought home, but they had adopted Indian ways and habits. Bianca is now living [1937] in Denton, Texas and is very old.

All readers of Indian lore will be familiar with the strange fact that trappers and Indians get along well together. The reason is that it is to their mutual interest to do so; especially, the trappers know it is necessary to get along with the Indians. The habit of Indians carrying children off kept me scared of them. It is necessary to return to the year 1867 to relate an Indian story, the experience of which will be fresh in my mind as long as memory holds sway. Mother sent little Oscar and me up the creek to Grandma's house to get some flour. We went in plenty of time to return home before dark, but as usual we were wasting time, either playing or fighting. We got the flour, about fifteen pounds, and started home.

We were in our shirt tails. There were several advantages in going in shirt tails. First, it was economical; second, it was cool and pleasant in summer; third, when ready to jump off in swimming, there were very few preliminaries to interfere before the plunge; and last, if chased by the Indians, there were no impediments. Paul said, "Lay aside every weight in running a race."

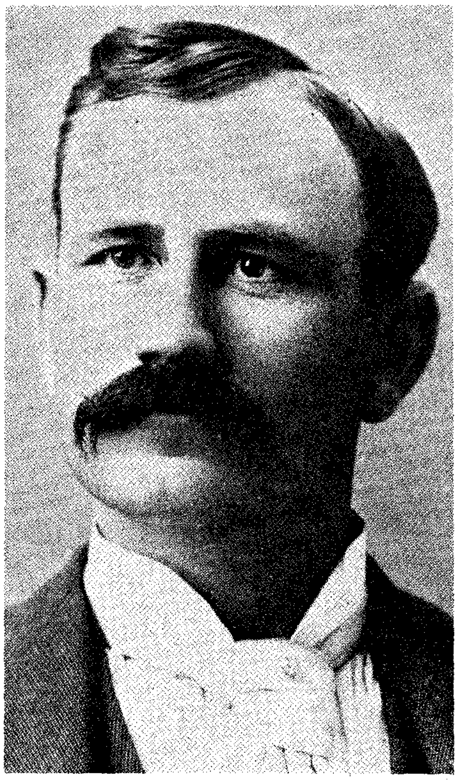


Photo from the Book

H. H. Halsell at age forty-seven. Illustration on preceding page is of the dust jacket from the 1944 edition of his book; the first two editions were printed in '35 and '37.

The road we were traveling ran down the west side of Martin's Branch half way to our home, then crossed to the east side and then down the east side to opposite our house. Then it crossed again to our house which was about one hundred steps west of the creek. One of Grandpa's fields was on the west of us, which was about four hundred yards wide near his home and gradually came down to be narrow where the first crossing was on the creek. Near this crossing a rail fence came within fifty yards of the creek and our road. All along on the west side of the field fence was heavy post oak timber.

THIRD EDITION
Printed for the author by
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Dallas, Texas
[1944]

When we arrived to within thirty yards of this first crossing, Oscar, being in front with the flour on his back, looked up to the west and hollered out to me: "Look at the Indians! Follow me!" His quick words and actions saved our lives. I looked and saw a sight that chilled my blood. The woods, not sixty yards away, seemed full of paint ponies, red and green blankets, and painted warriors. All were on horses except a few who were on the ground, scattering rails in all directions. Some were leaping their horses over the gaps. The Indians figured we would make a run into the open field, and that would have been easy picking for them. But these Comanches had to deal with Oscar, one of the bravest and most level-headed boys that ever lived.

Instead of making a run into the open for Grandma's house, or crossing over into the open field on the east side, my brother made a run for a dense thicket, a little in the direction of the Indians. He knew the pig trails in this thicket, and it being almost dark, the Indians could not find us. No Roman soldier ever followed the Eagles more faithfully, no American ever followed the Stars and Stripes more earnestly than I followed that white shirt tail. It spread out to the breeze in such a fashion as to make it appear possible to play marbles on it. This white flag was a signal to me to follow on where that flag, the emblem of safety, led straight through the dogwood thicket to our home. I followed that white flag, not as an emblem of purity, but as a symbol of safety. It was my star of hope in an hour of gloom. I have since made some poetry (by transposing) on that shirt tail.

White Shirt Tail, on the thicket's verge

Just crimsoned by the setting sun
Thou has an earnest urge
The dangerous trails to run.
Oh, White Shirt Tail, that set my feet on fire
To gain the haven of my desire.

ON our arrival home, Oscar's flag was still at half mast. All I had left of mine was the collar, as I had distributed it passing through the thickets. My mother asked why we were so late. Oscar said: "We have made pretty good time for the last five minutes." Then she asked where the flour was. I said part of it was on Oscar's shirt tail and the balance we left along the way. Then we related our experience, and of course she was really frightened.

WHEN I was ten or eleven years old, a boy about eighteen came to live with us. His name was Dave Bailey, and he was a fine looking young man, had good clothes, and was refined. My parents thought a great deal of him and treated him as a son. He often rode with Oscar and me into the woods, branding mavericks and hunting wild hogs.

There was at this time a Ranger force in Wise County, composed of frontier young men. The captain of the company was George Stevens—a brave man about thirty-five years old. The Ranger force was to be reorganized, and new officers elected. This was about a year after Bailey came to live with us. On the day the organization was to be perfected, Dave Bailey told us he was going to town and join. We went with him and when the election of officers took place, Bailey stood for first lieutenant. He was defeated. Then he stood for second lieutenant and was defeated. I wondered why he didn't quit, but he seemed to know what he was doing. So he stood for corporal and was elected. Subsequent events demonstrated that he was worthy of filling any position in the Ranger force, for in the first fight on the prairie, not far from Decatur, ten Rangers met thirty Indians and Dave led the charge and scattered the Comanches. From that time he was in the front of all fights until his gallant deed in the Loss Valley fight cost him his life, and some fine mother in a distant state mourned the loss of her noble son.

To the best of my ability, and according to my memory I am now going to describe the Loss Valley fight. Loss Valley is a beautiful prairie consisting of about three or four hundred acres with rough, rocky timber hills on the west side, and the valley is located about twenty miles northwest of Jacksboro. The Comanches had made a raid in Wise County and stolen some horses, and were traveling west. George Stevens and his company of Rangers immediately got on their trail and caught up with them in Loss Valley, and the fight began. It was twenty-five to thirty-five Rangers and one hundred Indians. The Indians retreated to the west side of the valley and took positions behind trees and rocks. The Rangers tried to dislodge them and failing, retreated to a deep ditch some four hundred yards away in the valley. Several men had been wounded, among them a young man by the name of Billy Glass, whose home was twelve miles northwest of Decatur. His back was broken. It was a very hot day, and Glass was suffering a great deal and calling for water. There was water about a quarter of a mile away, but it was nearer the Indians than the Rangers. It was so dangerous to go after water, that Captain Stevens refused to detail men to go. Glass was a chum of Bailey's and so was Mel Porter, a boy who came from a home near our home in Wise County. Bailey said, "I am going to get the water." Little Mel Porter said, "I'll side you." That was the cowboy expression for "I'll stay with you all the way." So these two young heroes rode into the valley of death to give their lives for water for a suffering comrade.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

A Comanche brave photographed in Wichita Falls, Texas in 1900.

There is a saying of Jesus which has woven itself into all the history of humanity, into the periods of famine, the days of battle, and the hours of death. It is the saying that we do Christian service when we give only a cup of cold water to those who thirst.

As Bailey and Porter rode up to the bank of the creek, they agreed not to separate but to tie their horses to a tree on the bank and go down to the water and return together. This was comradeship, but it was not wise. One should have stayed on his horse and held the reins of the other, while he went down after the water. As it was, while both were climbing the hill, they heard the Indians yelling and coming at full speed. Porter's horse was quiet, and he mounted him quickly and began to shoot, but Bailey's horse was nervous and rearing because of the noise and shooting. That delayed young Bailey until a solid line of Indians were between him and the rest of the Rangers. Both would have been killed had it not been that the Indians were so sure of doing what they wanted to do—that is, take them alive.

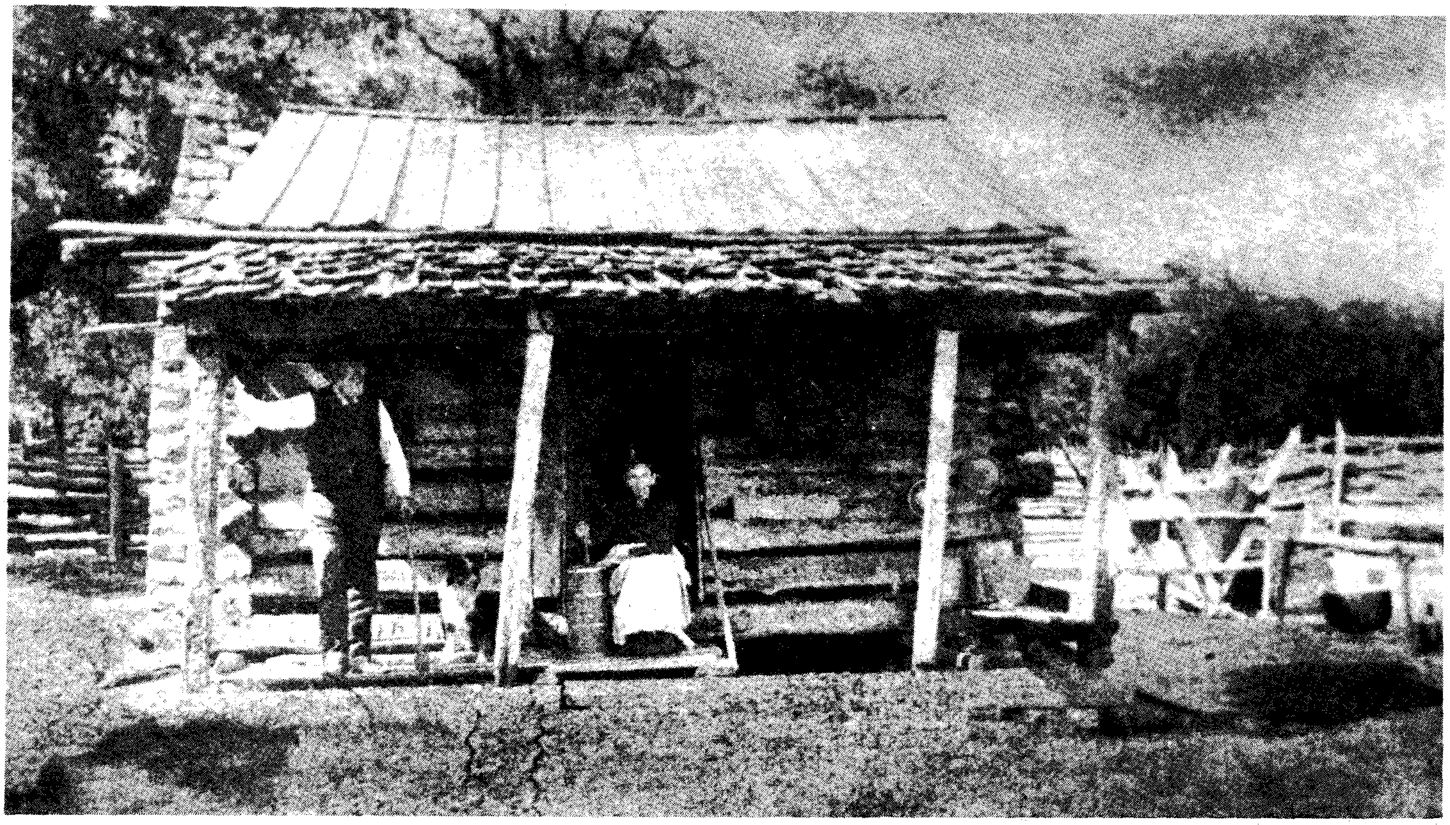
Bailey was pulled from his rearing horse, tortured, scalped, and killed. Porter shot his way through the line, using his Winchester until it was emptied, and throwing it down, emptied his pistol. One big Indan ran up by his side and in broken English said, "Me got you." Porter threw his pistol in the Indian's face and leaped from his horse and ran into some brush. By this time the Indians were close enough to the other Rangers for them to begin firing into them, and the Indians retreated to the hills. The young man who was mortally wounded, Billy Glass, died and was buried not far from Bailey's grave. The Indians got the best of the fight and went on their way.

Tricks Between Oscar and Myself

I WAS not then and never was mean, but I was full of tricks and according to my enemies have always been tricky. My mother tried to persuade and left off the switch; my father put on the timber and left off the persuasion. The result was, I would not work when Mother asked me but was on the job quickly when Father told me to do a thing.

Our father was gone part of the time each year on the old Chisholm Trail and while he was away, Oscar was looking out for his interests. And my chief interest was rustling unbranded mavericks and unmarked shoats. That is the reason my drove increased and little Oscar's decreased. That is perhaps one reason that I often came in contact with my father's peach tree switches and Oscar rarely ever did.

This thing of me getting all the warnings and Oscar none got old, and I was on the lookout for him to get an equal share. The chance came one day when Father told me he had staked his horse down in the forks of the creek, and he told me to be sure to tell Oscar where he was and tell him to water the horse at noon. Now, I told the victim to water the horse but failed for some reason known only to myself to tell him where



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

First house built in Wise County, Texas.

he could find the horse. Father came home at dark and went after his horse and of course, it being a hot day, the horse was like the "Antis"—very dry.

We were all three standing by where the horse was drinking. I heard my father say, "Oscar, you didn't water this horse at noon." Now, Oscar would not lie, so he said: "No, Pa, I failed to find him." I did not wait for further explanations as I had business on toward the house, but I heard what was going on down by the waterhole.

Now I am not sure if it is a sign of good breeding or bad breeding to be eternally fighting. But one thing I know, the boys I knew in my early life were as prone to fight as sparks are to fly upward. If Oscar and I failed to get plenty of that kind of exercise to keep us in trim, from the town boys, we made up for the loss by practicing at home.

One evening about dark our father seemed unusually vexed at us and in a serious tone said, "I have stood all I can; I am going to hang both of you. Get two calf ropes and follow me into the woods." I really believed my end was at hand, for it just occurred to me that perhaps I deserved that kind of an end. Oscar, carrying his hang rope, walked with his head up and bravely faced the music. I walked with mine down and dragged behind. I'll never forget how serious Pa looked in those dark woods. As we came to a halt he said, "Are you boys ready?" I do not recall Oscar's answer, but I said, "No, Pa, I won't be ready in a hundred years." There was a pile of firewood chopped up right by Father, and he said, "Do you reckon you two boys can tie up that wood and carry it to the house?" I said, "Pa, I can carry all of it by myself." An awful load was off my mind. I wanted to hug Pa and carry all the wood.

When I was about ten years old Oscar and I would entertain the town boys on Sunday at our farm in the very exciting and risky sport of riding yearlings. One day Oscar bet me a guinea pig that I could not ride a big, brindle yearling. I was somewhat uneasy at the outcome of that venture, but wanted to show off to the town boys. That desire got me into serious trouble.

THE STEER was roped, saddled, and a crupper fastened under his tail to prevent the saddle and the rider from going over his head. I had on a pair of Pa's brass army spurs, and they were sharp. As the habit of some steers is to sulk at the beginning of an entertainment, this particular one did so. Oscar said, "Touch him up with Pa's spurs." I did so, and when those sharp spurs went into his flank, the steer went into the air with all sorts of fits. As I was tied on and could not be gotten rid of, the steer started running full steam ahead. After a race of about four hundred yards the saddle turned under his belly, and as I was tied on, the steer went on with my head between his legs to the great detriment of my two ears. After a while the steer gave out and lay down with his burden. When the boys came up to the wreck I said, "Hold the steer, I'll lie still." I lost the guinea pig and part of my ears in the bargain. It took me a month to get even with Oscar.

I planned long and well to put one over on him which he would never forget, and long years afterward while we were in our cow camp on the Cimarron River, one winter night in a dugout as we were reviewing past experiences of our boyhood days, Oscar said, "Harry, how come you to play that trick on me?" I answered, "To get even."

This is the way I put it over. For several weeks before the thing was to happen, I began to brag on Oscar's ability to ride anything. This was done in the presence of the town boys and Oscar. I posted our neighbor boys, Walter Brady and Charlie Perrin, to boost him up also. Finally, one Sunday when the boys were all present and we were all out in the lot windjamming, I began telling the boys what a fine rider Oscar was. Just at the point where I noticed he was puffed up, I said, "Boys, Oscar can even ride that two-year-old steer." I noticed Oscar grow pale around the gills, but my allies began to boost him, and all the boys began to crowd around and talk big until the victim was helpless in our toils. I promised to tie him on good, agreeing to tie Ma's long cotton rope clothes line on the steer's horns, one end to be held by me. I pledged my sacred word and honor to stop the steer if he went near that awful creek. No matter how hard the steer pitched and ran I was to hold on. I was to be the anchor to save the vessel from going in the rocks.

Our home was in a bend of the creek, about one hundred yards from where the scene was to be enacted, just east of the house and between the house and the creek. After the steer was duly saddled with front and flank girth, crupper and breast strap, the victim was tied on and those same sharp brass spurs attached to his heels. Oscar was really a brave boy, but he had tackled a job that was too tough for him and the outlook was gloomy. At the same time it was a day of rejoicing for me. When the show was ready to start I said those same words he had said to me on a similar occasion, "Touch him up with them sharp spurs." When he stuck the spurs in his flank, old brindle bellowed and went up in the air, bawling and pitching, with Oscar's white head jerking right and left and all the boys yelling, "Ride him, Cowboy!" That was the worst part of the whole affair; there was no danger of him falling off; he was sure to stay with him, for he was tied on. I saw to it that he was safely tied on.

After pitching for about one hundred yards, the steer in his fury made a run for the creek. Then it was I committed an act of treachery that I was ever afterward sorry for. I accidentally stumped my toe and fell down, turning loose that cotton rope. The safe anchorage was gone, the vessel went down on the rocks, or rather went over the bank, tumbling and rolling, down through brush and briars, and landing both steer and cargo in a deep hole of water. Oscar would have drowned had he not extricated his knife and cut himself loose from the steer.

The place where the steer went over the bank was the worst place he could have selected on the whole creek, but that mad steer was in no humor nor had the time to select a nice place, and Oscar was not in a position to select a good crossing. Now while the steer and his rider were separating themselves in that water hole, I was separating myself from the company and was on my way to Grandma's home where I stayed until 9 p.m.

On coming home I found Oscar asleep in the side room, his head tied up in white cloths. I said to myself, "You poor, foolish boy, your pride got you into that trouble." Since that event I have noticed that there is many a tall tombstone that is sacred to the memory of an antemortem vanity.

Photo from the Book

Oscar Halsell late in life.

Next day I asked Oscar how he and the steer parted—peacefully or otherwise—and he said "otherwise."

Dreams of My Youth

IN MY EARLY life the sight of cowboys as they rode by our house made me anxious to be a cowboy. That dream was to come true. There were two cowboys I watched, and studied their dispositions and ways. They were two brothers, Bill and George Graham. Bill was a good singer, carefree and jolly. He also was a heavy drinker of whiskey. Around the campfires at night the men would give Bill whiskey and get him to sing.

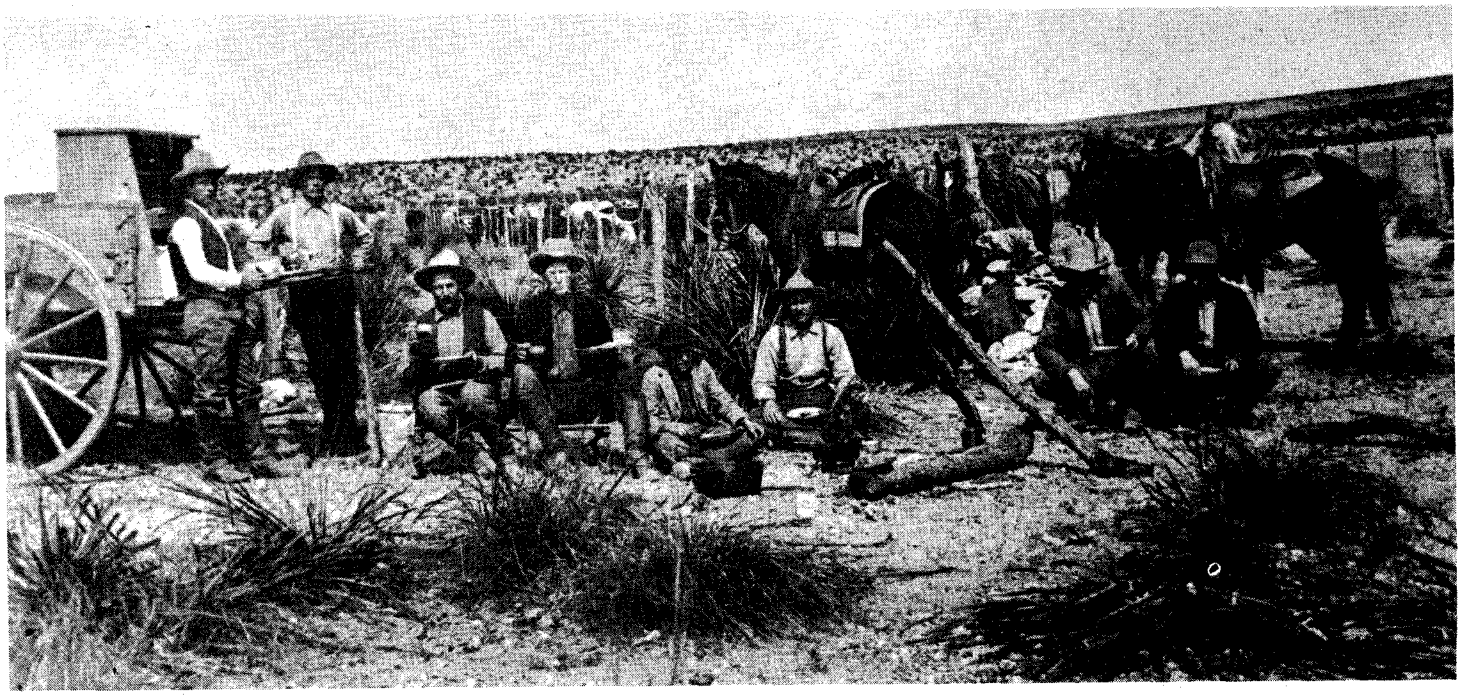
The other brother was just the opposite. He was a quiet man and I noticed he was often reading when he could find anything to read. In studying these two characters I decided I would not follow Bill's ways, but at least would follow one of George's ways—read all I could find to read and let whiskey alone.

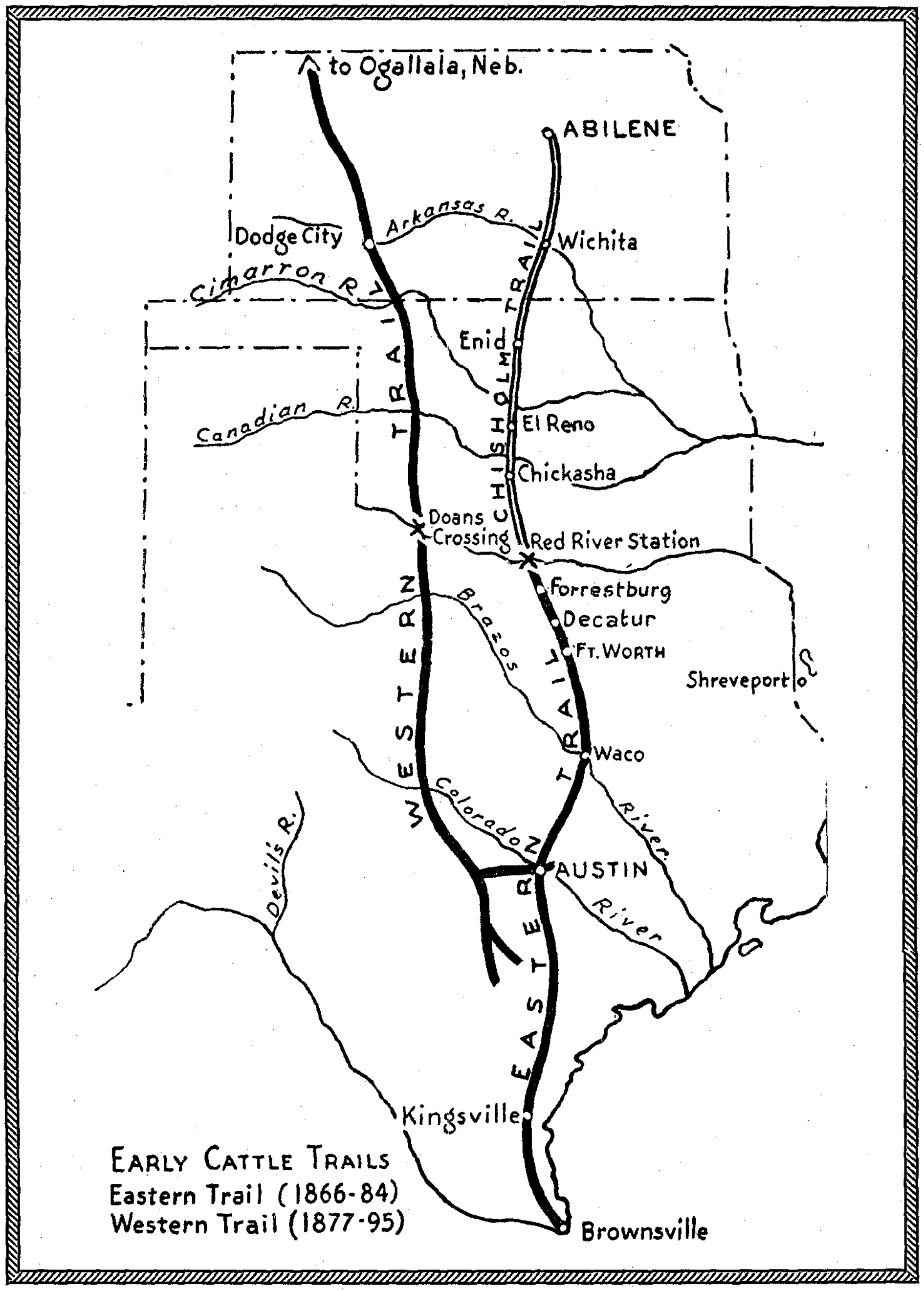
I also had another dream—that was to learn how to court. One thing that started this dream was on an occasion when a young cowboy came to see my Aunt Ida. Aunt Ida was about seventeen years of age. This young man was to take her to a party in town, two miles north. The custom then was to go horseback. Aunt Ida mounted on Old Ball, one of Grandma's work horses. I was put up behind as a stabilizer, or safety valve, or what at the present time is called a "chaperon." I held on by my arms around Aunt Ida's waist, and as the fine young fellow gave vent to his feelings I could tell Cupid's darts were hitting the mark by the thumping of Aunt Ida's heart. From that time on my sentiments on that line began to germinate. That thing had its climax, and at the age of eighty-four is still in flower.

One spring, about March 15, 1868, my father started with a herd of cattle for Kansas. One evening about sundown he camped four miles northwest of where the town of Bowie is now located. The camp was near a tall hill called Victoria Peak. There was a band of Comanches located on top of the peak, concealed in some brush, watching the camp. At dark

Cowboys eating their chow near Comstock, Texas in the 1890s.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library





Map from the Book

the first night guard was placed around the herd, and all the rest of the men went to sleep. About 10 p.m. Father woke up and seeing by his watch it was past time for the first guard to come in, he got his pony, named "Swift," and started for the herd.

On the way he saw what he thought were the two men coming off guard, when in reality it was a band of Indians. Swift smelled them and whirled around, running toward camp. A flight of arrows came by Father as he ran into camp, arousing the men. The Indians came charging through camp. There were a few volleys fired and the men scattered in the brush. The Indians drove off all the horses that were loose. That meant that all were gone except the one Father was riding and the two the first guard were riding.

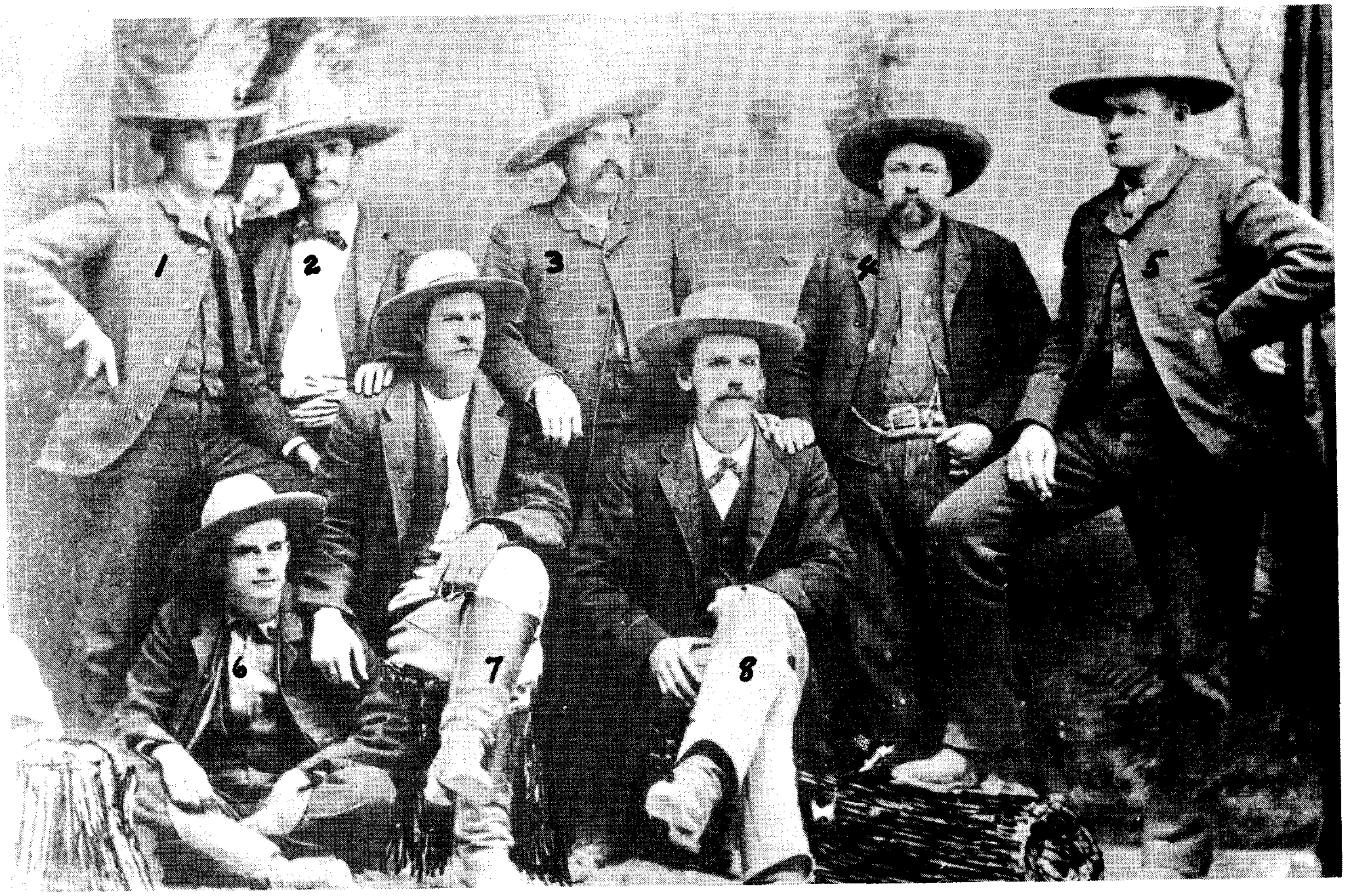
What happened to the first guard was this: While on herd they saw the Indians and got away, never stopping until they arrived in Decatur the next day and reported that all the men were killed. The news spread and neighbors gathered in Grandmother's home. About 3 p.m. two more men came walking in and reported all killed but them. Later, more men came in with a like report. I remember sitting by Mother's knee as she was crying. It was moonlight now, at 12:30 a.m. A man rode up to the house, got off his horse, and came into the yard. It was my father. Then there was rejoicing. His delay was caused by his staying with the herd next day, and after bedding them at dark he had ridden the thirty-five miles to Decatur. Father bade the folks goodbye again, went into the village of Decatur, hired more men and horses, and by 9 a.m. next morning was with the herd.

In the year 1867, on a dark night, we were all at home except Father. My aunt Ida Halsell, a girl of about eighteen, was spending the night with us. We were sitting around the supper table in a side room. Aunt Ida and I were next to the outside wall, the window just back of us. There was no windowpane in the opening, just a square white cloth tacked over the aperture; in the center of the cloth was a small hole. We were talking about Indians. Aunt Ida stuck her finger through the small hole and remarked, "What if an Indian should take hold of my finger," and sure enough someone fastened onto it and a gun fired by the hole, the flame coming through the cloth. With Aunt Ida's help I turned that table completely over. There was a great commotion. Mother went to herding the little ones. She didn't have to herd me, I was already herded. My brother Oscar and old brave Julie went out with fire and smoke belching from their army guns, but the enemy was gone. When the commotion was over, and a check-up was made on the little ones, there was one missing. Finally, prying up a bureau, they pulled me out by the legs.

IN the summer of 1881 it was very hot and dry. Crossing the Pecos River late one evening, I camped on the east bank, starting out again early next morning while it was cool. As the day wore on and as I was traveling through some hot sand hills, I could find no water for myself or the mules. The sun beat down with intense heat, and the suffering became almost unbearable. In a little while a black cloud came over me, and the rain began coming down in torrents, making pools of water a foot deep. It will never be known to me what the mules thought about the sudden gracious shower, but I do not think it was an accident. Some severe critics have said that I am a dreamer. I answer, Joseph and Daniel dreamed dreams that came true. The prophet Joel said, "Your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions." This downpour reached not over three hundred yards away.

One day I came to a large railroad construction camp, then working on a section of what came to be the Texas and Pacific Railway. It was a very dry country and the outfit had to haul water in water wagons. In this camp I traded my mules for a very fine Spanish horse, and because of his staying qualities I named him Pythias. Of course, I received the difference in gold.

A man in this camp came to me and said, "The boss of this outfit is offering a large reward to anyone who will dig a well and find water." The offer appealed to me, since I was anxious to make money. It turned out to be a trap for this murderer to kill me in this hole and rob me, for he knew of the sale of the mules. He was to be a partner in the deal and help do the work. We were digging at night because it was cool. One night, shortly after going into the hole, which was then only about eight feet deep, it suddenly dawned on me that this was a trap, and I just knew it was my last night unless by some means I could outwit this man. As he came up to the top or edge of the hole with a big sledge hammer in his hands, to confirm my suspicions I said, "Won't you come down and dig while I take a rest?"



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Pausing long enough to have their picture made in San Angelo, Texas in 1884, these cowboys are: 1—Frank Pierce, 2—Jim Gorman, 3—unidentified, 4—Bob Drennan, 5—R. R. Russell, 6—Sim Francis, 7—Hood Murchison, and 8—Jeff Moore.

The ruffian answered, "No, go on and dig."

Then I said, "I have struck some hard substance and must have a crow-bar."

He said, "Go on and dig."

In order to carry my point I looked up straight at him and said, "If you do not go at once to the tool shed and get that crow-bar, I'll quit." He knew that as long as I was looking at him he could not do his job without me yelling and attracting attention, which would be dangerous for him, so he said, "All right, I'll get it."

In all the experiences of my life, I have never heard words uttered that sounded as comforting as these: "All right, I'll get it." I had told him to go to the tool house because it was located in the opposite direction from the route I was to take. There was a short ladder in the hole, and it required but a moment to get out and fly. As soon as the moon went down, Pythias and I were on our way east, taking our gold and bed with us.

ONE HOT, dry day, about 5 p.m., my horse and I began to suffer for water. About a mile east a herd of antelope was grazing, and of course water was near. I reached a small branch and found several small holes filled with water which was muddy and nasty, but I filled my canteen and hung it in a mesquite tree, trusting that in a short time it would cool and settle. The trouble was, I was so dry I could not wait and kept on drinking until the stagnant stuff caused me to turn sick.

I had hobbled Pythias out with a long rope around his neck, which was dragging, and that precaution saved my life. While I was lying in the shade of the small bank, very sick, I heard the noise of stock running, and on getting up and looking, I saw a drove of wild horses come sweeping by, and they swept my old Spanish horse along with them. No doubt he had become lonesome and gladly accepted their invitation to go with them. The cavalcade soon passed out of sight. Taking up my Winchester I took the trail, following until giving up all hope. I was on the point of turning back, for there was absolutely the necessity of killing meat before dark. Just then the idea came to me to lie down and look as far as possible under the large mesquite trees with a last lingering hope of seeing the horse. There was in front of me a forest of large mesquite, for perhaps a mile ahead. It resembled an orchard of large apple trees with no underbrush, and by lying there gazing intently, suddenly I saw a horse leg stamp the ground. This was perhaps five hundred yards away. I hurried to the spot, and there was Pythias. The dragging rope had caught under a mesquite root.

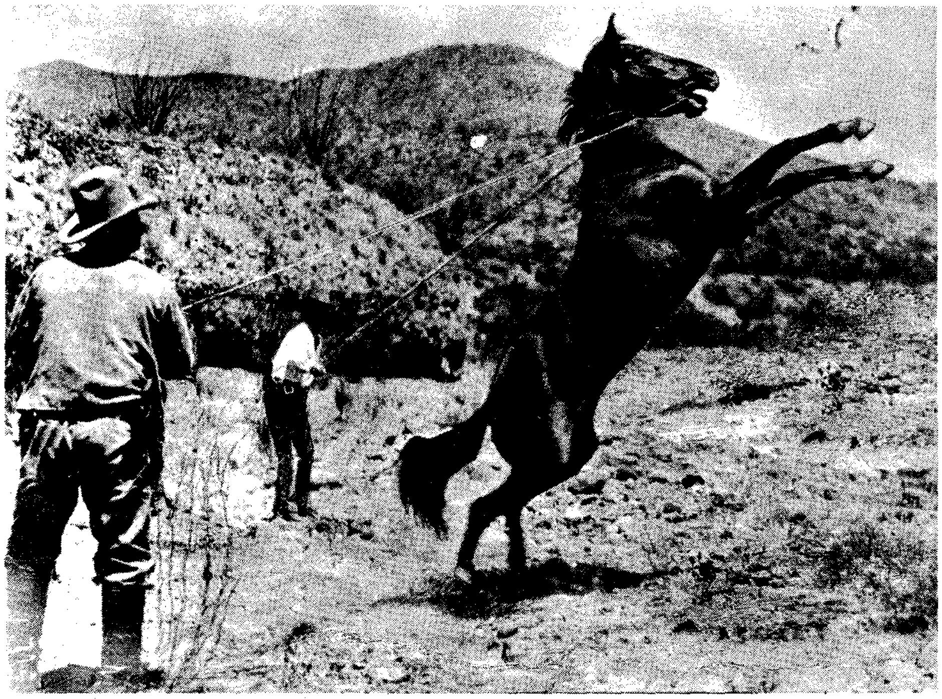
On the way back I saw that the antelope had returned to the waterholes. Crawling up within forty steps of them I selected one large buck. He was standing on a bank about eight or ten feet above the water, looking down at it. I began to talk to him (so low he could not hear) and said, "Old boy, your time is up." At the crack of the rifle the buck dropped in his tracks. Off went his tenderloins, and I feasted on roasted, tender meat. I then saddled my horse and rode on into the night. My sympathy for Pythias was gone.

Before killing the antelope I had said, "There is water. There is a plain trail down to it. Why not follow the trail to the water?" The answer being, "I don't want it." That is the way of a sinner. There is the water of salvation. The way to it is plain, but you just don't want it. You are hankering after the flesh pots of Egypt.

Meeting an Unwelcome Indian

ABOUT 2 o'clock I staked Pythias in a low swag and went to sleep on my blanket, taking the precaution to have my hand on my pistol. Now, it is a fact that a man accustomed to sleeping out in the open for long years cannot only sleep with a pistol in his hands, but is also able to know in a way what is going on, even though asleep.

While lying on my blankets asleep, I



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Ranchmen taming wild horses in Texas.

heard a horse running and knew he was coming toward me because the sound was becoming more distinct, and just as I awoke the horse suddenly stopped at the head of my bed and a big Indian tumbled over his head, into my bed. Now I hadn't invited him; he certainly was not welcome. I had occasionally slept with lousy cowboys or buffalo hunters, but I drew the line on taking in a lousy Indian. We came to our feet at the same time. I had him by the throat with my left hand, and a pistol shoved against his breast and would have fired it had it not occurred to me that other Indians would be near. We were both scared. He said, "Swap hoss." I said, "Vamoose." He jumped on his paint and went south; I mounted Pythias and went northeast.

This event happened on the Clear Fork of the Brazos about thirty miles west of Fort Griffin. Next day, late in the evening, I passed through old Fort Griffin, located in the northeast corner of Shackleford County. At this fort the officers and their families rode in muleshod hacks. There were no railroads in North Texas until 1873. Fort Griffin was at its worst from 1868 up to 1881. At the time I passed through there it was just as bad or worse than Abilene, Kansas was from 1867 to 1875; or Hunnewell, as I knew that border town from 1880 to 1887.

Hell's Half Acre in East Fort Worth, Texas, was not in the running with old Fort Griffin. There were drunken soldiers, Indians and drunks of all kinds. The nearest town was the small village of Graham, thirty miles east. Fort Sill, Indian Territory, was established in 1869 and was 115 miles northeast, and Fort Concho, 130 miles southwest. Major A. W. Greely built the first telephone line into Fort Griffin in 1888. Trails led east, north and southwest. Also Fort Griffin led to untimely graves and to the underworld.

Fort Richardson, occupied as a military post in 1866, was abandoned except as a mail station and troops moved to Fort Belknap. When water failed to be secured they abandoned it and the troops returned to Fort Richardson in 1867. Fort Griffin was established in 1867. Camp Hancock was established in 1880, and was first called Fort Hancock in 1882.

As the trails from Fort Griffin led in different directions, so do the trails that earth's pilgrims follow lead in different directions.

Adventures on the Cattle Trails

ON September 1, 1881 I left Decatur, riding horseback, on my way south to meet a herd of longhorn steers; the herd had been purchased by my uncle and was coming from the Texas coast. We went through the small town of Fort Worth, passing along where Commerce Street is now located and crossed the Trinity River about 300 yards east of where the present causeway is located. I crossed over with the lead steers into the valley on the north side. I well remember sitting on my horse and watching those big steers as they trailed down the old familiar bluff, crossed the river, and spread out in the valley on the north side where they were counted out to Glenn Halsell.

Although I had been riding after cattle since boyhood, this was a thrilling sight to me. Really, it always did stir my imagination to trail along with big, long-legged, wild steers. I get no thrill looking at a big, fat, lazy Hereford steer. When an old-time cowboy looks at one of them he thinks of dollars and fat steaks. When I look at the old native and see him stepping along so proudly at four miles an hour, or about as fast as a cow pony walks, it seems to me there is something kingly about him that stirs the blood. But the longhorn, like the old-time cowboy, is gone, and only a memory is left or a refrain:

The cowboy and the longhorn
All must,
Like ordinary people,
Come to dust.

After being counted, this herd was moved on three miles north of the Trinity River and bedded at sundown at a place just about where the stockyards are now located. Glenn Halsell came into camp in a Miller buggy; he handed the cook some lightbread and a sack of rice, which was the first food of that kind I ever

Early day Kansas ranchman at home.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Group of Texas cowboys in the 1880s.

saw. Someone asked what it was and one old weather-beaten wag of a cowboy said the bread was "gun waddin'" and the rice was "moonshine."

When I came off guard about midnight, tired and sleepy, I saw a greener lying on his blankets "raftering." That is what we said when a cowboy was lying on his back asleep with his knees sticking up like rafters. I didn't like green hands, so I staked my horse to his leg then slipped under my top blanket and went off into dreamland. It was a short rope and the old pony, anxious to extend his grazing privileges, finally dragged the green hand out of his bed. While he was cussing and going on the warpath I was snoozing under my blanket.

Early next morning this *hombre* was still cussing and came to me for help in order to find the man who played this trick on him. He said to me, "I'm going to kill the damn rascal!"

I remarked, "I am not a damn rascal."

"What would have happened to me," he said, "if that herd of steers had stampeded and that horse had run with them?"

I modestly suggested to him that from the way he cussed he would have been in hell.

The herd moved on north and passed through Decatur the third day. From there they were moved on to Clay County to a large ranch of about 200,000 acres. Of course, this was just open range with no fencing. While the outfit was working the range to gather more steers to put in the South Texas herd, this herd was being held together (or close-herded).

One night I was on guard around these wild steers. As the outfit was short of hands it was my job to ride alone around them until midnight. While going the rounds, it occurred to me that my time was about up, and here I did one of my fool tricks that has been a habit all through life. I stopped my horse, crossed my legs in front of the saddle horn, and took out my watch to see what time it was. While holding the watch I struck a match to see the time—but I never had time to see. The herd of steers went into a wild stampede with me and my horse going with them. The trouble was, my old dun pony was working in the lead and doing his own running.

He was free as far as the rider was concerned. The reins were down, my legs were crossed. It took all my time holding on to the saddle horn with my right hand and keeping the mesquite brush from knocking my eyes out with the left. There were plenty of prairie dog holes in this plot, and should my cow pony step in one it would be all over with this lone Arab. The thunder of the herd was around me; the staccato of knocking horns increased the confusion. As I smelled the hot breath of 2,000 crazy steers just behind my horse, it seemed the end was near. My only safety was to hold on to the saddle horn and get my legs untangled.

After working on this range, my Uncle Glenn had 1,600 more big steers gathered, and placed them in the herd with the other southern steers. On about October 1, 1881 this herd of 3,000 was then on the move to what was then called Red River Station, a crossing on Red River. On arrival at this crossing we swam the cattle over the river, and from here on north for 250 miles we were following the Old Chisholm Trail to the Kansas line. Of course, at the time we are describing, there was nothing in the Indian Territory from Red River to Caldwell but cattle, Indians and wild game. The trail from Texas to Hunnewell was the one used by my father and his brothers, and afterward by myself and associates. My father drove this trail from 1867 to 1874. I cow hunted with him in Wise County from 1867 up to the year 1871.

Deeds of Daring

IN 1882 my uncles, Glenn and Billy Halsell, sold out to Wyeth Wholesale Shoe Company of St. Louis, for $340,000 cash, range delivery—that is, this company just took the Halsell Brothers' word and tally book that there were 14,000 head of cattle. I never did know just how many there were, and it was none of my business.

At this time my brother, O. D., and I had 250 head of cattle each; his brand was HX and mine was HHH on the side. O. D. and I had to cut our cattle out from the big herd. Before we separated from that outfit we decided we had to have saddle horses and grub. Oscar said, "If you will get the horses, I will get the grub."

I went to Arkansas City and borrowed $400 and bought eight horses. Oscar took a cowboy along to drive a four-horse team and went along horseback, riding old "John." He went to Caldwell, Kansas, and won $400 playing poker, loaded the wagon with grub, and came in. We now had 500 cattle, 10 good horses, and plenty of chuck for a year, but no range for them. When Oscar

Photo from the Book

Billy McGinty (left) and Frank Orner on a roundup in the Indian Territory in 1886.

returned we cut out our cattle, and cut off 10,000 acres of the Halsell Brothers range—the best part, on the east side in a big valley of the Cimarron.

While I was building the log camp on the west line of our 10,000 acres, the Wyeth Company boss and two or three other men came riding up and said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "You can see I am building a camp."

The boss said, "This is our range."

"Where did you git it?" I asked.

"We got it from the Halsell Brothers when we bought their cattle," he said.

I asked where the Halsell Brothers got it. "This is Indian Territory, and we are all trespassers. We came here with our cattle the same time the others did. Because two brothers are rich and two are not, does not give one set a better title than the other." The good old plan sufficeth them that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can! I continued my argument. "We have it, our cattle are on it, we are going to keep it and you can have peace or war."

These men were former Texas cowboys, and I knew they would not fight Texas cowboys for greenhorn Yankees. The boss said, "We might as well be neighbors and have peace."

And that plan suited me. I said, "Now you are talking sense."

The winter of 1882 was awfully cold and most of the cattle died. The Wyeth Cattle Company sued Glenn Halsell on the cattle deal they had made. Glenn Halsell sent for me to come to the trial. I had to make a long ride in the cold winter weather to get to the railroad. Just at dark, O. D. and I came to Black Bear Creek and found it bank full and also full of floating ice. My brother had not been well that day, and because my horse was the best easy-riding horse, I changed with him.

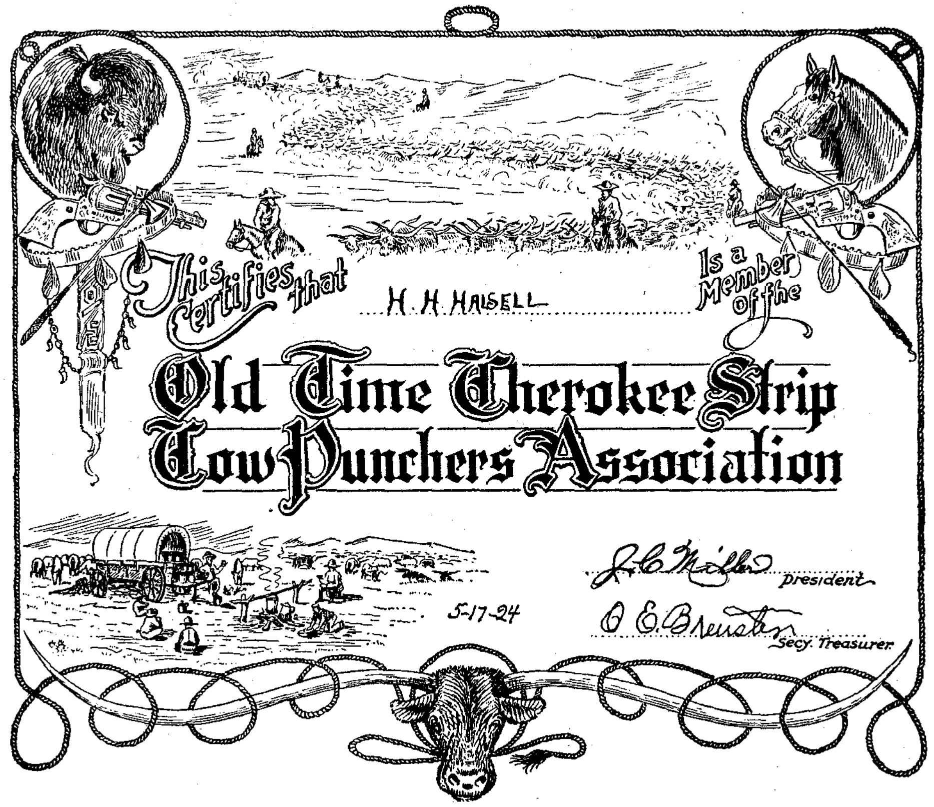
When we rode up to the swollen stream we debated what to do—to stay in the bottom on a cold, wet night was a very unwelcome outlook; to try to swim that ice-cold stream was equally bad. My brother advised not to undertake the crossing, but I saw a cow camp and a bright fire on a hill a mile beyond the creek, and I said, "Let's cross." He said, "All right," and rode off into the creek.

Old faithful "Buck" carried him up high so that only his legs got wet. I had a Winchester on my saddle and a six-shooter buckled around my overcoat which I was wearing. Now, under favorable circumstances I can swim a mile easily; but in ice-cold water with an overcoat and pistol that just cannot be done. As I rode off into that awful water that gray mare groaned and sank out of sight, leaving me floating on top. It had been muddy riding that day, and I had tied a knot in the mare's tail. As she came to the surface her tail was floating on the water, so I made a desperate grab for that anchor and hooked my right finger in it.

The mare turned over on her side and began to float downstream toward an ice gorge about fifty yards away. My brother ran back downstream to attract the mare's attention, and Buck nickered. The mare heard the call, answered it, straightened up, and began to swim to the other horse. Oscar caught hold of a willow tree, swung as far as he could, and as the mare came drifting by he caught the floating reins and pulled her to the bank, saving the mare's life and mine. Was that all an accident? I do not think so. My clothing froze stiff while he was helping me on the horse. We then went full speed to the cow camp.

The hardships of the trip brought on a case of pneumonia. Glenn Halsell won his lawsuit without any trouble (and without my testimony). He was one of the keenest traders I ever saw. He was also a very brave man.

In the summer of 1883 I shipped most of my cattle to the Chicago market and returned to Texas to put up another herd, and was on the trail again. Crossing Red River at Red River Station we came on in a few days to Rush Springs. I drove the wagon that day because of sickness. When the men bedded the cattle on a hill beyond Rush Creek I got on "Old Fiddler," an easy-riding horse, and rode out to the bed ground. I saw that some of the cattle were gone. There are several ways a cowman can determine if any of his cattle are gone out of a herd. If it is a trail herd, there will always be leaders. He will miss "drags" also, should they be gone. Then a cowman can tell the difference in 1,000 head and 800, if he is familiar with the size of the herd he is driving.



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Facsimile from the Book

Courage and Fortitude of the Cowboy

I am now to tell of two incidents to illustrate a Texas cowboy's great fortitude under the severest trials, sufferings and dangers. Going back to the fall of 1881, our herd of 3,000 steers were bedded for the night at the old George Miller camp on Salt Fork at the crossing of the trail. That night a chuckwagon hauled in a cowboy with his leg broken. His horse had fallen with him three or four miles east of the cattle trail. The old boy had crawled that three or four miles with that broken leg to the trail, which took him several hours, and this chuckwagon passing by about 11 p.m. picked him up. I never heard that boy whimper one time. In 1885 I was swimming with a bunch of cowboys, and seeing one with an old knot on his leg, I asked him the cause. He said, "I am the man who crawled the four miles with a broken leg in 1881."

In 1884 there were some cowboys roping cattle on the prairie. Two men roped and threw a big bull. One fine, big stout man, about twenty-five years old, was sitting on the bull's back when the catch rope on the bull's neck broke. Of course, as all cowboys know, that slackened the rope around the bull's hind feet, and immediately he leaped to his feet with the cowboy on his back. The bull tossed him up in the air and he came down on the bull's horns and the bull ripped him open from his groin to his navel, not however tearing open his intestines. The men fixed him up as best they could and sent him into Caldwell, Kansas in a wagon. In a few days I went to see him. He was on his back with his legs tied up and out. He was pale but had on his face a courageous smile. I said, "John, have you suffered much?" He said, "No, it's all in the game." The man who had been with him all the time said he never had even grunted.

In the spring of 1884 at a roundup, the men were at dinner when two men cut out a four-year-old steer—roped and threw him close to the chuckwagon. Both men were on their horses with their ropes to the horns of their saddles, and both horses were standing back to keep the ropes tight. When the steer was down, I got on him; but when a cowboy put the hot branding iron to him, the steer gave a great surge and broke the head rope, and of course that slackened the other rope, and the steer jumped to his feet free. He was fighting mad and took out after me. He had just the right kind of horns set in front to make it easy to gore a man.

I was running and dodging all I could. There was a cowboy standing about forty yards away enjoying the chase, and although I could hear and feel the steer's hot breath almost on my back, at the same time I could see the old puncher having a good time at my expense. Something hit me hard and I turned two somersaults; but instead of it being the steer, it was a cow horse with a big cowboy on him by the name of St. John. He was coming in from the herd, and seeing the danger I was in, ran full speed between me and the steer. The Winchester on his saddle knocked me over, and the other side of the horse hit the steer and headed him straight for the old boy who was laughing at me. He tried to pull his gun to shoot, but the sight of that wild steer with his head bowed scared him so badly he just stood there paralyzed until someone yelled, "Fall down," and he fell. The steer snorted and jumped over him.

Plenty of Gambling but No Cheating

OF COURSE, it is against the law to play poker for gambling purposes, and it is also against the ethics of modern civilized society to gamble on horse racing, but in camp life long years ago it was quite different. No one thought it out of the way to bet on cards and horse racing, provided it was all on the square. Cheating was not tolerated. Almost all cowboys would bet on cards, horses and even at shooting a mark. It was necessary to have sport when men were idle. I read a great deal while in camp, and occasionally I found other men who did the same.

There was, on one of our general roundups, a cowboy who had come from South Texas where he had worked a long time for Shanghai Pierce. He wanted to play poker during his spare time. One day while all the men were out on the roundup, he and I were left on day herd. While the cattle were lying down he suggested we play poker. I knew he was a reckless player so I said, "If I lose, you will get your winnings. If you lose, I get yours." He answered, "Sure." He had no money, so he agreed to put up his six fine cow horses. I then warned him that if I won I would make him pay me. He agreed to make it good.

I did win all his horses. He went on to the wagons for dinner an hour before I went. When I arrived at the wagons I found he had sold all the horses except one and had lit out somewhere. I began to try to ascertain his destination. It was foolish of me to pursue him, but I was mad. My brother advised me to let him alone, but at the time I would not listen to reason. I found out he had stated aloud before all the men that he was going northeast to a cow camp about thirty miles away. I knew then he did this to throw me off the trail. I got on old Buck and rode hard northwest some ten miles to the Chisholm Trail. There I found his fresh tracks. He was one hour ahead of me.

About 8 p.m. I arrived at a cow camp at the trail crossing on Salt Fork. At that camp a man said the cowboy told him he was going down Salt Fork to a cow camp to spend the night. I rode down the river to this camp and found he had not been there. I then knew he had done this in order to throw me off his trail. I hurried back to the trail and rode hard after him, coming into Caldwell at 11 p.m. There I found that he hired a buggy and headed for Hunnewell. I hired a buggy, and at Hunnewell I learned he was on his way to Arkansas City. About one hour before day I passed a wagon camped, and the man happened to be up. He told me a man driving a gray team was almost an hour ahead and driving hard. I got into Arkansas City, put up my team and asked the stable man what he knew. He told me the fellow said he was going to Kansas City and there turn south to Texas. He also told me the fellow went to a loose girl's house. I hurried there as fast as possible. The door was open and the girl was sound asleep. I grabbed her by the throat and choked her good, then I told her I would choke her to death if she did not tell me where her lover was or had gone. Well, she told me he had

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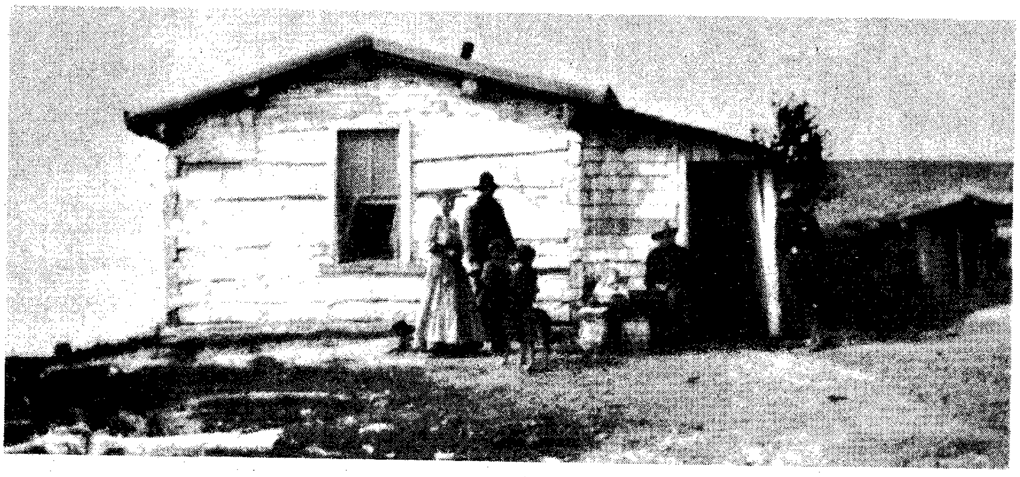

At left is the "Little House" on the rise to which Uncle Polkey was often banished. Aunt Julie poses with Uncle Polkey and kinfolks who were visiting. Above right is the "Big House" on the open range where Aunt Julie reigned, telling Uncle Polkey what for and why.

UNCLE POLKEY

Who would have thought that snow was

By C. A. "JOE" OSIER

Photos Courtesy Author

WE HEARD him coming down the lane; rather, we heard the clop-clop of Major, the paint horse who was bringing Uncle Polkey to see his kinfolks.

Uncle Polkey always rode squaw trot; said it was easier on him and on the critter. Uncle Polkey sat flat in the saddle just like a peck of oats in a hundred-pound sack. No up-and-down, no style, English or otherwise, just a-riding. And Major liked it just that way. Major had no grand ideas of being a Tennessee walker, or a hot blood which slithers either whichway. Major was just a good saddle animal. He'd trot along easy like, or he could break into a run. All you had to do was lift up your reins, press your knees to his willing hide, cherk, and you were on your way.

Yeah! It was Major and Uncle Polkey and they stopped right where Brother John and I were shoveling snow in the entrance to the barn. We were living on the Niobrara River in Holt County, Nebraska, about eight miles south of Spencer, and the winter of 1895 was hard upon us.

"What are you kids doing except shoveling frozen rain?" he grinned. "S'pose you're making a trail for the critters to get in and out?"

"That's right," Brother John said. "The way the weather has been acting up around here the past two, three days, we've had to keep shoveling."

"That's fine," said Uncle Polkey. "From the way it looks and feels, you'll be at it for some time. This weather is not good. And, take my word for it, it's going to get worse. Maybe a blizzard is shaping up. Where's your folks?"

"They're visiting," John answered. "Went over to Uncle Ab's. Went Friday and stayed Saturday and Sunday, and they'll probably be home today or tomorrow or maybe next day. Depends on the weather."

"They're probably dancing all night with the ranchers and sleeping late," I put in.

"What's wrong with that?" Uncle Polkey wanted to know. "Someday, and maybe too soon, you'll be frolicking all night and sleeping late."

Then Uncle Polkey, clutching the saddle-horn, fell off Major. He didn't dismount, he just fell off and I was there to catch him. You see, Uncle Polkey had had a permanent hitch since the time he looked at the bottom of an alky jug and fell from the haymow to the barn floor after bouncing off a manger. That's when Aunt Julie, who had fried his eggs, made his white flour gravy and raised his kids—Gertie, Sarah, "Jimmy String" and quite a few more—called it a day. Yes, she banished him to the little house, quite removed from the old homestead house, and there he stayed except to bring in some cowflaps or corncobs once in a while when her fuel ran low.

"Just as well tell you," Uncle Polkey said, "Julie bumped me again and I took off. Like to hang around here for a day or two till she comes to her senses, then Major and I will mosey home. What's for supper? I'll make it while you kids do the chores."

UNCLE POLKEY was welcome. He was a great man in my estimation. He could sing of the lone prairie, of Custer and talk about the Big Divide. When he and Doc Robinson, an alleged Kentucky colonel, went round and round that was something! Doc, who was from Virginia, with his string tie and soiled boiled shirt, would call Polkey a common drunkard, and Uncle Polkey called him a slick-talking "assafetida peddler."

Uncle Polkey didn't like Doc Robinson; said he was a "synthetic Southerner"; said he rode to Spencer every day, rain or shine, sleet or snow, to buy a quart

At right are Uncle Polkey and Aunt Julie shortly after they were married—in younger and fairer days!

of Duffey's Whiskey, which he called 'Spirits of Frumenti' and short-snorted throughout the day behind a screen in his little office. And didn't offer his patients or Uncle Polkey any!

So Uncle Polkey, who didn't have hardly any money, except what he could filch from Aunt Julie's cookie jar or what he could make from spading a neighbor's garden, bought cheap alcohol which, most of the time, he cut with spring water.

The day he came to visit us, when we were shoveling snow, which every minute was falling harder and faster, he was

WINS ONE

such a great cure for marital frostbite?

prepared. Seems as though he stopped at a saloon in Spencer where they would put him on the cuff, and had snared two gallons of 180 proof alky. The jugs were in Uncle Polkey's saddle bags. He wasn't going to be stark raving sober if he could help it.

He took his saddle bags and the jugs into the house. Brother John went to cut kindling to make the fire, and I led Major to an empty stall, grained and hayed him, and covered him with the saddle blanket. He was quite warm. Uncle Polkey must have hit it up for the last few miles, but Major could take

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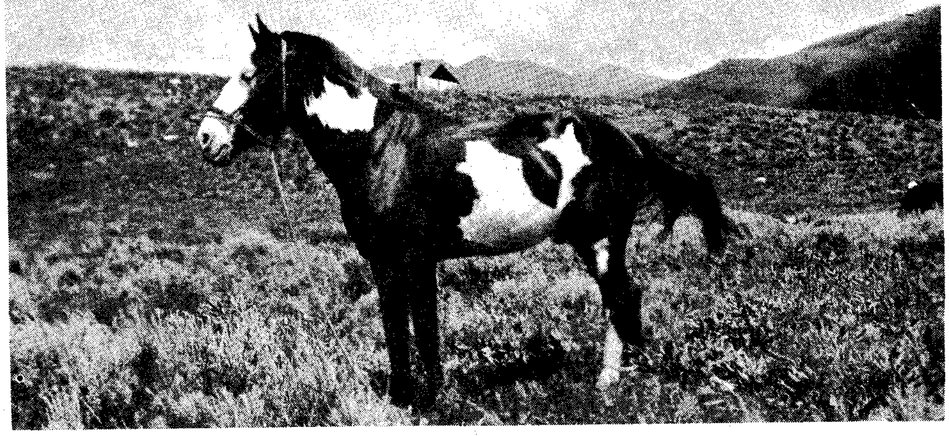
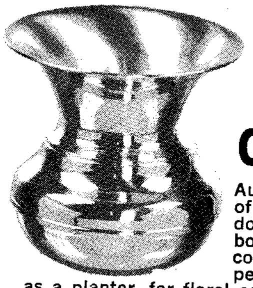


At right is Major, Uncle Polkey's pinto.



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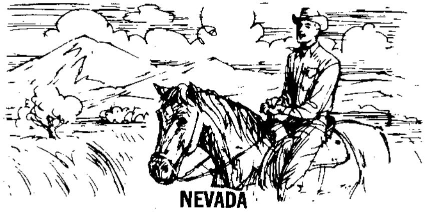

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Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 5)

rear and others the sides in case of an attack. It was so hot we only played 7 innings. Our officers were umpires. I struck out once in the 7th inning with the bases loaded. I used to brag that I played baseball in a Texas league!

Our regimental band was from the University of Maine. They made the "Maine Stein Song" famous long before Rudy Vallee ever heard it.

The 3rd Battalion headquarters were Zapata, Texas. During the day guards were posted on top of the courthouse and others along the Rio Grande, especially at fording places. On the march from Laredo to Zapata, we made Santa Ignacio Ranch one day and learned there had been a battle there the night before. The bandits were driven off, but I believe one or two cavalrymen were shot, but the bandits were driven off with several losses. One of the cavalrymen showed me a big grave where they had buried the bandits that were killed. The only bloodshed I saw while on the border was one evening when a border patrol officer rode into camp all cut up by some smugglers he intercepted. Our medic fixed him up.

After being relieved by a Florida N.G. regiment, we returned to Laredo. A regiment from Missouri was stationed near us. Come payday, members of their band got high in town and late at night started celebrating by playing the "Missouri Hound Dog." This made their colonel mad as hell for waking everyone up so next day, he made them march around for several hours playing only one thing, "The Missouri Hound Dog Sound—You got to stop kicking my dog around"—the music of which I'll never forget.—George E. Sterling, 818 Windsor Drive, Sarasota, Florida 33580

H. C. Clark and H. C. Wardell

I would appreciate hearing from anyone in Douglas, Arizona having information concerning the present whereabouts of H. C. Clark. His last known address was in Douglas around April 1935, but he no longer lives there.

Also wish to know the whereabouts of H. C. Wardell, who resided in Bisbee, Arizona and was in Douglas in 1938. I wish to acknowledge them in a book, for which material is now being gathered.—Mrs. Russell P. Heffner, 525 Masefield Drive, Pleasant Hill, California 94523

Bill Cheney and Nig

I read the story, "Oats and Green Pastures for the Rest of Your Life," in the Spring OLD WEST over and over. Your magazine will live as long as you can find such a story once in a while.—J. M. Everly, Route 1, Box 466, Snoqualmie, Washington 98065

William H. Byrne

So very happy after reading in Spring 1971 OLD WEST, "Railroad Towns Were Tough," the story of my grandfather, Moses Byrne. I wonder if there are any old-timers who can tell me something about my father, William H. "Willie" Byrne? I know he owned property around Fort Bridger, Rock Springs, Piedmont and Evanston, Wyoming.—Wilma Byrne Kahn, 87 Lemelec Cr., Sonoma, California 95476

Arizona Stage Stop

As a steady reader of OLD WEST magazine for several years, I have come to a point where I need some information from someone who never misses an issue.

I'm looking for a story of a frontier stage stop near Chevez Pass in Arizona. In the early days an Indian raid killed all the whites at this stop. For years after this incident, anyone staying all night at this place was frightened away because of all the screaming, horses prancing, harness rattling, etc. that went on. Sometime in 1964 or so, I had a copy of the OLD WEST issue containing this article, but you know it's good reading and away it went.

I'm nearing retirement and love to travel. I would like to visit the spot where this incident happened and if someone could let me know which issue the story appeared in, I'd be grateful. —Roy W. Caffey, 4024 McHenry #17, Modesto, California 95350

Western Contacts Wanted

I would like to contact any old-timers, miners, prospectors, homesteaders, etc., especially those who live in the Western states and in the more isolated areas. Also Indians from any of the Western Indian reservations who live in the isolated or remote sections.—Mrs. Carroll Eastwood, Route 1, Marshall, North Carolina 28753

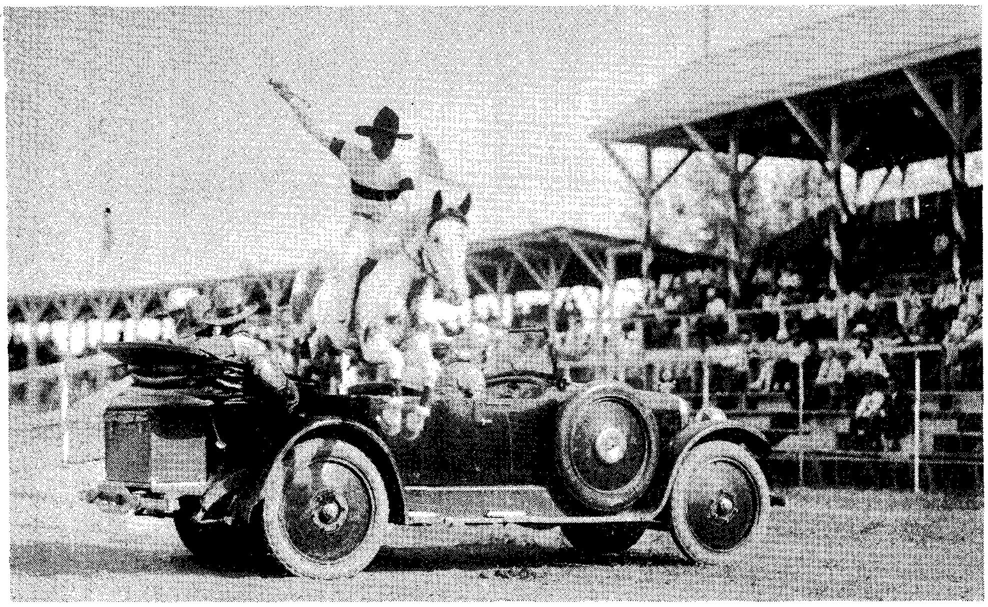
Ghost Town Living

Folks like to read of ghost towns—towns where in many states folks live to this day. It would be a good place to get away from the rat life. Some persons would like to buy a town and acreage. In this way it would bring tax money for the state. I'm a retired veteran and I would go to live in ghost towns and would rebuild some buildings of rock so others could live. I have all kinds of tools and many trades. It would give me something to do each day and in some places there would be good fishing and hunting.—S. Shombek, Box 411, Fredericksburg, Texas 78642

Needs Roundup Information

I am in the process of writing a historical novel of the years 1897-'98, the setting of which encompasses roughly the northeastern corner of Wyoming within the watersheds of the Cheyenne River west of the Nebraska line and the Belle Fourche River southwest of Moorcroft. I wondered if any of your readers could furnish me the following information, all relating to those two years:

1. The location of all cattle, sheep and horse ranches?
2. What ranches ran roundup wagons?
3. About what date did these wagons start out in the spring and what date did they pull in in the fall?



Chief Jumped a Nash, Too

Your Spring 1971 OLD WEST has a picture of Chief jumping over an Essex, so I am sending this photo of the same horse jumping a Nash at Belle Fourche, South Dakota in 1925. The rider was Leonard Stroud and the photographer was R. R. Doubleday. This was the first—and I believe the finest—rodeo I ever witnessed.—Ernie A. Richter, 1202 W. Miracle Mile Strip, Tucson, Arizona 87505

4. How many miles did the wagon move each day on the average?

5. During the calf roundup was the daily pickup herd worked and branded twice or just once a day?

6. The night guard was changed every two hours beginning at four or six p.m. until when the herd was taken over the next morning, between four and five, by the day crew. Using parlor words, what were these different periods called?

7. What were the wages paid to common cow hands, top hands and rough-string riders?

8. What was the average price of a good, well-broken saddle horse?

9. How many southern cattle, usually yearlings, were shipped into the four towns of Newcastle, Upton, Moorcroft and Gillette in 1897 or '98?

10. How many yearlings, two-year-olds or full-grown cattle did a cattle car hold?

11. Were these yearlings branded in the railroad corrals or out in the open?

12. How many yearlings could a crew of, say thirty men brand in one ten-hour day?

13. How long did it take such a crew to brand 10,000?

14. How many beef steers were shipped out of the four above-mentioned towns (#9) in 1897 or '98?

—Bill Cellers, Route 1, Box 273, Drain, Oregon 97435

Complete Collections

I have been an avid reader of your magazines for quite some time now. They are some of the best magazines on the market, bar none. I've read every article in all of these magazines. They are a virtual encyclopedia of Western American history.

It has taken me about five years to acquire all of these issues. I'm twenty-five years old, so I wasn't one of your early subscribers. However, I am fortunate and do have many duplicate issues of the very early issues, including volume 1, No. 1 of TRUE WEST.

I do have some advice for anyone who is trying to acquire all or most of the early issues—now is the time to buy. I just counted 114 back issues that are still for sale at a very reasonable price. A few years from now these magazines will be some of the best trading merchandise you can have. I've traded a lot of scarce later issues that I bought in quantities several years ago for older issues that I would not have been able to obtain except for a lot of cash.—John Shinkle, 1408 Eckart Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46806

Tanquary Mill

Reading your "Trails Grown Dim" column made me remember the Tanquary Mill at Asherville, Kansas and I wondered if you had any readers who remembered the mill. People from all over western Kansas in the early days took their grain there and had it ground into flour. One of the sons' wives is still living. She is my aunt and is ninety-one years old. The town of Asherville was built on my grandfather's (Dr. John Rees) homestead.—Bernice Lee, Box 206, Wendell, Idaho 83355

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TIER TIMES once again. I have started receiving them and I would like to add—they are better than ever! My collection now stands at 22,000 British and American magazines and books. Would like to contact any of your readers who might be able to help me obtain at least another 3,000 back numbers of men's magazines, including westerns and new and out-of-print paperbacks. —D. J. Tennant, 136 Bierley Lane, Bradford, Yorkshire, B.D.4. 6AS. England

Marshal H. J. Cooper

I am writing for information on H. J. Cooper, who was an assistant marshal of Albuquerque, New Mexico. I understand he was my mother's uncle, and I have the badge he wore. I do not know the date he served but my mother was born in 1899. I am enclosing a picture of the badge. If anyone has any information, I would appreciate hearing from them.—Bernard E. Sisson, 8311 Wilbarn Street, Paramount, California 90723

Battles in Ohio?

I am interested in obtaining some actual Civil War and Old West items. I have thought of buying a metal detector but I don't feel that there is anything worth finding in this area. To my knowledge none of the Civil War or any worthwhile Indian battles were fought around here but it is rumored that the Confederate raider, Morgan, went through this area. Also I understand that there is a Confederate prisoner-of-war cemetery in Columbus, Ohio.

If any of your readers can give me any information on any Civil War or Indian actions that took place in this area, I would appreciate it very much. —Steve Cochran, 174 Locust Street, Jackson, Ohio 45640

Cowboys and Cattleland

(Continued from page 37)

caught a train for Kansas City and would go from there to Shanghai Pierce's ranch in South Texas.

I caught a freight to Winfield, Kansas, then another to Parsons. At that place I watched every train passing south until midnight, when a train came along with Pullmans and the conductor let me ride that train south and check up on it. By the time I arrived in Vinita, I knew he was not on that train. There was another passenger train due at noon of this coming day. That made two full nights and days without sleep. Just before noon I got a room at a hotel near the station and left the key in the door on the inside. At the station I hid behind a large drygoods box. As the train pulled in I jumped on the front end of the smoker and rushed in. There sat my man on the second seat on the right. He wore his gun in harness under his left arm and went for it. I shoved mine against his breast and said, "I'll kill you if you don't come with me," and pushed him with my left hand. He came, and we went to that room and his hands went up. The door was locked at once. He gave up his gun and all his money and also several pieces of jewelry he had bought for a girl in Texas. Also he shelled out of that grip two bottles of fine wine.

I said, "Bill, we have had a long, hard race—how about us having some social delights to make up for the hardships?"

He was willing, so we sat opposite one another and drank his wine. At 3 p.m. I put him on a fast freight, gave him $15, and told him to play square from that time on. In two days I was back with the roundup.

Forrest T. Halsell (left) and Harry H. Halsell.

Crossing Cottonwood Creek on Horseback

MEN got into many tight places in the wild life on early-day ranches. One warm summer day Tom Love and I started from our camp, twelve miles east of where Guthrie, Oklahoma, is now located. We were to ride to a camp located at the head of Cottonwood Creek, some thirty miles west. When we arrived at the crossing on Cottonwood Creek, we found it bank full and began to plan how to cross.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact that there are few horses that can swim a river or large creek and carry a man on his back. I have crossed many rivers and creeks with horses, but I usually start the horse across and hold on to the girth strap or tail and keep him on his way by splashing water at him. We finally decided on a plan that turned out to be the most foolish of any we could have taken. The plan was to strip naked, tie our clothing in a wad on the backs of our heads and swim over, leaving our horses until we returned. The object was to have dry clothing when we went over later with our horses. The trouble was that these two horses happened to be really broncs, and as we came up out of the muddy water, both of them got scared at our nude, muddy bodies and bolted full speed east. Tom looked at me and I looked at him. Tom said, "We are in a hell of a mess." That was a tough job chasing the two horses across the prairie, barefoot and no clothing. We finally got them hemmed in a bed of a creek, caught them, and went on to camp.

Affair with a Soldier Captain

ONE of the boldest deeds I can think of was one performed by my brother O. D. Halsell in 1885 while our cattle were ranging on the south side of the Cimarron. At this time there was a soldier camp in a large grove of timber in the bend of the Cimarron about five miles northeast of the present city of Guthrie.

O. D. was riding through the range, and at a point about three miles south of the soldier camp he found the head of a big four-year-old steer of his. The steer had just been slaughtered and loaded into a wagon. Trailing the wagon, he found it led into the soldier camp. The captain's tent was in the center of the camp. O. D. rode up to the tent and called him out.

The Captain said, after being questioned, "You have no right to hold cattle in Oklahoma."

O. D. said, "I may not, but you have no right to eat my beef steers."

The captain then asked him what he was going to do about it. O. D. said, "I am giving you five minutes to pay me $45 or I'll kill you."

That old captain looked at him, saw he meant it, and handed him the forty-five dollars. Steers were worth at that time about half that amount. The captain happened to be a brave man and admired a brave one.

Bednego Recovers from Illness

THERE WAS, in our camp on the Cimarron, a cowboy who went by the name of Bednego—we never knew what his real name was. This boy was taken sick with pneumonia and we had him hauled to Pawnee Agency where there was an agency doctor. O. D. and I took time about staying with him. The agency was fifty miles from our camp.

While I was on duty with him he became so bad that the doctor said, "Your man is dying, and won't live till morning. You had better find out where his people are, and ask him if he wants to send any word or message to them."

I dreaded the job of telling this old boy, but had to do it. Our cook was also devoted to Bednego and was sitting on the end of his bed. The boy was propped up with pillows and looked to me to be dying. About all he could take was buttermilk, and he always loved that drink. I sat on the bed and began to break the news as gently as possible to him.

I said, "Bednego, you know we are friends and we will stay with you till the last, but you are a very sick man and may not get well. We will do all we can for you, but we want to know, is there any word you would like to send to your folks?"

It seemed to hurt his feelings to think we were weakening when he had no idea of giving up the fight. Then in a low voice, between breaths, he said, "Harry, I reckon you better—better—give me another—glass of—buttermilk."

"Old boy, your kind don't die," I said.

We held his head up and that puncher sucked slowly at that glass of milk until it was all gone. By morning he was on the road to recovery, and in two weeks he was back on the Cimarron.

Retrieving Our Lost Cattle

WHILE on a general roundup between the Canadian and Cimarron Rivers, and near the Chisholm Trail, O. D. rode up to me just after noon one day and said, "There are some men stealing strays out of these herds while the men are on the roundup. I figure they have already gone out west toward New Mexico and one of us must follow them." I wanted to shield him from danger, so I said, "I'll go."

There was a camp and ranch north of the Cimarron. O. D. and I cut out what cattle we had in the roundup, and I drove them north to this ranch and spent the night, leaving my cattle in this outfit's horse pasture. Next morning I started west to catch up with that stray bunch of cattle, if possible. This same night a man by the name of Brady Bryan stayed at this camp. He was what was called a rustler—that is to say, he often rustled things which belonged to someone else. And his territory of operations often reached into Kansas. I wrote some poetry about him one day, and Bryan rather enjoyed the notoriety.

Bryan asked me for permission to go with me, and while I felt sure he could be of no help to me, still it was lonesome to ride alone and any company was better than none. So early in the morning we rode west into a country of fine grass, a beautiful cattle country, but no ranches, no cattle, nothing but unending prairie. We were riding west, making about seven or eight miles an hour. I was on my favorite buckskin horse. My horse was good in every way, a fast runner, a fine saddle horse, and faithful.

About three o'clock in the afternoon I looked ahead about two miles and saw a bunch of cattle and told Ryan it was stolen cattle. He said, "How do you know?" I said, "All of them are lying down, and that shows they are worn out from a long drive." There was a branch with some clusters of bushes and elm trees just south of the cattle about fifty yards. We rode on the north side of the cattle to the west side, then crossed the stream and were riding down the south side about twenty steps from the branch when suddenly I saw three men sitting under the bank. I said, "Brady, there they are."

Immediately Brady Bryan hit his big brown horse in the flank with his quirt and the last I saw of him he was passing over a divide. I knew two of these men and they spoke to me. I also knew the safe plan was to be friendly, frank and open with them. I got down and walked up and sat down near them. Two of them were old-time cow hands, both fine cowboys. The other they called the "Kid." These "Kids" are often fool enough to kill on any occasion.

One of them asked me what I wanted. I said, "Boys, I only want what all cowmen have a right to do, and that is to look at any passing herd. If you have no cattle belonging to our outfit or our neighbors, I'll ride on, but if you have any of those, I want them."

One called Lincoln said, "We have none of your cattle, but you can look at the herd."

These two men were not what you would class as thieves, or bad men at all, but they rustled strays just too much. Ordinarily strays that were far from home and easy to appropriate fell an easy prey to a fast rider. While I knew these men well, at the same time it would have been safer for them to have gotten rid of me, for dead men tell no tales. Then there was the fact that the man who ran away could tell the tale that the last he saw of me was with those men, for he, too, knew both of the men. I told them I would never tell that I saw them and they trusted my word.

I kept my eyes on the Kid all of the time I was with them. I then mounted old Buck and rode on down the south side of the branch. I had my Winchester in my hands and rode up on another man sitting in the trail of that branch. He rose up and said, "Harry, you can't go to that herd."

I said, "Grant (that was his name, and he sure enough was a killer), I am going to look at that herd and you step out of the way or I'll bore a hole through you." Now Grant was a gambler and would kill if he got the drop, but he would not face the cold steel. There is a character called "Trampas" representing just such a man in Owen Wister's book, *The Virginian,* and when I read the story of his shooting at the Virginian, it reminded me of Grant. Grant moved out of the way. I went to the drove of cattle and cut out five head of ZV and Diamond Tail cattle and started east. By daylight I was at camp.

I ate breakfast and put these five with my other bunch, which together made about forty head. I then moved on south-

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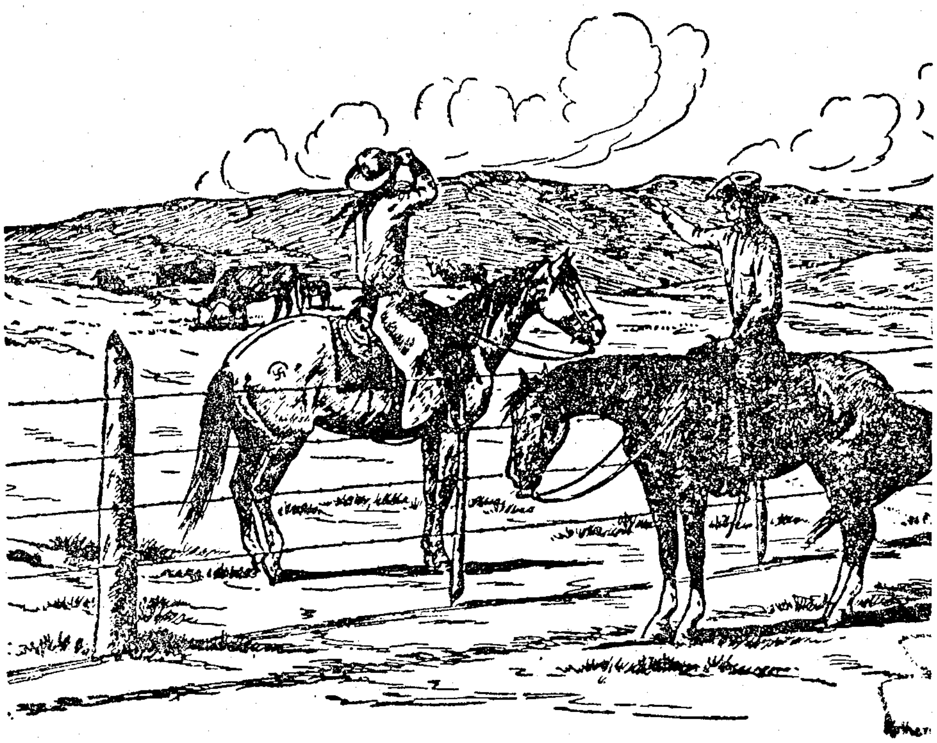
east and in two or three days arrived at our camp on the south bank of the Cimarron, pretty well worn out, having had little to eat on the way and being alone.

Experiences in 1885 and 1886

DURING the winter of 1885 and 1886 we built a winter camp on the north bank of the Cimarron. The camp was located in the timber. There were two hills with a twenty-foot space between them. We cut out a dugout in each, facing each other, and covered over the space between, and the north end of this hall was roofed in so that we had two large rooms with a hall between. We lined the dugout inside with split cedar logs, and made this a very comfortable, warm home.

During a fearful cold spell I was away and O. D. and about four or five other men were at the camp. A wagon loaded with feed and supplies was in front of the hall. It being an awfully cold night, the men had put prairie hay on the floor, spread some blankets over that, and were having a good time playing cards. This they kept up till about midnight, then went to bed. About 2 a.m. O. D. was awakened by flames in the hay and bedding. He immediately aroused all the men and they tried to put the fire out. Failing in that, he instructed the men to get out all the things they could. He told one man to carry out a five-gallon can of coal oil. This man in his excitement carried it just outside the door and set it down. If the men had listened to O. D. they could have saved the bedding, but owing to the fact that they had just been roused out of deep sleep, plus the fearful, numbing cold, there was much confusion and nothing was accomplished. Presently belts of cartridges began firing, three whole boxes included. This drove all the men to the horse sheds.



O. D. and another man tried to pull the wagon out of reach of the flames, but the wheels were frozen and about this time the can of coal oil exploded and that ruined all. The horses were in the lot under a hay shed. There the shivering men gathered and saddled their horses. O. D. sent some of them to the B. and M. camp, ten miles down the river; some he sent to a ranch forty miles southwest; and he and another man went to a camp about thirty miles south on the Canadian.

I was with Tom Love at Welston the night of the fire and next day we two rode up to the river to the camp where O. D. and four other men were playing poker. That day he won between two and three hundred dollars. He was the only successful poker player outside of regular gamblers or professionals I ever saw, but he always played fair. And all men who knew him understood what it would cost to try to cheat him.

Gambling as a profession is almost as bad as stealing, for regular gamblers who follow that as a trade will cheat and rob, but in our cow camps we used all sorts of games as pastime and almost all cowboys played fair. Most men who are not regular gamblers and who play poker are deluded into thinking they can win; however, there is a real art to successful poker playing. First, you must have an affidavit face, which no man can read. Second, you must have the nerve to plank down plenty of the long green at the right time. Third, you must have the ability to read the other man's face. And fourth, you must have common sense enough to quit at the right time. Now, all these qualifications are rarely ever possessed by one person, so my advice is to cut it all out. There is just one way to earn money, and that is by honest labor—that is, it pays well to earn it that way, and no short cut to fortune is ever permanently satisfactory. I guess the Creator knew what he was talking about when He gave us one of His first commandments: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

ON ONE occasion our outfit was riding out of Hunnewell, returning down the trail due south. When opposite the shipping pens we heard guns firing and, looking east, we saw a drunk cowboy running out of town, yelling and having a good time by himself. He did not know that there were some officers behind a group of houses shooting at him. But O. D. Halsell saw it, and it made him good and mad to see those officers shooting at that cowboy just because he was good and happy. Although we had just finished a long, hard trip on the trail, O. D. said he was going back. George Ricker said, "I'm going with you."

I was perfectly sober and realized the danger and did not want to go, but went, and we three went fast. The officers saw us coming and deputized some additional men. As we ran up we jumped from our horses with drawn pistols. With our bridle reins in our left hands, we stepped onto the sidewalk, facing six officers and Ben Grant, who had turned renegade—that is he was what Confederates once called "turn coat." He had started into gambling and standing in with the cutthroats of Hunnewell. Now he came running up the sidewalk in his shirt sleeves, buckling on his belt and six-shooter and calling out, "Oscar, I am deputized to help arrest you." If I should live a hundred years, I never would forget the fire that seemed to flash from O. D's face as he hurled at Ben Grant these burning words, "Yes, and you son - - - if they are all like you, it will take a cow pen full to do it." That paralyzed Grant so that he could not even buckle his belt.

I think I was the only one of the three of us who was at all scared, but I was the only sober man there and also the youngest. One of the officers denied shooting at the man when O. D. accused them of a cowardly act on a drunk cowboy. When the officer said he didn't shoot, George Ricker called him a liar. I tried to quiet him, but old George was feeling proud as he stood by O. D., who was looked upon by all the men who knew him as not only the bravest of the brave, but a friend to all cowboys, whose very presence commanded respect. He was cursing these men and was in a furious mood.

The chief marshal said, "Oscar, you will be killed."

O. D. said, "Yes, I know it, but I'll kill you the first one."

Now as I look back and recall these wild scenes, I can hardly believe such a period of wild, lawless life ever existed on the Kansas border, but it did. The chief officer was no coward, but he knew his men had done wrong in shooting at that defenseless cowboy, and as there was no law to right the wrong, O. D.

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C. W. Rienhardt (left) and H. H. Halsell in 1940.

took the law into his own hands to defend the weak against the strong.

We had one advantage, we had our guns in our hands and our seven opponents did not. We were within eight feet of them and could, of course, and would have, killed three of them before any one of them could have been ready. And it is a fact, proved on many occasions, that if you get the leaders, you have the fight won. The chief marshal was thinking fast, and so he said, "Oscar, let's all take a drink together, call it square—you leave town and that will be the last of it."

O. D. said, "All right; I'll set 'em up."

All of them filed in but Ben Grant. I saw him hanging back, and I hung back, too. As he came to the door he said, "You go in." I replied, "No, you are going in." He tucked his head and went in. Now it was considered dishonorable to pledge friendship in a drink and then violate that pledge, and very few men would fuss with a man he had touched glasses with. But there are exceptions, and Ben Grant was one. We filed out and went on our way down the Chisholm Trail.

RETURNING to Texas from a trail drive in the year 1885 or 1886, there were about six of us riding horseback with a pack horse. When we arrived in the Arbuckle Mountains we stopped at a beautiful running branch, and all of us got down under some small elm trees and dipped up the cool water to drink. After a rest of about fifteen minutes, I said, "Mount, forward march!" All the men mounted but one young fellow. I looked and saw him standing by his horse with his head leaning against the saddle and his hand with a finger through his tin cup, gripping the horn of the saddle.

I jumped down and felt his pulse and he seemed to be dead. I pulled his hand loose from the saddle horn and laid him down on his back with his head against the tree, at the same time asking God for a doctor. When I turned around there stood by me a man holding the bridle reins of his horse with a medicine bag in one hand. I said, "Are you a doctor?" He said, "Yes." I then told him to do something for the man. He gave him some kind of medicine, and said we ought to get a wagon and haul him on to Texas. He also said if the boy did not regain consciousness by morning he would die.

To get a wagon was a serious problem, but somehow I believed I could find one. Starting east, I rode rapidly for approximately eight miles and came onto a man and a woman sitting in a two-horse wagon by the roadside. I told him I wanted him to go with me and haul a sick man to Texas. He said, "All right." Some would say this all just accidentally happened. I do not think so. Two years after this incident I was in Bonham, Texas, and as I sat down at a table in a restaurant to have dinner, this same doctor walked in and I knew him and had him take dinner with me. I said to him, "I want to be near you, for I feel toward you in a way that I don't toward any other man."

When I returned to the men with the wagon, we put the sick man in on a feather bed. I got in the back end and placed his head on a pillow in my lap and we moved out at sunset. The men rode in front, two and two together. Thus we went south all night and just at daybreak we stopped. The men built a fire; in a little while the boy roused up and said, "Help me out." We carried him out and after his medicine took effect he became much better. We placed him back in the wagon and moved on to Texas. When we reached there we put him in a sanitarium.

That young man had been sick for several days and had never complained or let us know he was ill. There are many men of that disposition. Of late years I enjoy complaining and grunting in order to relieve the strain on my system. If this story is ever published it is likely some readers will not believe that doctor was standing there when I called for him. All the same it is true.

Adventures on a Roundup

ONE SPRING about 1886 there was arranged a general roundup, and several wagons started from the trail, crossing on the Cimarron in different directions to work all the open ranges. The Oil outfit ranched at the head of Cottonwood, ten or twelve miles south of the Chisholm Trail crossing the Cimarron. A man by the name of McCormack was the manager of this ranch. He was put in charge of one wagon and ten men and sent about eighty miles down the Cimarron, to the Sac and Fox Reservation. I was with this outfit and McCormack came by our camp, twelve miles east of where Guthrie is now located.

His outfit crossed the Cimarron to the north side at our camp and went on down the north bank ten miles to the B. and M. Ranch where we camped for the night. Next morning after breakfast we all rode into the river, the wagon following. This wagon was loaded high with chuck and bedding and drawn by four horses. The water in the center was about three feet deep, and in this center the wheels stuck in the quicksand. All the men had crossed on over except McCormack, the cook, one other man and me. McCormack and his men had ropes tied to the end of the tongue and to the horns of their saddles, and were trying to help the four horses pull the wagon out.

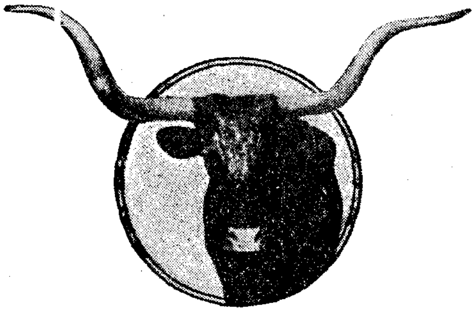
I was at the back and trying to move a wheel when I noticed the water was rising. I called the boss' attention to that fact. Soon the water was up to my waist. I asked the boss if he could swim and he said, "No." I then told him to cut loose and go on out. He and the other rider started out. The man got out safely, as he started first, but McCormack delayed and he and his horse went tumbling downstream. He drifted near the south bank, and a man went to help and saved him.

In the meantime I had unhitched the two teams and, as the cook could not swim, I put him on the big wheel horses and started them to the north bank because it was nearer to us. I told him not to pull on the reins but to keep the two horses even, as they were still in harness. I took charge of the small lead team, swam by their side and guided them to the bank. We had put off all clothing except our shirts because one can't swim with boots on, and not well with trousers on. We arrived on the north bank with four horses, all the harness, but no chuck and no clothing except our underwear. The B. and M. camp had been abandoned for some time, so we were in a mess.

This cook's name was Sut Lovingood, and he was a good companion. Upon looking around the old dugouts, we found two old pairs of pants, two old hats and some discarded boots. Both pairs of pants had holes in the seat.

The river was bank full and so high that it was almost covered solid with cottonwood logs. There had been a waterspout somewhere upstream, and that caused the sudden rise. We spent all the rest of that day and the following night at that old camp with no food or bedding. Such hardships would be rough on a tenderfoot, but long years of privations had inured men to difficulties. One gets hungry, but when you know it is unavoidable, you just go on anyway, knowing it will taste good when you finally get it.

We constructed a raft of dead cottonwood logs that we found near the edge of the water, tying the logs together with one set of lines. All day long on the day of the accident that turbulent stream was bank full and the surface was covered with logs—no raft could have gone across. Early next morning there were not so many logs, and we pushed our vessel out on the boiling stream—Sut on the raft with the harness and leading the four horses, and I was on the lower side of the raft, swimming and steering it toward the farther shore. Of course we drifted downstream a long way, more than a half mile, but finally landed with our cargo. Today, as I look back over the fifty-eight years that have intervened since that day I can hardly realize that we two men ever crossed that river but we did. And the water was about 300 yards across. Sut was the only passenger on the unseaworthy vessel, while I was captain, pilot, rudder, and steering gear.



Old Blue, the longhorn that led many of Goodnight's herds to market.

Navigating that turbulent stream under such adverse and difficult circumstances reminds me of the trouble the Israelites encountered at the Red Sea about 3,500 years ago. They had the Red Sea in front, mountains on each side, and Pharaoh's army behind. But they had something we were short on—those pilgrims bound for the promised land had plenty of clothing, food, and jewelry and a sublime promise from Jehovah that they would be safely led. We had no food, about as much clothing as a movie actress wears, and a sea in front. We had no Egyptian army in our rear, but the wolves of hunger were gnawing at our innards. We had horses without a wagon, a cook without anything to cook, and two stomachs with nothing in them. Sut and I had found two gunny sacks at the old camp and had filled them with grass—these two pads we used as saddles.

McCormack was a fine man in every way except he had a head on him and no furniture in it. Instead of killing a beef and waiting for us, he pushed on beyond the Sac and Fox Agency, some sixty miles farther east. Sut and I rode south to the Turkey Track Ranch. There we found no one at home but a fine, clean woman cook. Her husband was away at the time and all the cowboys were gone. I told her our tale, and when I had finished she insisted that we get down and wait for her to prepare us a good meal. About noon we sat down to a real banquet.

A rich man living at ease cannot eat, but a poor man or a man who is tired will enjoy eating anything. While we were eating, the woman and I were having a conversation. What worried me, however, was how Sut and I would get out to the horses without exposing our rear guard. We backed out, still talking; but the trouble was the good woman still followed, talking. We could not afford to back all the way to our horses, so with a flourish of my old straw hat we turned and walked to our horses. The last wave of the old hat stopped behind the seat of my pants to hide that bay window.

AS A HARD RAIN had come, we had no trouble following the trail of our outfit. We traveled until dark, then hobbled our horses, and went to sleep in the grass by a fire. The next day we swam two large creeks. In swimming across, one of the horses struck Sut's leg and crippled him. Besides, he was suffering from a severe toothache and general soreness. Most of my suffering was caused by a lank belly.

The rotten tooth caused Sut's jaw to swell awful, and he gave out at 5 p.m. I left him with three horses; he lay down in the high grass with the three horses and all the harness. I took the best horse and followed the trail leading northeast. The trail was plain until dark, then a rainstorm came up. It was so dark I could not see the trail, so I trusted the instinct of the horse. There was no danger of him quitting the trail. It was thundering, and bright flashes of lightning occasionally lit up the way. The trail became plainer, and I knew it was near the end. About 9 p.m. amidst awful claps of thunder and lightning, I heard one noise that sounded like music to my ears. My horse neighed and was answered by the neighing of the other horses at the side of the road.

Just then a bright lightning flash revealed the drove of saddle horses and I saw my old paint pack horse in the herd. I felt so much relief that I fired my forty-five pistol, and it was answered by the firing of other guns. It was McCormack and the men. They were bedded up in the hay loft of a log crib, and I went into that hay; it was equal to a Sealy mattress to me. Next day, the outfit returned to Sut's resting place, and we found that old worn-out boy still asleep in the high grass. There we killed a big fat calf and feasted. On our way back we found the wagon stuck in a sand bar, two miles below where we

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H. H. Halsell in 1940.

had crossed.

McCormack later fell in love with a Kansas flapper gal and she married him for his wealth, but she loved another bold cowboy. These two men shot it out over her and both were killed. A friend had told McCormack to ride to a border town in Kansas and before day he arrived there. He went straight to a hotel room, kicked the door open and found the man with his wife. McCormack shot him, then stopped to cuss him out, and the wounded man flopped around until he got a gun from under his pillow and killed McCormack.

Good and Bad Cowboys

THERE WAS a city marshal in Hunnewell, Kansas, by the name of Raynor. He was a bad egg and rough on cowboys who happened to come into town and drink too much. There was also at this particular time (about 1885) a beautiful, black-haired girl in Hunnewell. She was a peach, but hardly the kind to be a Sunday School teacher or to lead a prayer meeting. She led the city marshal into plenty of trouble. He fell in love with her, but along came O. D. Halsell, and forthwith she quit Raynor and followed the fortunes of O. D., who was at that time shipping cattle from Hunnewell to northern markets.

Raynor wired a friend of his in El Paso that there was a desperado and a very bad man in and around Hunnewell and for him to come and help take him. This friend's name was Scotin, a Texas Ranger, and a brave, fair-minded man. He came at once.

O. D. and some more cowboys were in town and had been drinking. Raynor and Scotin began following them around. At midnight these cowboys were in a room having a jolly time, drinking some, and cutting up as such men will. There were some girls there, too. The frame building faced the street west. There were three rooms; the front room was a bedroom; the middle room, where the boys and girls were at this time, was a reception room. One of the girls in the room was the one who had strayed from Raynor.

There was Dick West, who worked for O. D. and me, and no braver man ever lived. There was also a man by the name of Clem Barefoot, who at this time had a herd of cattle on the Chickasha River, four miles south of Hunnewell. About 3 that afternoon, Barefoot told O. D. that "Raynor and Scotin are following you to kill you."

O. D. said, "Yes, I know it. He has ordered me to leave town by sundown." Barefoot said, "I will stay with you."

About midnight the two marshals stepped into the room. Then O. D. turned on Raynor and said, "You damned murderer, you are following me to kill me." Raynor said, "No." O. D. said, "You are a damned liar." Then Scotin started to jump out of the door. Barefoot beat him to it and went out first, followed by Scotin and Raynor and O. D. last. This place was an alley, another rooming house being fifteen or twenty feet opposite. The four were in position, ten to fifteen feet apart. Scotin said, "I didn't cap this fight, but I can sell out as dear as any man." Barefoot said, "All right, here goes!" All four went to shooting almost at the same time. Scotin fell in front of O.D. with a ball through his neck. Five balls struck Raynor and he fled.

In talking to Dick West about the fight, I said, "Dick, why didn't you do some shooting?" He said, "There were two on each side—and I watched the flashes of Oscar's gun to see if he was still standing. If he had gone down, then I would have killed Raynor." When the shooting started, the other men and girls went through the windows and doors, all except Dick West. He very calmly watched the fight until it was over.

O. D. and Barefoot started south, walking fast. They came to the river about 1 a.m. Just then they heard a man come riding across the water in front of them. As the horse came up, they captured the rider. The man turned out to be one of Barefoot's hands, and the two men crossed over on his horse and rode double to the camp. There Barefoot had his horses rounded up, and caught two of the best ones, and both rode south until daylight. Then these two brave men bid farewell, never to meet again, that I know of.

At 3 p.m. O. D. rode into our camp, almost one hundred miles southeast of Hunnewell. I was shoeing my favorite horse, old Buck, at the time. The horse O. D. was riding was almost dead, and as he let himself down off the horse, I saw something was wrong. He said, "Will you let me have Buck?" I said, "Yes." He then said, "Go to the spring and bring me some cold milk." He drank while I was unsaddling the horse and putting the rig on my buckskin.

O. D. then said, "Barefoot and I killed Raynor and Scotin last night, and I am leaving. I want you to meet me at dark at our south line camp." At dark I was there, sitting under some blackjack bushes as he rode up and got down. He was giving me some advice as to the management of our outfit when we heard horses coming over a rocky hill. O. D., fearing it was a band of men after him, was on Buck and gone, and I never saw him for about six months. The horseman coming over the rocky hill was Pat Welch, our cowboy, coming from a roundup.

Scotin lived a few days and found out in the meantime that Raynor had deceived him—that Halsell was not an outlaw, had violated no law, and that Raynor wanted him killed over a girl. Scotin was fair enough to confess that he did not blame Halsell. The brave Texas boy died as he had lived.

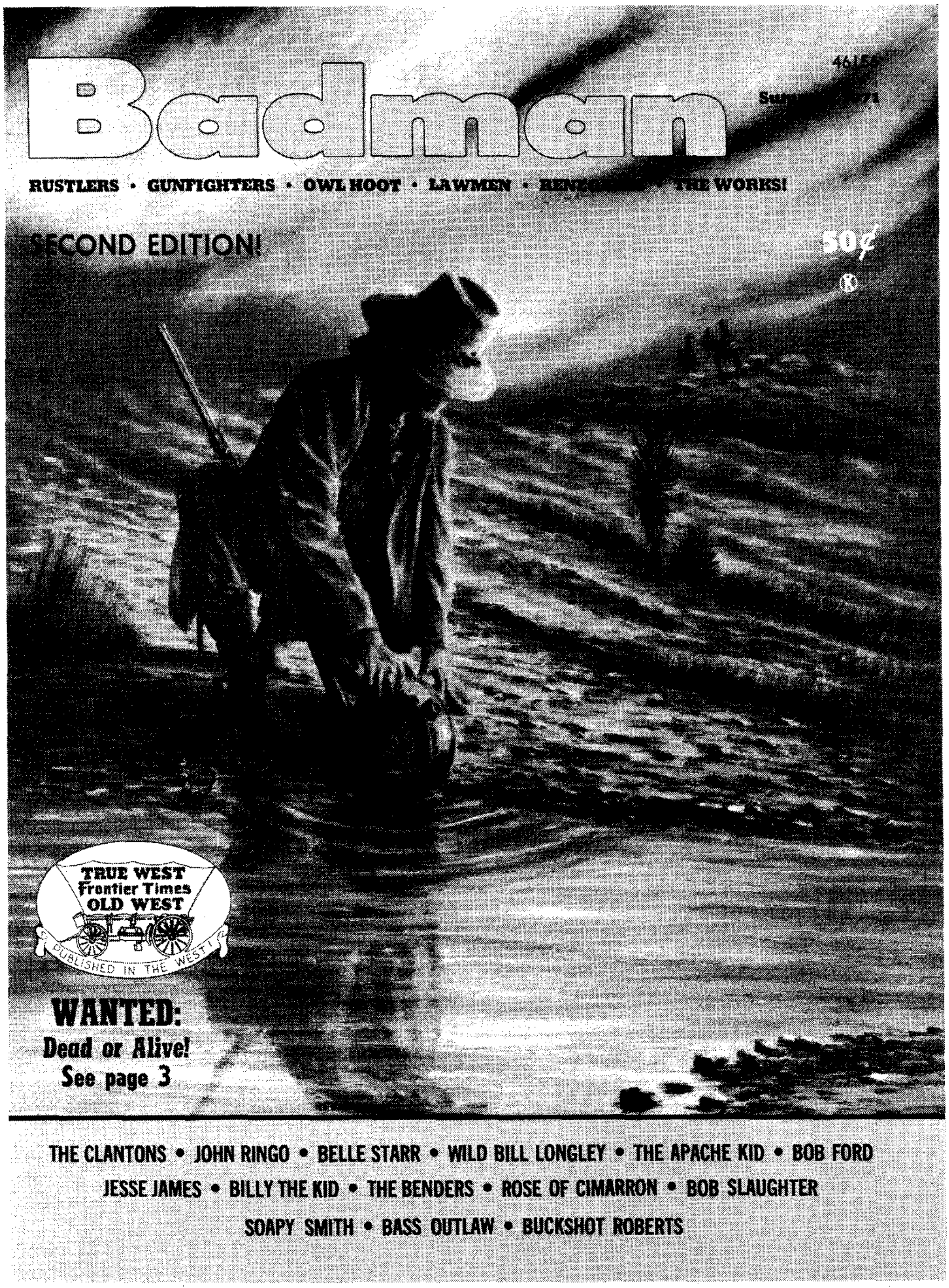
The day after the killing, the Governor of Kansas offered a reward of four thousand dollars for Halsell or Barefoot, dead or alive. About eighteen months later, O. D. asked me to go to Hunnewell and arrange for his surrender. One cold day, when snow and ice had covered the ground, I rode into Hunnewell and put up at the Hale Hotel. It was a frame building. Next morning I dressed in my best. Mr. Hale was a fine man and had considerable influence. I told him that border warfare had gone on long enough, that both the cowboys and the small border towns were to blame. I said: "Your gamblers and saloon men drug, rob, and kill our cowboys. And cowboys of the better sort resent that and shoot up your town—ride the sidewalks and take the gals away from the town fellows because they are braver and have more money." I said further that O. D. was well liked by all cowboys, and they would follow him anywhere, and if they would put a stop to their devilment, we would do our part to keep peace.

Mr. Hale agreed with me, and we prepared to go in a hack to Wellington, some twenty miles north. As we turned the team in front of the hotel I saw two girls step up on the porch. Now there is where I shine. One of them—a blue-eyed, sweet looking thing—looked at me and I looked at her. That was enough; a fellow just can't help but wilt when blue eyes look into his. "Sweet are the words of love, sweeter his thoughts, sweetest of all what love nor says nor thinks." "Who is that blue-eyed girl," I asked Mr. Hale. He said, "That is my daughter."

In Wellington, Mr. Hale and I held a council with some leading men. I made my speech, a mutual agreement was entered into, and from that day on Hunnewell, Caldwell and Arkansas City became more decent places to live and trade in. Next day, O. D. and two of his best friends, Dick West and Mat Laughlin, rode into town and Halsell was cleared of all blame.

Before parting with Mr. Hale in Hunnewell, I bought a beautiful set of poems and asked him to give them to his daughter whose name was Maggie, together with my "best regards." Mr. Hale said, "I'll deliver the books and leave off the regards." Although Mr. Hale objected, I went with that girl later and we spent

BADMAN #2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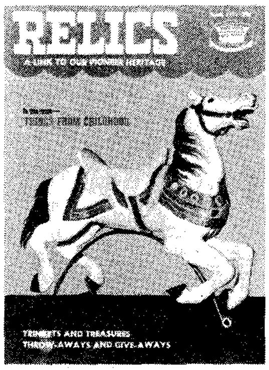

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many happy days together. While I often dreamed of her, it so turned out that we never married. Some years afterward she died without ever marrying.

One night while on the trail the herd was bedded in a valley on the north side of Cimarron. It was a beautiful moonlit night, and I was lying on my blanket dreaming of Maggie. In my dream I saw her just above me in the air, holding out her arms and calling me to come. I answered out loud, "I am coming, Maggie." An old rough-voiced cowboy said, "Why in the hell don't you come on then—it's time to go on guard." Instead of Maggie that was him sitting there on his horse calling me.

ON ONE OCCASION our outfit was in Hunnewell shipping cattle and some other cowboy outfits were in town. Some were riding the sidewalks and some were cutting up in other ways. The marshal sent a message to Wellington for more men. Soon an engine ran into town pulling a boxcar full of officers. At this time O. D. and I were in a small room facing the main street, settling up some accounts. We were not far from where the men were unloaded from the car. We heard the officers call out an order: "Arrest all men wearing white hats and boots."

When O. D. heard that he said, "That's hell. Let's sell out dear." We drew our guns and leveled them at two of the officers as they were approaching opposite us. Of course, they did not know we were in this room, and as they were to pass within fifteen feet of us, O. D. said, "We will kill both just as they pass." I dreaded it, but I was following his advice. In these days he did not care; but I did, and now I think that for my sake he laid his hand on my arm as they came up, and said, "Hold up; let them pass."

This band of officers arrested eight men and took them to Wellington. O. D. followed up to that town and made a trade to give the officials $400 to turn them loose. The money was what they wanted. That day we returned to Hunnewell and spent the time quietly in town. Just after dark, O. D. and several other boys and I were eating supper when we heard shooting, and as we ran out of the restaurant we saw an officer shooting a man across the street.

O. D. said, "I am going to shoot that officer." Bill Quillen ran with him. The officer ran behind a boxcar and was taking rest with his gun pointing at O. D. and Quillen and telling them to hold up—but they were going on straight toward him. In the meantime, I was running around the car the opposite way. As I came up to the officer's back, O. D. and Quillen had their guns pointing at him and telling him to throw up his hands, but he was not doing so. I stuck the cold muzzle of my pistol against his cheek, and his hands went up. I was wondering why he failed to fire his gun, and when I examined it I found the hammer on half cock notch, and of course he could not pull it off, and he was scared so bad he did not know what he was doing. The boys took the keys of the calaboose from him and locked him in the jug.

A Personal Experience in 1898

IN THE FALL of 1898, I placed about 1,000 three-year-old steers in a large pasture near Seymour, Texas, for which I was to pay $1.50 per head per annum for their care. During the following spring I found that the holders of this range had neglected my cattle, so about the first of June I sent some men, horses, and chuckwagon to attend the roundup, gather them and bring them home.

Before the roundup started one of the owners of this ranch told my men they could not get the cattle until the $1.50 per head was paid. One of my men rode through to my headquarters, arriving about 10 p.m., and gave me the unpleasant news. I caught my favorite horse, saddled up, put my Winchester on the saddle, buckled on my pistol, and was on my way, arriving just at the first roundup of cattle, about 10 a.m., and started cutting out my steers. When the roundup was over I had in my herd about 800 beef cattle. I paid the ranchman about $800 and he was in a bad humor.

Before leaving with my herd all the cattlemen came to cut out any of their cattle that might be in my herd. This was the custom. I said to the men: "This is a beef herd, and I am asking all of you not to chase the cattle. I will let three men in at a time, and when they are through I'll let more in." This arrangement was agreed to, and the first three went in and things were working nicely when up rode one of those "bad kids," as we term them. He was working for one of the owners of this ranch, and it is likely this party had prompted him to start something.

I called out to him, "Get out of that herd!" The bad kid yelled out, "You go to hell!"

There was but one thing to do, let him run my outfit, or me run him. I chose the latter course and charged him full speed with drawn gun. He saw me coming and ran for his outfit, where there was another dangerous man named John Markham. I did not fear Markham, as he was friendly to me and was a cool-headed man. As I ran my horse up to the kid I said, "I'll send you to hell in a minute if you go in my herd again."

Encounter with Star and Moon

WHILE I WAS attending a certain roundup, the men had finished supper and had made down their beds at the end of a hard day's work. The first guard had gone out to the herd bedded about 200 yards away.

Four men, including myself, began to wrestle, two on a side. My partner was a small man, while the two opponents were large, husky fellows, and got the best of us. When the play was over I went down to a deep, muddy hole of water to wash my face and hands. While stooping down, a big fellow who had been my opponent in the wrestling match, gave me a shove and I went head foremost into the water. On coming out I got my Winchester and lantern, and as the man had run out in the prairie in his bare feet, I said loud enough for him

to hear me, "Watch me shine his eyes and plug him."

Of course it was all in fun, as I had no idea of harming him. I just wanted to keep him out in the brush to punish him. After having my fun, I told my partner to hold the lantern while I went to the fellow's bed and secured his dry underclothes, and put my wet one in his bed. I put his clean, dry ones on myself and went to bed, still in a good humor. Just as I was going to sleep a heavy weight fell on me in the shape of a big man. It was Star and Moon. (That was his brand and the name all the men called him by.) He grabbed me around the neck, fastening my arms in his grip, so that when I tried to twist loose, he was almost breaking my neck. I could tell he was awful mad and was convinced it was a real fight.

Some of the men came up to separate us, but I told them to let us alone, that inasmuch as he turned a frolic into a fight, we must finish it. His grip on me and the twist he had on my head produced intense pain. As we fought on, my mind was working and I was trying to get his hand in my teeth. Presently with my fingers I felt he had a large silk handkerchief around his neck and I discovered it was tied in a hard knot. Then the next thought was to secure enough freedom of one arm to shove in between the handkerchief and his neck. For a moment I relaxed. He loosened his grip just a little, then I passed my arm through and began to press outward on the back of his neck. That cut off his wind, and his grip slackened until he was as limp as a rag. I flopped him over, and still holding on to the handkerchief, dragged his apparently lifeless body down to the same mud hole.

It is unpleasant to relate all these disagreeable things, but I did not provoke this difficulty, and besides, I must tell the bad as well as the good. I later heard that Star and Moon had passed over the Great Divide. The reflection comes to me now so often—No puny hand of man can stay, although with desperation fraught, that allotted execution day; for with impartial fate, Death knocks at the cottage and the palace gate.

Later Years

ON A certain occasion, a no-account church member said to me, "Brother Halsell, you profess to be a Christian—why do you have so many fights?" My answer to him was, "I did not surrender my credentials as a gentleman when I joined the church." He said, "You know, I never had a fight or law suit, and if I have an enemy in the world, I don't know it." I said, "That is because you are no account."

One time just as I was leaving Decatur for my ranch, a dangerous character came up to me on the sidewalk with the purpose of raising a row. The thought came to me to talk kindly and soothingly because he had drawn a long knife, and I saw it had been ground bright and sharp—it was really very unpleasant to look at. My kind, soft and soothing words had just the opposite effect for he concluded that he had me buffaloed. He began to abuse me, and that became disagreeable also. I looked over his shoulder as though someone was coming up behind. This caused him to turn his eyes for a moment; the next moment he was lying flat on his face and I was trying to stamp his brains out. I picked up the knife and threw it out in the street. A bus was just passing and I stepped into it and went to the railroad station and on to my ranch, feeling more respect for myself than if, like a coward, I had run like a cur dog.

On arriving at the ranch I worked the range for twelve days and put up two herds—one of big steers, which I sent east to Clay County, and another of two-year-old steers which I started north. On this trip north, we were short of men, and from the day we started with this herd, every one of us were in the saddle eighteen hours out of every twenty-four. This tiresome grind was kept up until this herd was delivered to the Northern buyer.

Always having in mind the fact that the early years of my life in the West, whether on ranches or on the trail, were surrounded with bad associations, I decided when I took charge of the Three Circle ranches to make the environment so wholesome and safe that mothers who sent their boys west would have no anxiety as to how they were living. I put up at headquarters ranch and at all the farms this printed sign, "No more gambling. No more drinking liquor, cursing, smoking cigarettes, or working on Sunday."

Of course the result was that the old-time cattlemen thought I had gone nutty. They said that innovation is radical, it won't work, and my cowboys decided I was interfering with their personal liberties. So these same cowboys mutinied or sat down on me. My dear old longtime cowboy friend, Tom Love, my true and tried comrade of the old Cimarron days, came to me and said, with the wisdom of Solomon and the philosophy of Plato: "Harry, you can't make men

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religious by rules." I said to that wise statement, "No, but do you realize I can write them checks?" That answer jarred him from his moorings and the old boy said, "Yes, you can do that."

This warning didn't seem to soak in good, so one day I called all of the boys into my room and handed each one his time check. They said, "What is this for?" I said, "You have all quit." I told them they needed fresh air, and to enjoy their personal liberty. The men asked when they could come back to work. My answer was, "When you find out I am running this outfit." One of them said, "We done found that out."

In two weeks all these fine old cowhands came straggling back except two. The last time I heard of one of them he was in Woodward, Oklahoma, tending bar on the wrong side—that is to say, the outside, which is worse than the inside.

Through the long intervening years, now and then I have met the other personal liberty devotee, and each time he was driving an old team and wagon, still enjoying his personal liberty cigarettes.

I had six farms, ranging from 200 to 400 acres in each, with nice homes and good barns, and the families on each agreed with my views and prospered. Most all of my old cowhands made respectable citizens and members of churches.

Red Dog and You Bet

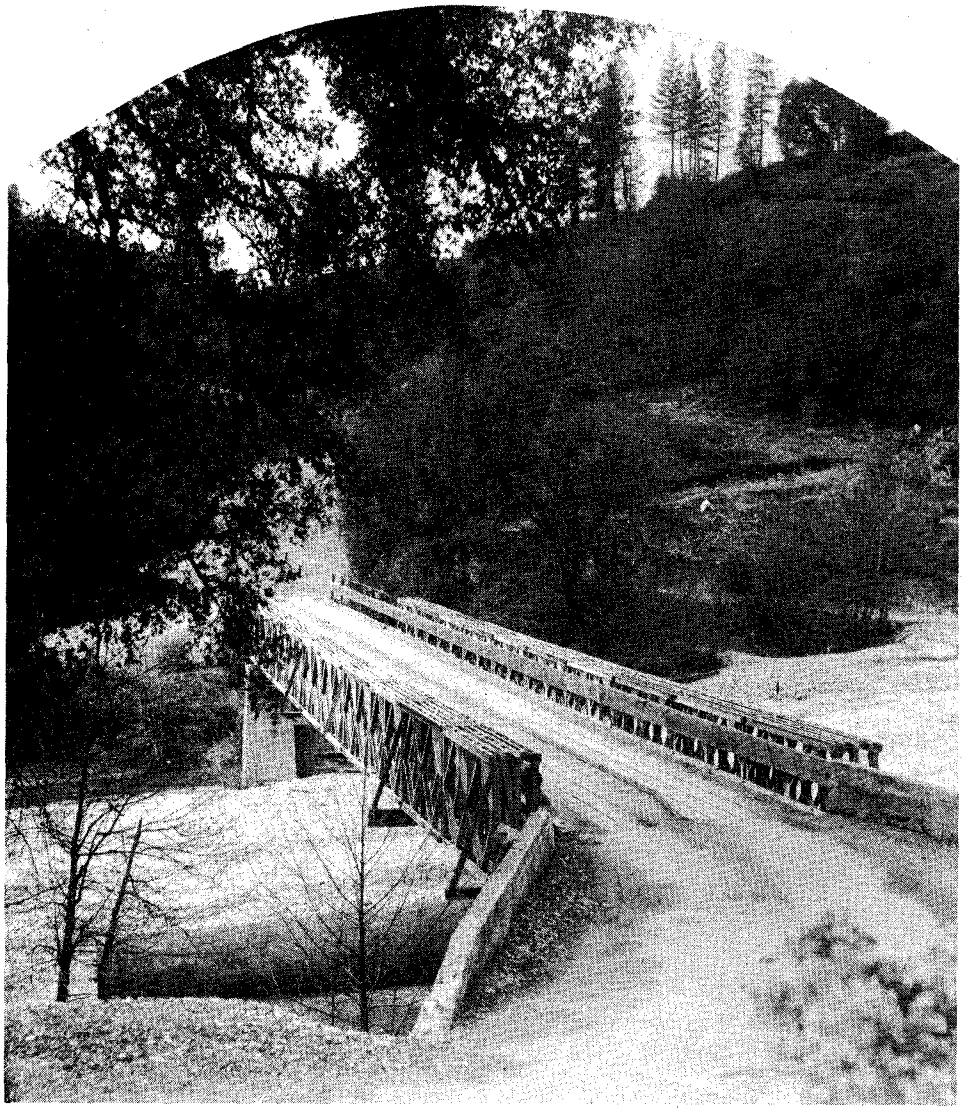
(Continued from page 18)

You Bet is a question to ponder, however most authorities lean toward the belief that one Lazerus Beard, the first saloonkeeper in the district (1857) and whose favorite expression was "you bet," was responsible for the camp's name.

You Bet was reputed to have been one of the longest lasting gold camps, although the town did move around to a considerable extent. The main town really started on Squirrel Hill as Guadalupe, named after the Chief of the Wemah Indians. This name changed to Walupe, then Walloupa; I have also found it as Wallonpa. It is said to have been the first surveyed townsite in Nevada County and was promoted by I. J. Rolfe, F. H. Rolfe, Warren B. Ewer and Charles Marsh. Later on, Walloupa, like Red Dog and a few other camps, gravitated to Lazerus Beard's saloon, enlarging the town of You Bet.

IN APRIL of 1869, a fire originating in a Chinese laundry destroyed most of the business district of You Bet which necessitated its first move and rebuilding. In 1872 most of the buildings were moved again and the original townsite was washed away by hydraulic mining.

Wherever there was gold there were those who tried to get it by other means than digging for it themselves, professional gamblers with games arranged in their favor, thieves whose one aim was, by robbery, to take gold from those who had it. Rattlesnake Dick, Black Bart and other legendary highwaymen all operated in this part of the mining country. The tale told about a local chap who sat alongside the road and robbed each passerby, is a favorite. His practice was, after robbing each victim, to make the unfortunate join him for a visit until the next prospect traveled the dusty trail. After five or six had been plucked, the robber would take his leave and disappear in the brush with the loot.



One-way bridge across the Greenhorn River on the road to Red Dog and You Bet, California, from an old stereopticon slide.

Severe winter weather, mine accidents, kitchen-table amputations and shootings all took their toll of human life in the camp.

There are several versions of one particularly notorious shooting in You Bet, but the most reliable seems to be this one. The superintendent of the You Bet mine had hired an assistant who brought with him his pretty young wife. The boss became attracted to this lady and soon developed the habit of sending his helper on some distant errand each day. It very soon became obvious to the young man what might be going on in his absence. Accordingly, he doubled back one morning and returned to his house. Inside, he found the bedroom door locked, and challenged his boss to come out and face him. After some angry words the two men exchanged shots through the door and managed to eliminate each other.

The school teacher and her pupils in an adjoining building were attracted by the sound of the shots. School was adjourned and the entire class rushed over to the main house. The teacher and the assistant superintendent's widow dragged the bodies out in a hall, fired a few more shots into the surrounding walls and then circulated the story that the two men had killed each other while fighting over a business matter. This version was, and still is, widely accepted, although research indicates the real facts were otherwise.

While population in the gold camps fluctuated wildly, men who had business establishments and those with steady employment did not go flitting off to every rumored strike. In an 1895 mine directory, eighty-five residents were listed in You Bet. The trades were well represented—mill men, merchants, teamsters, carpenters, blacksmiths, an engineer, a lawyer and, of course, the mine superintendent and the miners. The last resident, who had also been one of the first, is reported to have closed the book in 1914.

TRAILS
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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Sheriff Tom Wright

I'd like to hear from descendants of Sheriff Tom Wright, Dallas, Texas, 1890-1900, or from others having information. His brother, Bill Wright, was my great-great-grandfather.—Eldon Wright, RFD 3, Norton, Kansas 67654

Hall-Smith

Zachariah R. Hall, born January 13, 1856, died October 20, 1903, buried Caldwell County and M. Catherine (Kate) Smith, daughter of Moses Howell Smith and Cynthia E. Jones, born January 13, 1854, died December 30, 1939, buried Rose Hill Cemetery, Fort Worth, Texas were married (date and place not known) and had these children: Alta who married J. H. Peak; Lola and Bertha who married two Lovell brothers; and sons, J. W. and L. H. Hall, and O. V. Hall. Alta lived at Fort Worth, Lola in Hillsboro, Bertha in Dallas, J. W. and L. H. at Fort Worth, and O. V. at Tulia, California. All the above are probably deceased but does anyone know of any descendants?—L. E. Smith, 1623 Toomey Road (Rear), Austin, Texas 78704

Sam Fesler

I would like any information about Sam Fesler who worked for Crocker Brothers Cattle Ranch near Matfielgreen, Kansas until about 1905. At that time he left for New Mexico to start his own ranch.—Dewey Doramus, 221 West Main St., Santa Maria, California 93454

Adam LeFlore

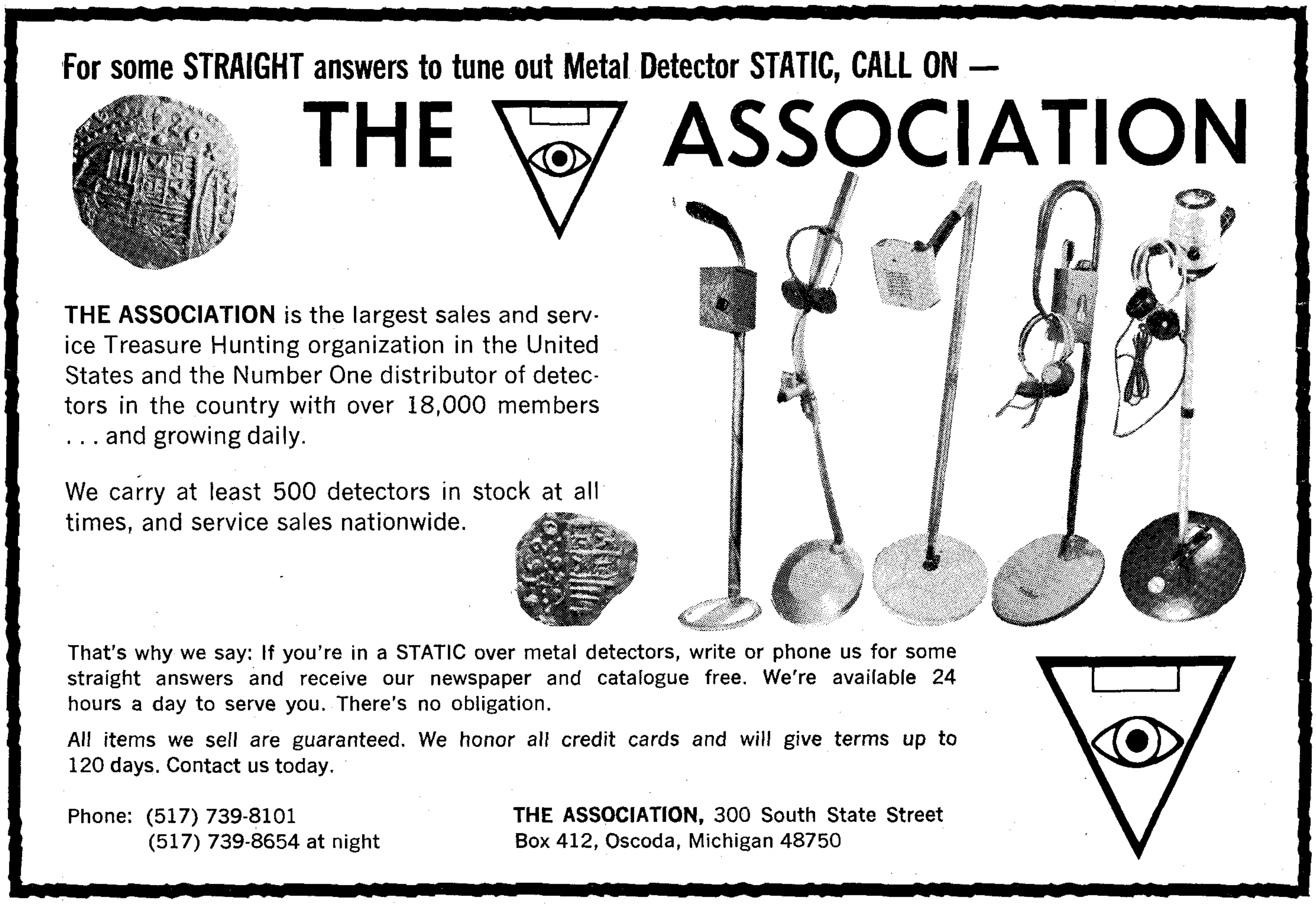
In the history of the Choctaw Indians, the name LeFlore appears quite frequently. Several LeFlores were chiefs, lawmen and one was governor of the Choctaw Nation. I have searched many pages of history and records with the hope of discovering the parents of my great-great-grandfather, Adam LeFlore. Adam was born in Mississippi around 1820 and married Sophia LeFlore. He may have come to Indian Territory (Oklahoma) in the 1850s. He is listed on the Choctaw Roll in 1896 as a citizen of Gaines County, Indian Territory, deceased. His name appears on several records, but none of these records reveals his parentage. He may have had another name, and he was called only Adam. He and Sophia had three children: James, William (Bee) and Isabel, who married Wilson Massey. Any help will be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. Harry Tipps Jr., 120 Platt Lane, Moore, Oklahoma 73060

Wilbur and Frank Rogers

I last saw my two brothers in Duluth, Minnesota in 1925. Wilbur is in his early seventies; Frank in his sixties. Our mother's name was Agnes Ross. I'd like to hear from anyone knowing of them or any relatives.—Thomas Edward Rogers, Box 546, Copalis Beach, Washington 98535

Carson E. Brooks

Carson E. Brooks, who died in 1925 in Cardin, Oklahoma, left two children, James E. and Ina Louise. Luen and Enmon Brooks were last heard from in Puyallup, Washington. Information on any relatives would be appreciated.—Mrs. Mae Pease, Route 2, Box 213, Eldorado Springs, Missouri 64744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Griner-Knight

I would like to know about any descendants of Robert Griner Sr. and Priscilla Knight of Heckman County, Tennessee. Emmaline Shipp, daughter of Bethenia Griner and Wm. Shipp, married a Patilla at Amarillo, Texas. Hulette M. Griner married Mary Jane Eason and went to Uvalde, Texas. J. K. "Polk" Griner married Anna Hamlin. They had Mary, who married a Beatcher; a daughter "Polkie" and a son. They lived near Uvalde, Texas in the early 1900s. Thomas, John Henry and Louisa Jones went to Texas in 1850-60 from Benton County, Tennessee with their parents, Sheriff Thomas B. and Louise Ferrell Jones. They sold land on which the Camden City Cemetery now stands. Two brothers, Wm. A. and Solomon Jones, were officers in the Confederate Army and lived near Paris, Tennessee.—Betty Jones Larsen, Route 2, Newbern, Tennessee 38059

Smith-Cassidy

I am interested in locations and photos of offices of my grandfather, Dr. Allison Smith. He left his home in Ontario, Canada at fourteen in 1881; worked as printer's assistant in Toronto; graduated from the University of Chicago as a dentist about 1889-1892. About 1895 he was a dentist at the Colorado State Penitentiary and was also in Denver and other points. He traveled also under the alias "Cassidy." In 1899 he returned to Canada and I have his history from then on.

He stated he had filled Cole Younger's teeth at one time. This was all he would ever tell. Until 1926 he kept a matched set of pearl-handled Colt .45s. Where did they come from?—P. Allison Duke, Box 71, 70 Mile, British Columbia, Canada

Lampson

The March 1966 FRONTIER TIMES has an article, "Merchants' Tokens" which mentions the firm Lampson and Hubbard. I'd appreciate any information regarding the person, Lampson.—Wes Lampson, Box 895, Lakeport, California 95453

George Hetland

George Hetland worked in Larned, Kansas at the Standish Garage and later moved to Manhattan, Kansas. We last heard from him during World War II, when he dropped a card that said, "I'll think of you when I drop my first bombs on Tokyo."

He had come to Kansas from somewhere in Montana. I'd appreciate any information about him.—Edith Lynch, 1106 Florida, Corpus Christi, Texas 78404

Eubanks-Curtis-Banks

My great-grandfather, William Eubanks, married Martha Jane Curtis in 1848, Osage County, Missouri. We had thought her name was Sutton Curtis, and that may have been a first marriage name. We think she had two brothers, John and Green. William went into the Civil War in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Their marriage was in the Methodist Episcopal Church, John Carnes, minister. They had twins born in Osage, Missouri in 1849. William later changed his name to Banks and went to Colorado.—Myrtle Hutchinson, Rt. 1, Box 318, Port Orchard, Washington 98366

Doctor Theo Hall

Doctor Theo Hall and his wife Sara lived in Carbon, Texas. Their children were Henry, Ben, Will, Laura and Mae. There were other children by his second wife, Nancy. They lived there during the early 1900s. I never knew any of the family, but found an old book that said they were my grandparents.

I would appreciate hearing from any descendants, or anyone with any information.—John Hall, 27874 Galeton Rd., Saugus, California 91350

Shaw

My great-great-great-great-grandparents were James and Catherine Shaw. Their daughter Elizabeth, called Betsy, wed Dr. Joseph Fox and lived in Kaufman County, Texas. A son, W. A. Shaw, represented Red River County in the legislature about 1890. He lived at Clarksville. Another son, Captain R. B. Shaw was sheriff of Kaufman County before 1895. Later he was a merchant at Kemp, Texas.

I'm sure there were others, but don't know anything about them. I'd like to correspond with anyone having information on this Shaw family.—Ann Mayfield, 213 Stephens Parkway, Grand Prairie, Texas 75050

George and Minnie Russell

George and Minnie Russell were born to George Sr. and Ruth Nortenson Russell—George Jr. in Wyoming in 1927, Minnie in western Washington. In 1927 the parents moved to or near Renton, Washington for a short time, then to Chelan, Washington where George Sr. worked in the fruit orchards until 1933 when he passed away. I was born to an earlier marriage and have not heard from either of them for more than twenty years. Any information or word from them would greatly please me.—Mrs. Vivian Russell Smith, Route 3, Salem, Dakota 57058

Hensley-Bartle

I would like to hear from anyone who would be a relative or would know anything about the Hensley or Bartle families. William and Lucinda Hensley left Franklin County, Missouri and came to Oregon in 1853. They had nine children. My grandfather, Thomas Benton Hensley, was one of them. He married Mary Josephine Bartle who was born in Illinois. The Bartles originally came from Hudson River Valley, New York.—Mrs. Orval Porteous, Route 1, Box 301, Mt. Shasta, California 96067

Walker

I am seeking information on my grandparents, Henry Frank Walker and Ella Louise (Hartford) Walker. Henry was born in or around Nashville, Tennessee, November 13, 1851. Who were his parents and where did they come from? Ella was born in or near Queen City, Missouri, August 9, 1863. Her parents were W. D. Hartford and Rebecca Thomas. Where did they come from and did they have other children? Did Henry Frank Walker have any brothers or sisters?

Henry Frank Walker and Ella Louise Hartford were married between 1888 and 1893 but where and what month? These people were said to have traveled a lot. Would like to correspond with anyone who has a Walker on their line from Missouri, Tennessee or that area.—Mrs. W. E. Loosli, Route 3, Box 103, Nampa, Idaho 83651

Greenland or Harvey

I would appreciate any information regarding my great-uncle, Richard Greenland of Purdam, Nebraska, or anyone who may have been in the Ogallala area during the 1870s. A few of the people that he mentioned were Paxtons, F. A. Lisk, William Petts and B. S. Sawyer.—Mrs. Leona Sayer Boyer, 920 I Street, Apt. V, Sparks, Nevada 89431

William and Hiram Gable

Up until about five years ago my mother never knew she had two uncles, William and Hiram Gable. We know that Uncle Bill died in 1908 at Portland, Oregon, and Hiram in 1932 in Oklahoma. They were the sons of Elias Gable. We would like to hear from any of their descendants. We would also like to hear from the families of Aunts Katie Ashford and Susan Richmond-Tolman.— Lucille Babcock, 850 North Florida, Banning, California 92220

Theis

My mother's family pioneered in the opening of the West during the late 1800s. My grandfather, Henry Theis, was born in Wisconsin April 2, 1863 of German descent and of Catholic faith. He first came to Canada in 1898 and took up a homestead at Ross Creek, Alberta in 1903. He brought his bride of one year, the former Margaret Younk, born in Wisconsin, June 24, 1881.

In 1909 the family moved to Kincaid, Saskatchewan where they remained until both of them passed away. With them had come my great-uncle, Michael Theis, born January 16, 1868, also in Wisconsin.

I'd like to trace the family as much as I can and would like to hear from anyone who is related to them, or anyone who has information of their movements between Wisconsin, Ross Creek and Kincaid.—Mrs. Evelyn Brown, Box 611, Shaunavon, Saskatchewan, Canada

Jones-Cornish-Chandler

I would like to hear from anyone knowing about Thomas Coleman Jones, Minie Cornish, James David Chandler, Lucille Virginia O'Dell (or Odle, Odel, or O'Dle), and George Horsley. The Horsleys were related to Sam Bass. The Joneses and Cornishes and Chandlers were of the Ada, Oklahoma vicinity. The O'Dells and Horsleys were from Arkansas, Texas, and Hartshorne and Tishomingo, Oklahoma.

Thomas Coleman Jones, my husband's grandfather, was married to a full-blood Cherokee. I met him before he died and he told me he knew where a gang had buried some money, probably near Ada, Oklahoma. He wouldn't tell me where it was, but the gang was hung in a livery stable in Ada.—Mrs. J. D. Jones, 628 E. Main, Cushing, Oklahoma 74023

Alfred Hamilton Smith

The U. S. Census for Davidson County, North Carolina, 1850, shows Benjamin Smith, age 50; wife, Christiana, 46; children, John, 18; Benjamin, 16; James, 13; Hamilton, 8.

The same census shows Henry Smith, age 59; wife, Susan, 43; children, Casper, 17; Peter, 15; Sarah, 14; John, 12; Mary, 10; Alfred, 8; Nancy, 5.

A near neighbor of these two Smith families was Anderson Gobble, who shows as part of his family Mary Elizabeth Owen, age 6.

According to Bible records, Alfred Hamilton Smith married Mary Elizabeth Owen in North Carolina in 1866 and came to Texas in 1869, where they settled in Bell County. Their children were Walter, Julia Neal, Evelyn, Owen and Margaret. To which, if either of the above mentioned Smith families, does Alfred Hamilton belong?—J. E. Williams, Box 1045, Brady, Texas 76825

Lamb-Turberville

Riley and Elizabeth Lamb Turberville were my great-grandparents. The name is spelled with one "r" in the family Bible and with two on their marriage license. They farmed near Riverton, Alabama around 1840-1865. They had eleven children of which the youngest was my grandmother, Williametta Turberville Deans, born January 1861. She and an older sister, Nancy Letitia McDougal, both came to California as married women around 1889-90. They lost track of brothers and sisters left back in Alabama. I'd appreciate any information on the names Lamb or Turberville.—Mrs. Anthony Scharli, 5600 Milnes Rd., Modesto, California 95350

William Green Spurlock

I would like to correspond with descendants of William Green Spurlock, born April 8, 1838, in Hinds County, Mississippi. With his parents, Ransom and Eleandor Spurlock, he moved to Claiborne Parish, Louisiana in 1844, then he moved to Texas before the Civil War. Some of the descendants were known to be in West Texas forty years ago.—Mrs. Eula Spurlock Oberg, Route 2, Box 612, Raymondville, Texas 78580

Hassjack

I would be very grateful for any information about the Hassjack family who lived in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. There were nine children, four girls and five boys: Mary, Anna, Jewlia, Margaret, John, Steve, Peter, and two other sons whose names I don't have. The parents, John and Catherine, have been dead about thirty years. Mary and Margaret were living in Los Angeles, California when I last heard of them about twelve years ago.—Edith L. Thomas, Elsie Route, Box 32A, Seaside, Oregon 97138

Arthur Orlando Miller

I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything about my brother, Arthur Orlando Miller. He was born and raised near Mound City, Missouri and went to Iowa three or four years before his disappearance. He would be sixty years old now.—Mrs. Edith M. Bartram, 1920 Nome St., Aurora, Colorado 80010

Ocheltree-Renick-Renneck

I would appreciate information anyone might have on the Ocheltree family. My husband's grandfather was a Renick or Renneck who was born in Iowa in 1855. Who were his parents, etc?—Mrs. Fay Ocheltree, 606 Harris St., Myrtle Point, Oregon 97458

Luverne William Sellner

My father, Luverne William Sellner, disappeared in 1953 or 1954 at McLean, Nebraska. He would be about thirty-eight or thirty-nine now and is believed to be in Idaho or Montana or some other Western state. Please contact me if you have any information.—Mrs. Roseanne Luverne Sellner Scott, 1406 Whyler Road, Yuba City, California 95991

Ronald Ray Sepe

Ronald Ray Sepe, age twenty-two, left northern California in 1964. He was with a church group going East. We haven't heard from him since. Do any of your readers know him?—Mrs. Gladys Munger, 2011 Flower, #B, Bakersfield, California 93305

Cunningham-Jeffrey

The 1870 U.S. census for Lawrence County, Missouri, Mt. Pleasant Township, listed Thomas Cunningham, 76, born Kentucky. In the 1880 census for Jasper County, Missouri, we find him again at age 85, preacher, and in his household is a Mary Jeffreys listed as his daughter, age 55, and two grandchildren, Benjamin 23, and Eliza, 18, both born in Missouri.

Evidently his wife, Elizabeth, had died between 1870 and 1880. In the 1850 census for Lawrence County, living next door to Thomas Cunningham was a John Toliver or Toliver John Jeffries, 28, and his wife Mary, age 25; two children, Nancy E., age 4, and John J., age 4½; and a Martha L. Jeffries, age 44, born Kentucky. In 1882, Thomas Cunningham issued two quit-claim deeds for property in Sarcoxie, Jasper County, Missouri. This is the last record we have on him and I'd like to correspond with anyone knowing anything about any of these people.—Mrs. Dale F. King, 3615 Pepperell Parkway, Opelika, Alabama 36801

(Continued on page 58)

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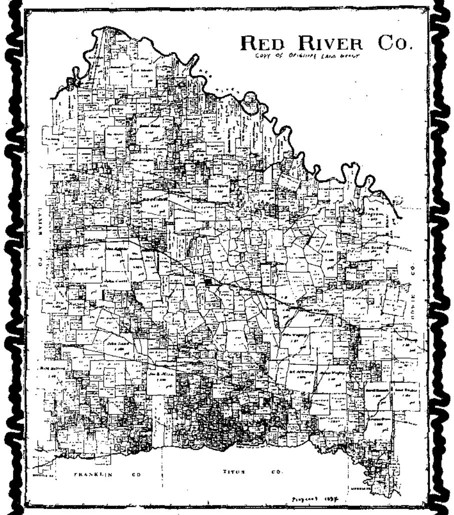

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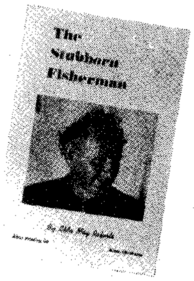

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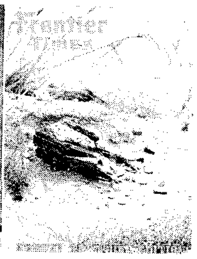
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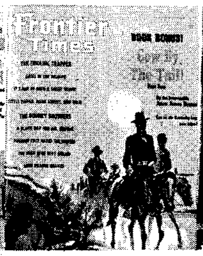
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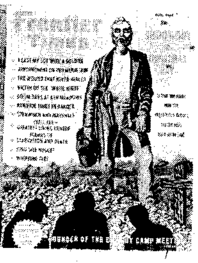
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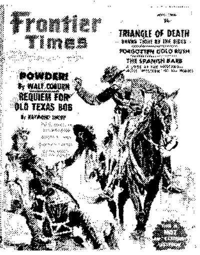
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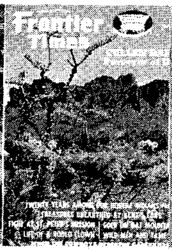
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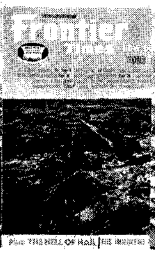
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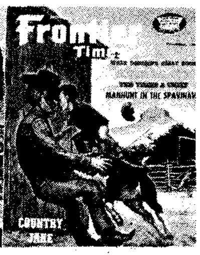
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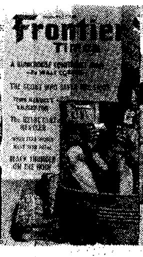
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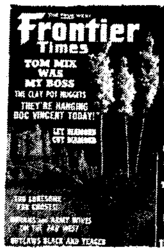
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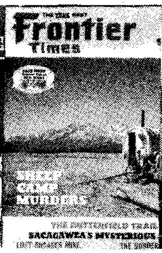
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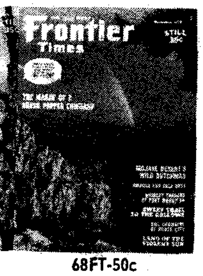
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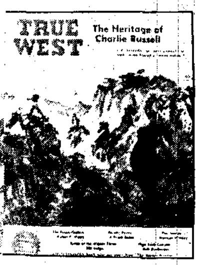

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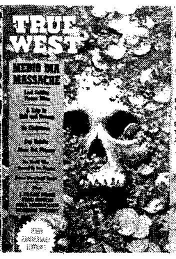

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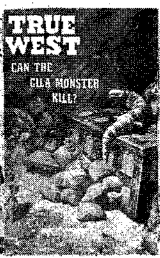

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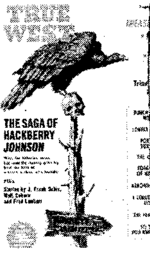

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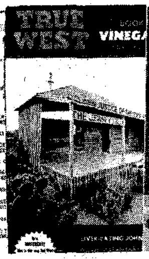

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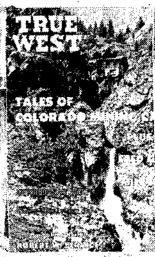

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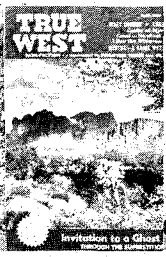

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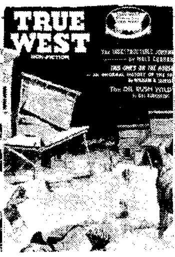

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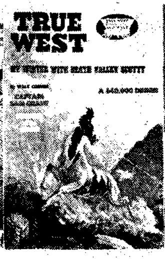

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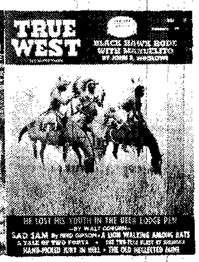

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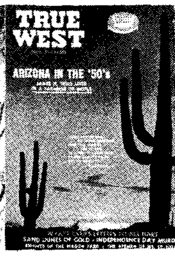

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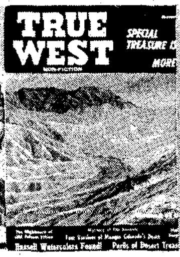

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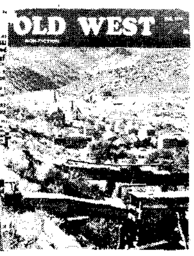
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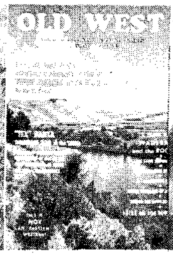
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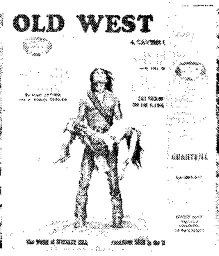
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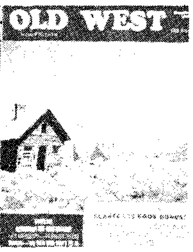
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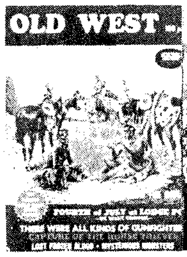
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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 55)

George Henry Newcombe

George Henry Newcombe was born in England, but ran away from home at a very early age and served in the British army. Later he and a brother, Will, had a carriage business at Flint, Michigan and a ranch near Saginaw. Their sister, Nellie Hyatt (or Hiatt) lived at Saginaw.

One of Will's sons was named Francis. A niece and nephew came West with George, but did not come to Lakeview. Later we heard that a niece, Mrs. Anderson, lived in San Francisco, but we had no address.

George came to Lakeview in 1908 during the Oregon Valley land boom. A friend named Pierce visited him here at one time. He was a friend before George came to Lakeview. Any information of family or friends would be appreciated.—Mrs. Claude Newcombe, 311 North H St., Lakeview, Oregon 97630

B. B. and Wright Christian

Someone somewhere must know of B. B. and Wright Christian. Their mother, Carrie Monroe, was in Tecumseh, Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma in 1897. She was married to Wm. Wiese. Their son, William Monroe Wiese, was born in 1902 and the husband died when little William was four.

Carrie Monroe Wiese later married Wright Christian and had two sons, B. B. and Wright. Little William Monroe Wiese grew up, went to Texas, then to La Grande, Oregon. He married a Mrs. Webb and had two children, Jackie and William.

The father, the half-brother of B. B. and Wright, died this year. They are my half-uncles and I would like very much to locate them.—Mrs. Tom A. Kelly, 1209 10th Street, La Grande, Oregon 97850, or phone collect: (Ac) 503 963-6942

Uncle Polkey Wins One

(Continued from page 39)

it. You know, Major wasn't a paint for nothing. He'd been around long before Uncle Polky got him—rodeos, in a well-traveled circus, all before he was ridden on the range. Major was a good horse.

The storm hit when I closed the barn doors. It drove me into the house where Uncle Polkey was fry-cooking and singing, "Treat my daughter kindly, and say you'll do no harm, and when I die, I'll will to you my little stock and farm." Brother John, big-eared and sniggering, was setting the table.

"How's the weather?" Uncle Polkey inquired, and I said, "It's no better and getting worse." And he said, "I know, clear as a bell and colder'n hell, and freezing like damnation."

"It's not clear," I said. "It's snowing so hard you can't find your way to the privy."

"That gives me an idea," said Uncle Polkey, and off he went to Mother and Dad's room where he had stashed his saddle bags. Quite soon he came out, worrying about Aunt Julie and his stock.

He was wiping his lips with the back of his hand and he had that cat-and-canary look.

"Poor Julie, with no kindling, no chips, no cobs handy—and me, many miles away with a blizzard batting down."

"Well," John said, "who kicked who out?"

"Well, I guess I did. I mean, I kicked myself out. Julie is a well-meaning person, self-respecting, no horsing, no side-stepping. But just once I'm out of line, slam goes the door, bang goes the gate, and I'm out with no shaving brush, no mug, no razor, and wind whistling through my beard. Let's play some pitch."

I cracked open the door while John was getting the deck. "The weather's terrible," I told Uncle Polkey. "I can't see anything but—well, I can't see anything."

Brother John was shuffling the cards. It was quiet. Uncle Polkey asked, "How's the cows, how's Major?"

"Snug," I assured him. "The barn is as warm as this house; straw and manure piled all around outside and Major is blanketed. Everything is bedded down."

"Cut for deal," said John, and we went at it, twenty-five matches each to start the game, five matches for each set. You would buy from the box when you went busted.

WELL, ABOUT MIDNIGHT I think it was, I had the whole box of matches —Uncle kept outbidding himself, and it wasn't Brother John's night for cards. Uncle Polkey cracked open the door for himself and the storm roared in; we shivered into our night clothes and hurried to bed.

Before he said goodnight, Uncle Polkey muttered: "Poor Julie, what have I done this time?" and then Brother John blew out the lamp and we went to bed. Outside, the wind was howling. And it was cold. Bitter cold!

While I was going to sleep that night I thought about the range cattle huddled in the coulees, the outside ones freezing, the inside smothering. And the calves born last spring.

Brother John rousted me out in the morning and I built the fires in the range and heating stove quick. Then I opened the door of Dad and Mother's room and called to Uncle Polkey. He did not answer. He wasn't there. He was gone. Brother John and I hurried to the barn and saw that old Major was gone, too.

Back in the house we found the alcohol, a lot of it, hidden under a stack of blankets in a dark closet. Apparently Uncle Polkey had hid it and forgot where he put it.

"He's headed for home," I said. "He's worried about Aunt Julie."

"He's all kinds of a fool," Brother John growled, "and he's not that worried about Aunt Julie. He just couldn't find his booze and he's gone for more."

I didn't argue, figured maybe my brother might be right. I wouldn't know. I wasn't a drinking man—matter of fact, I wasn't a man yet, in spite of the fact that I could ride some really bad crow-bait, punch cattle, and do things around the ranch that the menfolks did.

I knew red-eye was bad for people, 'cause I saw my Dad, the Big Frenchman, who at one time was deputy sheriff of Dawes County, Nebraska, throw a jug of alky on the ground and bust it. Then he told the two fellows who were fighting at a dance to sober up and be decent (after he knocked their heads together).

I remember that night for it was the first time I had square danced. Dad did the calling "gents bow down and ladies go under." It was fun. Flashing feet and whirling skirts when we swung on the corners. All my kinfolks could really hoe-down. Quite soon Dad, the big, soft-hearted Frog, went out and brought in the two fellows, and challenged 'em to dance the French Four with him and his brother, Uncle Eli.

The fiddles started whining "From Widdleton to Waddelton is Fourteen Miles" and those four rowdies went at it, one jigging at a time, the other three clapping, until all had shown their steps.

WHILE I WAS bundling up to ride out after Uncle Polkey, Brother John threw a saddle on Prince, my little horse which he had brought me from South Dakota where he had been threshing, and another on Commander, Dad's black stallion. We took off, John leading, but it was slow going because of the drifts. When we'd left the valley and were reaching for the flatland, we moved faster and that is where we picked up Major's tracks. Oh, it was cold!

Some folks will tell you that when it is real cold it doesn't snow. Well, that wasn't so in our part of Nebraska, in that year and that winter I'm speaking about. The snow was like hot needles. We pulled in our necks and ploughed on.

Finally, and I still don't know how, we raised the little town of Spencer and headed straight for the saloon, where we expected to find Uncle Pokey lapping up the "encouragement" and maybe telling his favorite yarn. But Uncle Polkey wasn't in the saloon—hadn't been there, the bartender told us, probably had headed straight for home.

Well, Brother John and I thawed out around the edges, thanked the bartender for the use of his pot-bellied stove, then started down the road which led to the ranch where Uncle Polkey and Aunt Julie lived.

It was a bitter ride to the first turn off and up a long slope to the ranch house, but we made it about dusk. There was a light in the window and Uncle Polkey was home.

Yes, old beaten, battered, befuddled Uncle Polkey had made it. The blinding snow and drifts hadn't stopped that paint horse or the determined man who was heading straight for home, thinking of the family and of the fire which he knew damn well he would have to build and feed and punch.

Aunt Julie didn't need a fire, however. She was boiling mad and busting at the seams. We heard her raring at Polkey when we hit the front door, and he wasn't answering back, just tossing chips into a fire which he was coaxing along.

"Where have you been?" Aunt Julie

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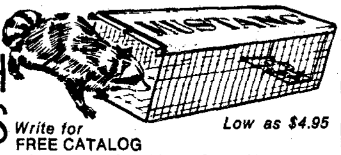

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was screeching. "Where have you been boozing it up while I was tryin' to keep body and soul together, taking care of the kids, milking the cows, shoveling snow and being alone in this house without a man to help?"

Uncle Polkey motioned us over to the fire which he was feeding with clumsy, frost-bitten fingers. "You may be able to thaw out after you get out of those duds," he grinned, "but you'll never be quite the same."

Aunt Julie was still babbling and frothing, but Uncle Polkey finally rared up and shouted her down. "You threw me out, Julie, and my nephews took me in. I was coming home when the weather broke, but it didn't break; so I came anyway, storm outside, storm inside. Well, I'm not giving one damn inch."

Julie wasn't listening to him. "Get unbundled, kids," she said. "You must be hungry and you look froze. And Polkey," she added, "you clear out. Slog on up to the little house and I'll call you when and if I ever need you. I'm going to take care of these younguns."

UNCLE POLKEY, and I'll say this for him, didn't budge and he didn't make a move to leave.

"Julie" he said, and he was looking straight in her eyes when he said it, "you bossed your last boss. I've had it. This is my house, too. I settled on this claim; I proved up on this claim. And I added to it by buying more land that other folks wearied of developing. This is my stomping ground—and I'm going to continue stomping on it."

Aunt Julie, I saw, was caving in. Uncle Polkey was hitting her where it hurt most.

"I learned this, Julie, today when it was darkening. You don't know and the boys here don't know that on my way home I woke up laying in the snow. I'd just stiffened up and fell off Major. I wanted to go to sleep and I didn't care about waking up. Well, the ol' paint wouldn't go for it. He let me sleep for maybe a minute, then he curried me easy with his hoof, and nuzzled and nudged me and kept on nudging with his cold nose, and he kept me awake until I got up and threw myself on his back. I couldn't get astride, I just laid on my belly with my feet dragging the ground, and Major brought me home."

The room was quiet as he went on. "And here, Julie, I'm going to stay. I decided that while Major was jouncing me home. Major and I are here to stay because this place is our home."

Aunt Julie was wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, and she was sniveling and choking up quite a lot. Nobody said anything. John was looking at an old calendar on the nearby wall showing Indians shooting buffalo, and so I looked too. Uncle Polkey heaved more fuel into the fire.

"C'mon fellows," he said, "let's go up to the little house and play some pitch. I'll move back in later."

This remark brought Aunt Julie up but good. "Hold it, Polkey," she said and she was stern again. "Go to your bed in there where you belong. I'll feed the kids. Tomorrow we'll settle down and start living like we're supposed to do."

Polkey gave us a sly wink and headed where he'd been told to head. Brother John was grinning all over. He looked square at me and said: "Looks to me like Uncle Polkey is in again."

$10,000 Lost Post Hole Cache

(Continued from page 13)

Woodrow Wilkinson, Uncle Jack's grandson, is convinced the money was placed in the bottom of a post hole. And he states definitely it has never been found. Frank Wilkinson also says the money has never been found.

Some digging has been done around the old ranch headquarters site by people outside the family, but these people were not successful.

It must be presumed that the cache remains today just where the frontier woman buried it, challenging some treasure hunter with a dependable detector. The area is not large, and the ruins of the old ranch headquarters site are vaguely present, enough so to form an outline of the settlement. It is located on the north bank of the San Saba, near a point called Picnic Bend, or Wilkinson's Hole, north of Hext. A ranch road leads to the site.

To enter the property, it is necessary to obtain permission from the ranch operator, Mrs. Dickie Davis, or to contact the ranch foreman, Carrol Palmer, who escorted me to the site so that I could take pictures.

Railroad Island

(Continued from page 23)

till nearly the last loaded coal car came by. Then—by some word, apparently—about half of the men from Roy scrambled all over one car, and the other half mounted their wagons and started pulling in line along the rails.

Big bucket-sized chunks of black coal sailed overboard along the entire length of the car and fell into the snow along the track. I think I must know what a volcano looks like close up. I suppose that could have been called "incentive work"; the men's families were cold. By the time the train had clanked slowly to the other edge of the little community there was a solid line of black in the snow along one side of the track. The men in the coal car were only showing from about the waist up in what had been a full car. The train crew never looked back.

Then the whistle gave a series of short toots and the men shuffled down the short iron ladders and dropped to the ground. They walked back up the track and started helping the other men from Roy load the wagons.

The engine whistled a long blast as the freight picked up speed. The train crew continued to look straight ahead. I was scared. Here was a bunch of men, including my dad, stealing nearly a car of coal right in broad daylight.

As the wagons worked down in front of the depot I kept looking through the window at the agent. He was sitting at his desk with his back to the window, apparently looking at some papers. He sat that way for a long time till the coal was all gone and there was only a dirty streak along the right of way.

In bewilderment I followed the wagons. Each one drove by the little coal shed where the local jobber either weighed or guessed the amount of coal in each wagon. Then each driver dug in his pocket and gave some money to another fellow who just kept standing there putting the money in a large brown envelope.

In an incredibly short time every family in town had a pile of coal. That included several very poor Spanish-American families and a widow with two little kids. None of them had any money, but some one of the others would hand a few dollars to the man with the brown envelope and say, "Here, this is for old Ortega." Or, "Here, Bill, this is for the Widder." But that didn't help my worries any—it wasn't Bill's coal. It belonged to the railroad or somebody.

IN about three days retribution came to our town. The name of retribution was railroad detective. He *looked* like a railroad detective—tough and hard, and his shoulders bulged through the heavy coat and his legs were like chunks of railroad ties. And, as always, a derby was clamped down over his broad head. Then, too, there was a chilling bulge under his coat at the right hip pocket.

The detective didn't say much the first day, just tramped around through the light snow and stopped to stare at nearly every pile of coal in our little mesa town. By the grace of the weather it had come another light snow during the preceding three days, enough to hide the dirty streak along the railroad tracks.

But that didn't help my worries any. I couldn't sleep that night. From infancy I had been taught if you lied or stole you went to hell. Just that simple. I loved my dad; he was a good guy. I didn't want him to go to hell. But now this detective. Maybe he would put Dad in prison or hang him, and *then* he would go to hell.

The next day I followed the detective all morning in fascinated fear and dread. I don't know why, it seemed I just had to. Finally he noticed me and stopped till I had no excuse but to shuffle up a little closer.

"What you want, kid?" he asked.

I said, "Nothin'." He looked at me a few minutes, then started his heavy-footed walk again.

It didn't take him long to visit every business place in town—the three general mercantile stores and the four saloons. Then he started for my dad's little two-chair barber shop. My stomach knotted till the pain was sharp. I sneaked in quietly and sort of hid toward the back of the shop. A small town barber shop, then, was somewhat like an unofficial men's club.

Only one or two men were waiting for a shave. Several others were just "settin' and talking." Dad worked by him-

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Roy, New Mexico as it appears today.

self on weekdays but got a part-time barber to help on Saturdays. Saturday night they usually worked till about one o'clock—at fifteen and twenty cents for shave and hair cut.

The detective sat down on the bench that had armrests between seats and placed a small square satchel between his feet. He sat humped over with his elbows on his knees, tapping on the case with his fingertips. Then he started talking, apparently to everybody in the shop, while he was still looking down at the floor.

"The railroad lost the best part of a car of coal somewhere between Dawson and Tucumcari. As near as we can trace it out, it was close around here somewhere." He stopped talking and continued to tap on the case with his fingers. No one said anything. He continued, "I've talked with the train crew and the agent here. Every man jack swears the train didn't stop here. And every one of them says he didn't see a thing." The detective stopped again, then went on. "I'm used to guys trying to lie to me—I can tell when they are lyin'. But them guys was telling the truth."

THE detective fumbled with the case between his feet, opened it and pulled out the same brown envelope I had seen before. He looked up. "The agent here said somebody busted out one of the little glasses in the window at the depot and stuffed this envelope in on the desk. Not another damn thing, just the money. I wired the office and they said it checks out about ton for ton with the cost of the coal." He kept up that tap of judgment with his fingertips, this time on the envelope. "My office says there ain't been a car of coal set off here for about a month, but I notice everybody's got coal."

He looked up at Dad and it seemed the detective's cast-iron jaw stuck out a little farther. "Say, barber, you got plenty of coal?"

My dad jerked his head up and looked at the railroad man. I knew that look and it scared me still worse. The detective was walking awfully close to the edge. In that country and at that time a man either fought or knuckled under.

Dad closed his razor and laid it on the shelf. He stepped up beside the barber chair. "Yes, Mister, that's right—I got plenty of coal." Every man in the shop knew he had called the hand.

The detective drew his feet under the seat and both big hands gripped the armrests. His face was naturally dark but black blood seemed to bulge up in his temples. For a long minute they stayed bowed up like strange bulls in the same pasture, then the detective relaxed his grip and settled back. "Well, so has everybody else in town—plenty of coal." He had thrown in his hand.

Not a man in the shop thought that railroad man was scared. He was tough and a born fighter, but he just didn't have the cards. A man can't call for a showdown when he doesn't have the cards. But it was hard for him to quit.

He leaned over and stuffed the brown envelope full of money back in the little case and he seemed to be talking to himself. "There hasn't been a car of coal set off here in a month. Everybody's got plenty of coal. And yet I don't believe that freight stopped here. That takes it." He stood up. "Well, I guess I'm through here. I got to get back to the office."

Not then, and not for a long time, did I realize just exactly what had been said or done. Only after considerable time listening to the grown-ups make casual reference to the incident, or chuckle slightly and remark, "Say Bill, how's your coal holding out?" did I understand the details. But even so, I knew, right then, that everything was going to be all right. That awful choking pain in my chest went away. I felt my dad wasn't going to hell after all.

I have heard that a similar incident occurred in later years. I don't know, as we moved from there. But this is the one that I knew about—the one that caused me, as a kid, some worried moments.

Nine Against a Hundred

(Continued from page 21)

A, Tenth Cavalry," Col. Grierson later reported.

About 4 a.m., more horsemen were heard in the darkness. "On account of the hazardous position I was thought to

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be in by the officers at Eagle Springs, instead of all the cavalry coming, as ordered, a detachment of fifteen men, of Company G, Tenth Cavalry, under Lieutenant [Leighton] Finley, reported at 4 o'clock a.m. for the purpose of escorting me to that point. As I had no thought of being escorted there, or anywhere else, I immediately sent two of these men back with peremptory orders that all available cavalry be at once sent to my support. Being well supplied with ammunition, water, and provisions, I was confident of my ability to hold the position until their arrival, or so long as necessary."

Now there were 22 against 100 and the uneasy wait continued.

ABOUT 9 o'clock the next morning, sentries spotted the Indians coming out of a canyon to the southeast. They were within a half-mile of the camp.

"Seeing our strong position, they [the Indians] flanked off to the east, endeavoring to cross the road at a safe distance," Col. Grierson wrote. "With a view of preventing them, and to make known their position to Captain [Charles D.] Viele, then approaching from Eagle Springs, and believed to be near, I ordered Lieutenant Finley, with ten men of his detachment, to charge and engage the Indians—the object being to unite our whole force against the enemy."

Imagine the surprise Victorio must have had—the mouse attacking the hawk! Surely it must be some trick by the white Colonel. The ruse worked.

"Lieutenant Finley carried out his instructions handsomely, briskly engaged the Indians, and, although they were in more favorable positions and vastly superior in numbers, held them in check until the arrival of Captain Viele, about 10 a.m., when, unfortunately, the advance of the latter mistook Finley's party for Indians, and fired upon them [Lt. Finley also mistook Capt Viele's command for Indians], causing them to withdraw to our position, pursued by a large force of the enemy, who, when they approached sufficiently near, were vigorously repulsed and driven back in great confusion."

One of Finley's men had his horse shot from under him and was forced to retreat on foot, keeping the Indians at bay with his revolver until he was close enough to the camp for his companions to cover his successful retreat.

"At the same time," the Colonel continued, "Captain Viele's command was having a hot fight with the Indians, who were endeavoring to prevent his further advance. Soon Captain [Nicholas] Nolan was seen advancing with his company from the west [from Fort Quitman]. A portion of the Indians, observing this, withdrew southward, and Captain Viele, forcing his way through, drove the Indians from a ridge south of our camp and joined us soon after. The Indians then made another attempt to cross north, but were again driven back by the cavalry. Captain Nolan advanced very rapidly for the last six or eight miles, and, upon his near approach, the Indians scattered and fled in great haste and confusion toward the Rio Grande, none having succeeded in going north."

Summing up the battle at Tinaja de las Palmas, Grierson reported, "We, undoubtedly, fought Victorio's whole effective force, and in the entire engagement which lasted four hours, seven Indians were killed and a large number wounded, and Private Davis, Company C, Tenth Cavalry, killed. Ten horses were killed and three horses and two mules wounded."

SCOUTING PARTIES followed the hostiles back into Mexico and reported that they were camped near a place called Bosque Bonito. Word was immediately sent to Coronel Valle with the Mexican forces then marching down the river from Fort Quitman toward the Indian position. Grierson reported that the Mexicans ". . . for some reason unknown to me, moved immediately in the opposite direction, and soon passed Quitman en route to El Paso."

Convinced that Victorio would again attempt to cross into Texas, Grierson strengthened the post at Eagle Springs and sent patrols into the Sierra Diablo and Carriso Mountains. By August 3, the Indians were back in Texas. In a skirmish with U.S. troops, one soldier was wounded and one reported missing. Several Indians and horses were killed in the engagement along the river.

Moving the entire force at Eagle Springs in an attempt to head the Indians off at Bass Canyon, Grierson found that the hostiles had slipped eastward between the Rio Grande and the Van Horn Mountains. Again the troops sought to head the Indians off by guarding the only logical pass through the mountains and, again, Old Vic slipped through to the west of the mountains.

Making a forced march of sixty-five miles in less than twenty-one hours (twenty hours and forty-five minutes) —without a loss of a single animal—and by keeping a range of mountains between his force and that of Victorio, Col. Grierson succeeded in getting ahead of the Indians at Rattlesnake Spring, north of present Van Horn, Texas.

"During the night," the Colonel wrote, "I ascertained the location of the enemy, and early on the morning of the 6th [of August] placed companies C and G, Tenth Cavalry, Captain Viele commanding, in Rattlesnake Cañon to await their arrival. At 2 p.m. the Indians were seen moving toward the troops, who held their fire until it was judged they would approach no nearer, when the troops opened upon them by volley, creating great confusion, and causing them to scatter in every direction.

"The Indians," he continued, "seeing the smallness of the force opposed to them, moved out in strong numbers to the attack, endeavoring to work their way to water. At this time, Companies H and B, under Captain [Louis H.] Carpenter, made their appearance, and after a few well-directed volleys, caused the disconcerted Indians to flee and again scatter in the hills and ravines.

"At 4 p.m., Crevenstine's train [a wagontrain of provisions sent from Fort Davis], guarded by Company H, Twenty-fourth Infantry [also a Negro unit], and detachments of cavalry [under Captain Gilmore], approached about eight miles southeast, rounding a point of the mountains. The Indians seeing this, immediately sent a party to attack. Again they were astonished at the warm reception they met. Captain Gilmore vigorously repulsed them, and compelled their rapid retreat, with a loss of one Indian killed and several wounded.

"The bewildered Indians then hastily fled toward the Carriso Mountains, pursued by the troops under Captain Carpenter.

"Soon after, parties of Indians were seen coming from a cañon between the troops and the camp, evidently with the intention of attacking the pack trains and getting to the water. They were, however, soon obliged to retire.

"It is impossible to tell the entire loss of the Indians," Col. Grierson reported, "owing to the broken character of the country. Four are known to have been killed, and it is certain that many were wounded. A few ponies were captured. I am happy to state that in this engagement the troops suffered no loss."

ON August 9, having sent out a number of scouting parties and having been joined by Texas Ranger Captain George W. Baylor and fifteen Rangers and a number of Lipan Apache and Pueblo Indian scouts, Col. Grierson proceeded to surround the rugged Sierra Diablo Mountains where Victorio and his band were thought to be hiding.

A few days before, on August 3, Captain Thomas Lebo with Company K of the 10th Cavalry had engaged a small group of about fifteen Indians in the Sierra Diablos. The Indians were guarding what Grierson assumed to be Victorio's supply camp. Captain Lebo captured all of the supplies, consisting of "about twenty-five head of cattle, a substitute for bread, made of the Maguay [*sic*] and other plants, berries, &c., and a large supply of beef on pack animals." The Indians were pursued some distance north toward the Guadalupe Mountains where they escaped.

About the time the Army was surrounding the Sierra Diablos, Victorio was miles away. On August 9 the Indians attacked a stagecoach which had apparently met them head on in Quitman Canyon. A passenger, a General Byrnes, was killed and the stage chased back to Fort Quitman.

On August 11, Grierson's forces found the Indian trail leading southward from the Sierra Diablos and followed it to a point about twelve miles below Fort Quitman, where it crossed into Mexico.

Scouts followed the hostiles into the Candelaria Mountains in Chihuahua and reported that the Indians were "in a badly crippled condition, having their wounded with them, and their stock worn out. . . ."

From fresh graves and other evidence found along the trail, Col. Grierson stated, "I am confident that the Indians were much more severely handled during their short stay in Texas than I at first reported."

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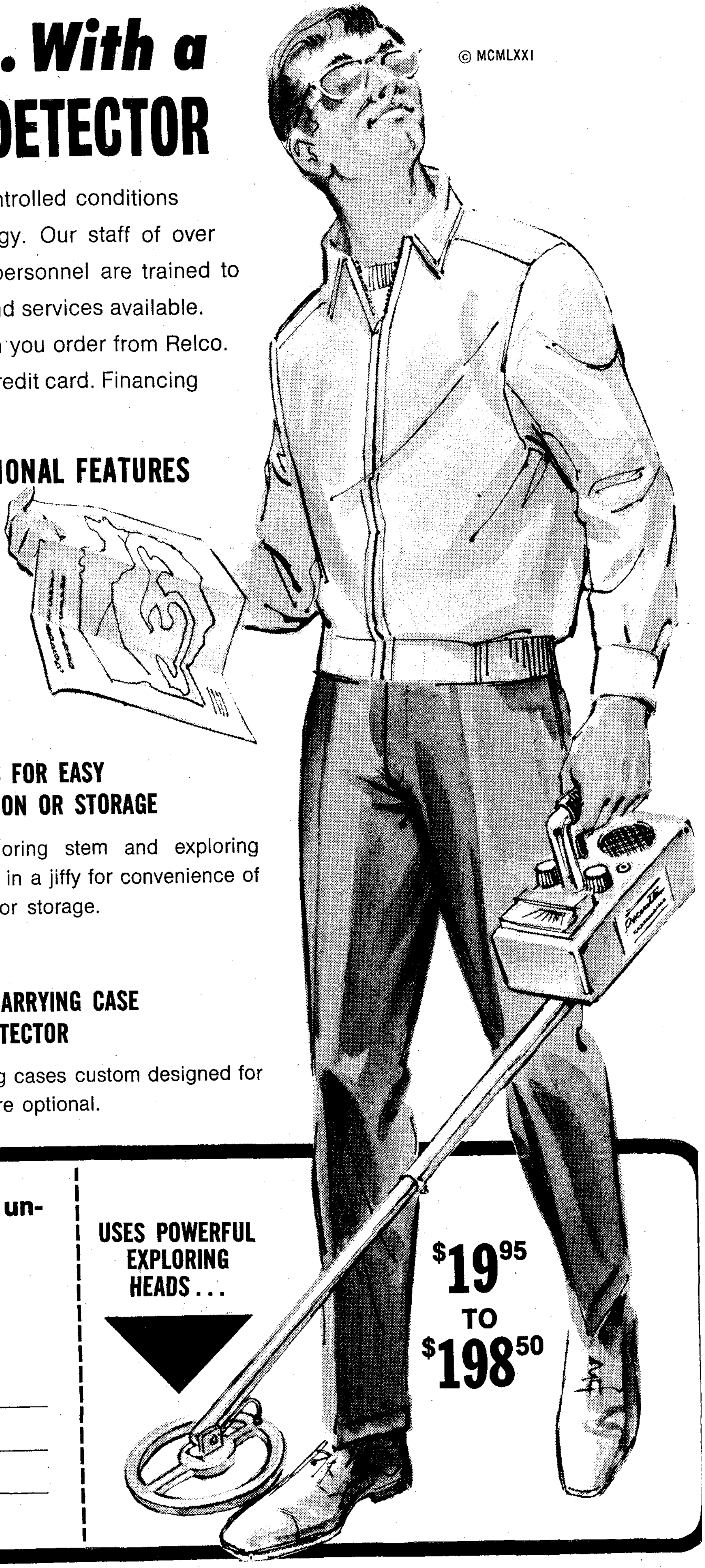

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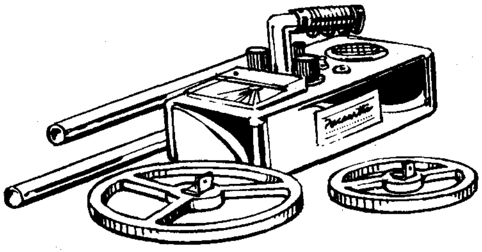

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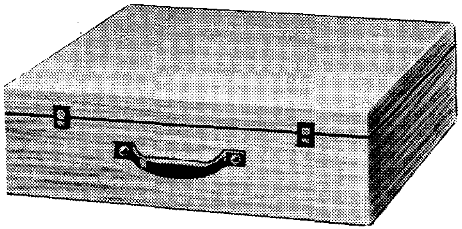

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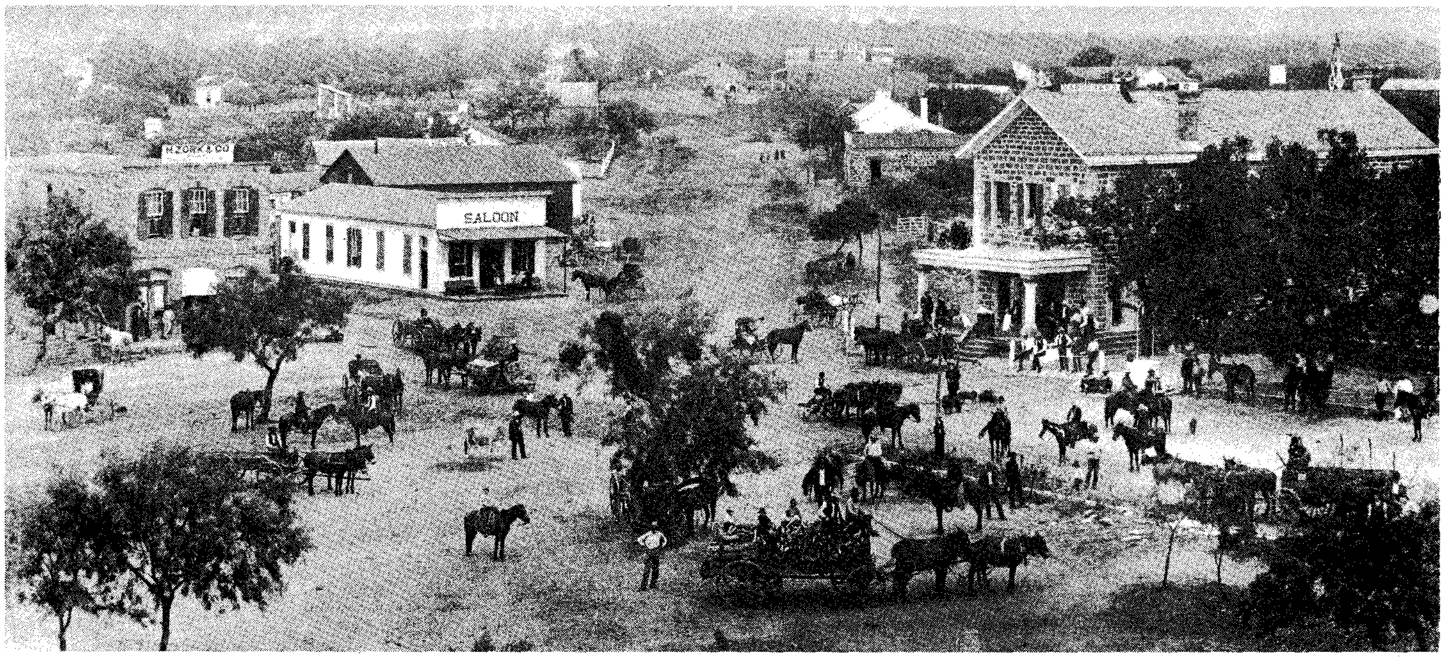

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Mason, Texas in 1890, eleven years after Kate Gamel's death.

Concluding his report, he wrote, "From the 28th of July, when they first crossed into Texas, until August 12, when Victorio and the last of his badly demoralized band were the second time driven across the Rio Grande, their loss in the fights at Tenaja de los Palmos [*sic*] and Rattlesnake Cañon, and in the several skirmishes, was certainly thirty killed and wounded, very probably fifty, besides the loss of all their supplies, and from seventy-five to one hundred animals."

Victorio had been blocked from possible supplies and reinforcements at Mescalero and had taken a bad beating. Two months later, in October 1880, Victorio and the majority of his band were trapped and killed by Mexican forces under Coronel Joaquin Terrazas in the Tres Castillos Mountains in Chihuahua—an end aided by the determined stand of nine men—three white and six black.

The Gamel Gold

(Continued from page 15)

other times they stayed with John Gamel, for Kate was an excellent cook.

There would be days of rounding up and cutting out at the Gamel ranch on Bluff Creek, some thirteen miles west of Mason. Then John would bring the buyers to his home to complete the transactions. They paid for the cattle with gold, for Mason had no banks. The next day when they left on the stagecoach, John would look down at the sacks of gold and shrug his shoulders. The excitement of making a trade was over, and turning to Kate he would say, "Do something with the gold."

Kate reached the potato house and opened the door. It was cool inside and the Irish potatoes lay in a pale white heap. But it seemed to Kate that the mound had grown smaller.

Suddenly, a huge, burly man jumped up and pushed past her, dropping his burlap sack of potatoes as he crossed the half-light in front of the open door and ran outside. Kate only had time to see that he was a Negro and that he was every bit as terrified as she. That was the last she remembered.

Two frightened little boys met their father at the stage stop. Mommy had fallen asleep in the potato house and they couldn't wake her up.

In the hours which followed, John Gamel pieced together his wife's mutterings until he had the story. Kate died without ever fully regaining consciousness, leaving a stunned young husband and two little boys.

It was some time later before John Gamel realized that his wife had never mentioned where she stored the gold. But John Gamel didn't bother too much about it. When he needed it, he'd hunt until he found it.

THEN came the big cattle bust. When he began to feel the pinch, John Gamel started to hunt for his gold in earnest. He would find it, of that he was certain. Maybe then he'd go out into Mexico and start all over again. As the days passed in futile searching, he grew panicky and then desperate. Where had Kate stored the gold he so impatiently had shoved aside?

Maybe she had placed it in the attic; maybe below the roof of the potato house; maybe someone had already removed it—the buyers who often spent nights at the Gamel home, or some of his own workers, or even the gypsies. Maybe; maybe.

Many events combined to bankrupt Mason's ranchers. They had amassed their wealth too fast. The land was beginning to be fenced, posing a calamity for the big cattle spreads. A terrible drought began in 1885, then in 1893 the Great Panic dropped prices until a good cow and calf often sold for as low as $6 for both. During those late '80s and early '90s, John Gamel lost a fortune.

On September 17, 1891, he married Alice Kettner, a girl of German descent and little older in years than his son Archie. To them were born four children, one of them Mrs. Jessie Lindsay who still lives in Mason and who owns the historic Gamel home.

Jessie tells of those days when sewage first was brought to Mason. "My mother stayed right with the ditch diggers when they reached our home," Jessie said, "because one of the gypsy fortune tellers predicted that Mother would find many sacks of buried gold, but she never did."

What became of the Gamel gold?

Dead Man's Mine

(Continued from page 26)

with stone walls four feet high, finishing them three feet higher with poles and a sloped roof.

The front room, into which the only door of the cabin entered, was used for living and cooking. The second room, in the west end, concealed the entrance into the mine shaft with a puncheon floor. Split logs, all small in diameter, were cleverly contrived so that they could be easily raised and replaced on a framework. They covered the hole while he worked below in the shaft.

For some reason other prospectors in the mountains grew suspicious of his activities. After all, if he was actually hunting for valuable minerals, why did he not appear in the mountains seeking them? But watches placed on him drew blanks. McDonald never left the cabin camp except to go out for supplies. His burros grew lazy and fat grazing in an adjacent glade on the mountain bench.

Apparently it was decided to spook

McDonald into revealing something. One early dawn when he stepped outside the cabin for a bucket of water from a dripping spring, two bullets whined close over his head. Running back inside, McDonald wasted the day on guard holding a ready rifle. No one appeared anywhere in the surrounding timber. He then went down to Forrester's store, where he bought explosives, fuse and other materials to make booby traps.

So far as Forrester knew no other shots were ever taken at McDonald. No one tried to grab his secret mine, probably because they knew nothing about it. But the old man never relaxed his vigilance. He remained obsessed with the conviction that spies were waiting to take over his mine.

What he did with the money from his sales of raw gold, which was considerable, Forrester never knew. Twice a year the old prospector went south to Walsenburg where there was a post office. Forrester always believed that he sent his money to a bank in the East, or maybe to some relative or family.

McDONALD must have had one of the richest mines ever discovered in Colorado. Large pieces of the yellow metal could be recovered from the quartz by the crudest methods. The old prospector knew no other way. Forrester considered that in turn he could become a very wealthy man by working the mine himself. After McDonald's untimely end he concluded to do so. Selling the small store, he outfitted with a riding horse and a pack outfit of two mules and entered the Wet Mountains.

He knew that before McDonald became so suspicious he had gone into the range around the west side of Greenhorn Mountain. This majestic mountain (12,000 feet) was marked by a downward surge of diamond-pointed peaks on each side. Forrester did not believe that McDonald's cabin covering the shaft was as far north as St. Charles Peak. If so, the old prospector would have used an easier route by Rye. Forrester deduced that the cabin-covered mines was not only on the west side of the mountain but northwest of Greenhorn. It could actually have been somewhere on the off-slopes.

There were many regular trails up into the mountains and many prospectors prowling them. The shrewd Forrester reasoned that McDonald would not have traveled any of them. His time was spent trying to find the dim traces of one seldom used. After three weeks of failure, however, he gave up the idea, realizng that McDonald undoubtedly never went over the same trail twice, or at east at long intervals. He might even have used game trails. Forrester was appalled at the later probability. It might take him years to work them all ut. Yet fool's luck, or something, came o his aid.

Selecting one north along the range where he felt that McDonald *could* have mined, Forrester entered a deer run which wound around slopes and seemingly went nowhere. On the second day he was about to give up and try another when at a seep spring he found quadruped droppings. Camping to one side he walked over the ground and worked out sign that a man with burros had camped there at least twice at some time in the past. Forrester felt he might be less than a day's climb to the mine.

The following morning he had ascended barely two miles before discovering sign of other prospectors, less anxious to conceal their presence on the mountain. But none of them had passed over the game trail which at a higher elevation began forking off and soon dissolved into nothing. At the south end of a bench Forrester came abruptly onto considerable evidence of a man's passage northward. Since the hoofprints were those of burros, and hobnail shoe prints were of only one man, Forrester became a little excited.

Riding on he came in under the vertical cliff of a peak slope. Here the timber was very thick. After some distance he abruptly entered some grazing grounds where burros had been. Forrester retreated to the heavy stand of timber and discovered the seep spring. Within a matter of moments he had pushed through the timber and come onto the cabin McDonald had described to him.

But here lay danger—booby traps—if McDonald had told the truth. The balance of the afternoon Forrester spent making a comfortable camp by the spring.

EARLY the next morning he began searching around the front and ends of the cabin for explosives. Three crude bombs were found the first hour. The detonators were designed to be tripped by wires concealed in the grass and weeds.

Using a long pole Forrester lifted the wooden door latch and shoved it inward. As it moved, a blast of light and smoke hurled through the opening. On the wall opposite the door had been fixed a double-barreled shotgun sawed to a length of six inches. The fireplace in the end contained a sheet of iron supported by rocks on which cooking had been done. The sight of wood and kindling laid under it for lighting made Forrester smile.

Sure enough, deep inside the kindling reposed half a case of dynamite. An intruder would have thoughtlessly started a fire and blown himself and the cabin to bits.

The west room had been mined under the first long puncheon. Forrester removed the wired together sticks of dynamite. Then, after studying the floor at length, he decided that the entire far half covered the shaft into the mine. Warily, expecting an explosion, he pried up one end of the puncheons which were actually a trap door six feet long and four wide. The door came up fast, as though on springs, and rested against the wall. As this occurred Forrester darted back into the first room. But no explosion came.

Approaching the opening warily, Forrester looked down into the yawning hole. It was a shallow shaft and tunnel going straight under the peak slope. Suddenly Forrester heard a ticking clock. There it was, fastened to an overhead beam on which the trap door had lain. The door

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SEE PAGE 50

weight being lifted off had started it running. Leaping backward, Forrester whirled and sprinted for the open door, but the blast came as he reached it. Forrester was hurled far out, smashing into and past several trees before falling to the ground.

The bench shook violently and he looked up to see the high peak overhead obscured by broken timber and trees as rock with other debris fanned high into the sky. McDonald must have booby trapped the mine with more than a ton of dynamite.

Forrester desperately got to his feet, blood pouring from several cuts, and ran toward the near bench. The sky showered timbers, rocks and dirt where he had been a moment before. Part of the debris struck around him, and then a second and more violent explosion followed. In awe Forrester saw what seemed to be half of the peak crashing in an avalanche onto the bench. Again he sprinted away, trying to reach safety. This time he made it, onto a down slope into a stand of timber. The air was filled with roar after roar as more and more of the loosened peak tumbled off. The bench was covered and the excess spilled down the mountainside. Finally the crashes ceased and the dust began lifting.

The bench was no more. Everything on it had been covered. Forrester's stock and all his equipment lay under the great avalanche. As he started down the mountain, staggering, dazed, it finally penetrated that he was in a bad way. He had been smashed badly over most of his body, and at times lost all sense of direction.

The next morning two prospectors who had sometimes traded at his store found him in a semi-conscious condition. They packed him out on a burro, heading for Walsenburg to get medical attention. En route, he babbled about what had happened but the prospectors put it down to delirium.

After a week under a doctor's care Forrester was able to get to his feet, but he remained for treatment for two months. When the men who had rescued him came for a visit he explained what had happened at McDonald's mine—this time in a steady voice.

It was decided that a shaft could be put down to the mine despite the bench's being covered so deep. Forrester carefully drew a detailed map. As the prospectors were familiar with that area of the mountains, he felt confident they could easily find the shaft. When they did he would receive a third interest in the mine.

Forrester went back to country store trading on a small scale in New Mexico.

After six months the prospectors came to see him. They had been unable to locate McDonald's mine. Forrester returned with them, but he couldn't find it either! To this day no one has come onto one of the richest gold mines ever discovered in Colorado.

After retiring from business in 1957, Forrester spent two summers in the Wet Mountains, with nothing whatever to show for his searches.

Fiery Finish of Spokane Falls

(Continued from page 10)

frame building to another.

"The fire bell was still ringing but there was no need to keep sounding the alarm. The cloak of heavy black smoke covering the sky summoned every citizen in town to the battle line.

"The heat was terrific. It burned off my moustache, my sideburns and some of my hair. Nearly everyone who fought that fire in 1889 was burned on the hands or around the face. About twenty-five hundred people were living in Spokane at that time."

Fireman Harbord's interview differs greatly from the story Mrs. Clara S. Knowles gave the *Chronicle* in the 1937 anniversary issue forty-eight years after the fire.

"A careless cigarette smoker brought down the woe of Spokane's Great Fire of 1889," Mrs. Knowles declared. "There was no question about it."

In support, Mrs. Knowles filed a 500-word typed declaration, submitted through a local attorney, refuting the testimony of a dozen pioneer witnesses who had named the Buzzard Cafe kitchen as the starting point of the original blaze. She further stated, "It was no greasy frying pan flame in a tavern that started the blaze. I watched it from the very first smoke sign and know. It came from the upper floor of the saloon and lodging house located in the frame building mid-block."

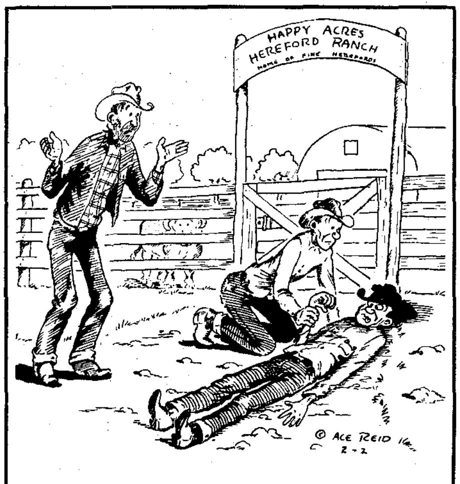
In a 1949 sixty-year-old series of personal interviews, T. B. Holderman, then eighty-six, gave another version of the start of the fire. Mr. Holderman was with the first hose cart to reach the building where the fire got its start.

"It was a one-story rooming house between the Northern Pacific tracks and First Avenue just west of Post," Mr. Holderman stated. "When we got there the fire was confined to rooms near the rear of the building but the water pressure was so low that the force would not even break the window glass.

"The closest window was about eight feet above the ground and we couldn't reach it. If we had had an ax and a step ladder with us at the moment, we could have cut a hole in the wall and put the fire out. As it was, before we could get inside the fire, it got a second wind and shot up like a sky rocket.

"By that time we were practically helpless. There were so many forest fires around that summer that the sky was overcast and filled with smoke. We could hardly see the sun.

"It was hot that day and nearly everybody had headed for the nearby lakes and streams. I ran the OK Stables, and nearly every rig I had was rented for the weekend. The town was practically deserted."



"All I said wuz, 'Our ole Brahmer bull has been over in yore pasture for a couple weeks'!"

ANOTHER version comes from W. E. Aitchison, a supervisor of the WPA American Guide, a writer's project prepared in 1937. WPA researchers attributed the holocaust to a woman known as Irish Kate who occupied a room on the second floor of the two-story lodging house on Railroad Avenue, three doors west of Post. According to their findings Kate had been drinking in the saloon located on the ground floor, and had headed for her room upstairs to primp up for the evening. She had placed a curling iron over the chimney of a lighted oil lamp when she had a male caller. In the course of an argument and scuffle the lamp was knocked over, setting a lace curtain afire. The curtain burst into flames and erupted through the open window toward the roof.

On one point, however, all interviews throughout the many years agree. Had there been sufficient water pressure, the fire might have been immediately controlled. Some witnesses state that at the start even a dozen buckets of water would have stopped the blaze. Four hours later, thirty-two blocks of the town's central business area lay in ruins.

Rolla A. Jones was superintendent of the Holly System Water Works located on the Spokane River near Howard Street. That Sunday Jones had gone to Coeur d'Alene Lake on a fishing trip and had entrusted the keys and starting instructions for the water works pumps to another city employe. Why that employe was unable to operate the valves and produce a full head of water pressure is still a mystery. The day after the fire Rolla Jones resigned from his job.

Only that spring Jones had been complimented by W. H. Sanford of San Francisco, Superintendent of Risks for the Atlas Fire Insurance Company. On inspecting the pumping plant, Sanford called it one of the best in the Northwest capable of providing fifteen hose streams under emergency pressure operations.

Most eye-witnesses agreed that onl ten to twelve minutes elapsed betwee the time the fire was discovered an the big alarm bell began ringing. Harr B. Arnold raced his horse and bugg north on Post Street and called to tw police officers, Smith and McKermar standing in front of the Ross House Ho tel, that a fire had broken out in bac of the N.P. tracks across from the depot The two policemen ran to the front o the Volunteer Fire Department statio at First and Washington and sounde the alarm. Ten minutes later the eight-man hose crew company and hose cart were at the blaze site.

The scatter of shanties north of Railroad Avenue quickly picked up the flying sparks coming from the lodging house. In minutes flames were pouring northward toward First Avenue. The shrieks of train engines attempting to push standing freight cars out of danger sounded above the shouts of men and women rushing from the Ross House and Pacific Hotel which were on the verge of being engulfed.

In less than a half hour the entire block between Railroad and First Avenue was a blazing mass, creating its own draft and leaping the street. Holding the blaze to its riverward course seemed the only hope.

MANY strange things happened on the streets of Spokane during the next few hours. Heroic things, incredible things. There is no record of the names of those reckless volunteers who risked being blown to "Kingdom Come" by lugging kegs of black powder to buildings along Lincoln and Washington Streets and setting off the charges amid a constant rain of sparks and burning debris.

The fight concentrated on saving the Commercial Hotel on the southwest corner of Riverside and Lincoln where the Empire Building now stands. Domkey's Saloon, just south of Riverside on Lincoln, was the first building to be destroyed. The powder blast which collapsed it formed a wedge of hard to burn rubble which diverted the flowing wall of flame northeastward toward an empty hitch yard. The Commercial Hotel was saved.

As buildings along Lincoln Street were being dynamited, the same operation was in progress to the east along Washington Street. Each demolition forced the fire toward the river down a man-made channel of rubble.

By eleven o'clock that night the inferno had reached the water's edge. There, a bucket brigade took over to douse the flying sparks. By midnight, the battle seemed won.

IN the early dawn of August 5 spectators and firemen began searching through the smoldering ruins of downtown Spokane Falls.

At the Frankfurt Building, in Dutch Jake's newly opened gambling hall and saloon at Front and Howard, three bodies were discovered among the charred bricks. But chest bullet wounds showed plainly that death had been by gunshot, not fire.

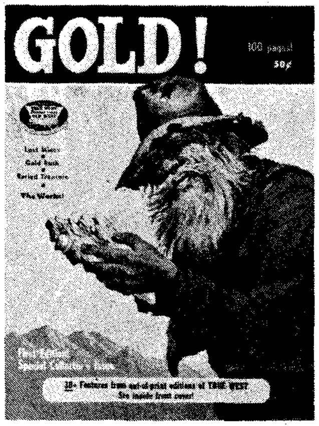
A few blocks to the east, at the Sacred Heart Hospital, the fire's single victim died at dawn. George S. Davis, a civil engineer stopping at the Arlington Hotel near Main at Howard, risked entering the building as the flames rolled northward, attempting to recover valuables left in his room. Davis ran from the burning building with his clothes afire. Spectators beat out the burning garments and carried him to the hospital, but his life could not be saved.

By noon tension among the townspeople began to ease. A telegraph station had been set up in the undamaged zone at the N.P. depot. Messages were already being received from the coast and from surrounding states and Canada saying supplies were on their way.

The city council met during the afternoon of the 5th. As if in comic relief to the night's ordeal, Frank H. Belt delivered a poke in the nose to a citizen who objected profanely to the dropping of "Falls" from the town's name. The single word Spokane was being used on all wires going out from the town. Whether the name Spokane dates from that nose poke, one can't really say; but the eliminating of Falls did shorten the telegraph dots and dashes for the overworked dispatchers.

About town, people gathered to exchange experiences. A crowd viewing the ruins of the four-story opera house described how they had blindfolded and led a horse used in the opera's first act down two flights of stairs to save the animal from the flames.

And at the Falls Building an anxious tenant, despite the warnings of spectators, opened his debris covered safe to see if its contents were intact. The heat from the safe instantly caused the papers inside to blaze up, destroying the contents. The loss was not recorded, but word quickly spread to other parts of



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—Joseph Conrad

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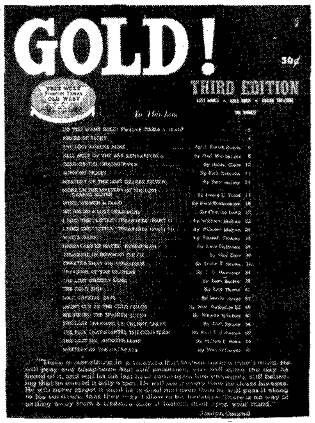

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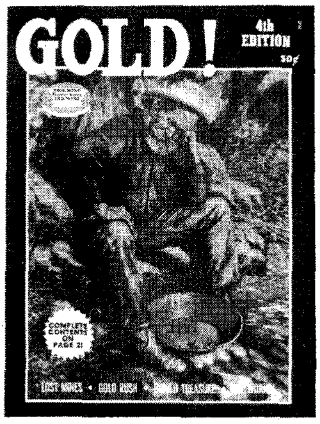
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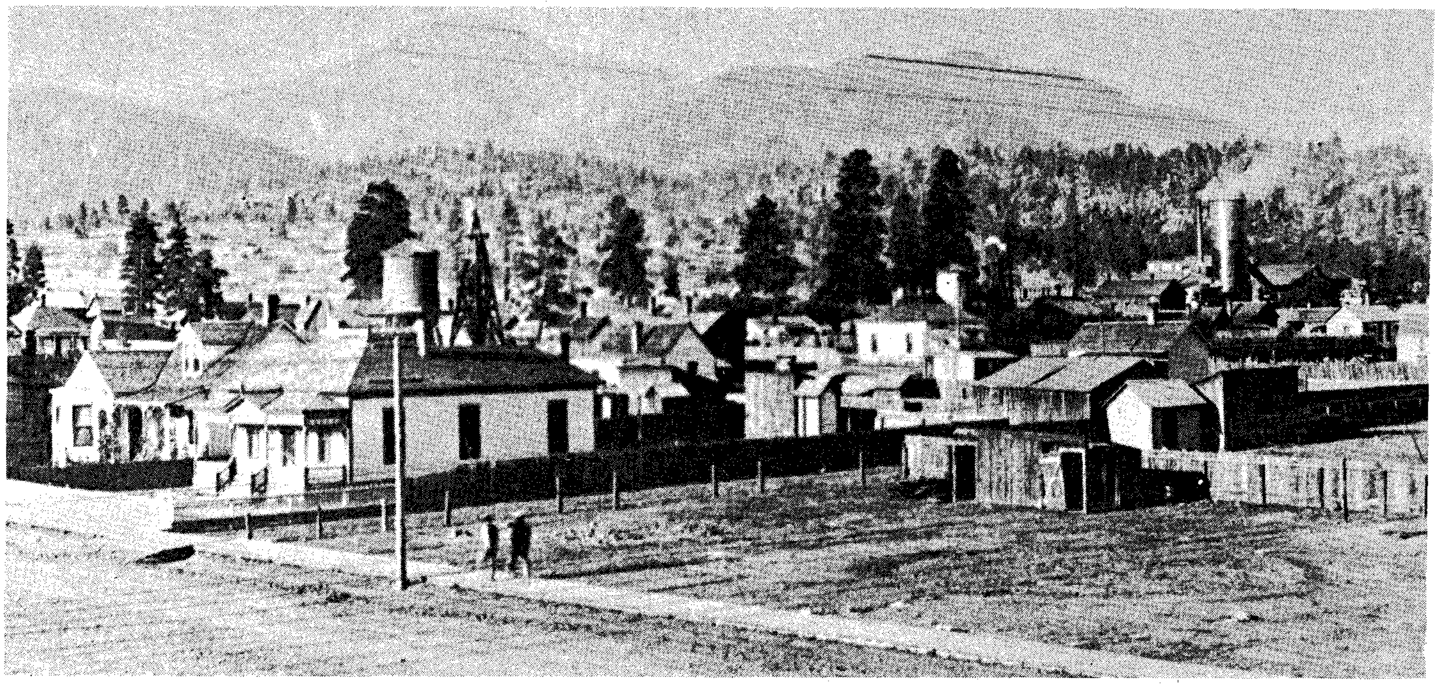


Flagstaff about 1888, just off Railroad Avenue (Santa Fe Avenue).

town to allow the safes a day to cool before attempting to open them.

The *Chronicle* appeared on the town's smoldering streets at its regular time. F. H. McCarter, mechanical foreman of the composing room assured editor Willcox that the paper would be on the streets by mid-afternoon. The August 5 issue was made possible by hand setting the type at a small printing office across the river on the north side at Cedar and Broadway. The printing plant published a weekly paper but was able to reproduce by hand set type the *Chronicle's* regular masthead. The paper's entire run was sold out in a matter of minutes. The regular price of 5¢ per copy jumped to 50¢ and $1.00 by resales until the second edition hit the streets.

On August 6 supplies began arriving by train. And within another day Spokane had become a tent city filled with insurance adjusters. Setting up offices in Concordia Hall, fifty adjusters representing as many insurance companies began accepting loss claims. Total loss by fire was estimated originally at ten million dollars. Later it was reduced to six million, with approximately half of that covered by insurance.

At the big bend in Riverside Avenue between Lincoln and Monroe, the Crescent block, one of the few buildings still remaining undamaged was a new dry goods store owned by J. N. Comstock and R. G. Patterson. It opened for business as usual on August 5. Luckily, the stock included towels and bedding. The company's shelves were bare within hours. Such was the start of the Crescent Store in Spokane.

The centennial celebration of 1972 should bring to light many more legends of the beginning of the Queen City of the Pacific Northwest. It has been a century of excitement and change in the sprawling Inland Empire.

Black Monday

(Continued from page 19)

feeling more like a lion, staggered into Berry's Saloon on Railroad Avenue. Loudly demanding service he pounded on the bar with a bottle and started singing.

Although Berry's Saloon was comparatively quiet, a small group of men had gathered around a monte game. One of the onlookers, George Hawks, became annoyed and asked Lamb to be quiet. Unable to sort out the voice in his befuddled state, Lamb proceeded to give the entire assemblage a first-rate cussing. Lamb also offered to whip the speaker or the entire company, if necessary. The men ignored him, and Lamb finally cooled down enough to leave the saloon in search of a more hospitable atmosphere. Once on the street, however, he found that the other establishments had banked their wood fires and gone home.

About half past one, then Tuesday morning, Lamb returned to Berry's and resumed the argument with Hawks in particular and the monte table in general. Regrettably, William (Billy) Hawks, a younger brother of George, hot headed and impetuous, had joined the group. Billy drew his .45 and handed it to George, saying, "Let him have it or I will." Lamb, surprised and a little frightened by the sudden turn of events, had turned and headed for the front door of the saloon when George, followed by Billy, stepped forward and struck Lamb three or four times over the head. Lamb crumpled to the floor.

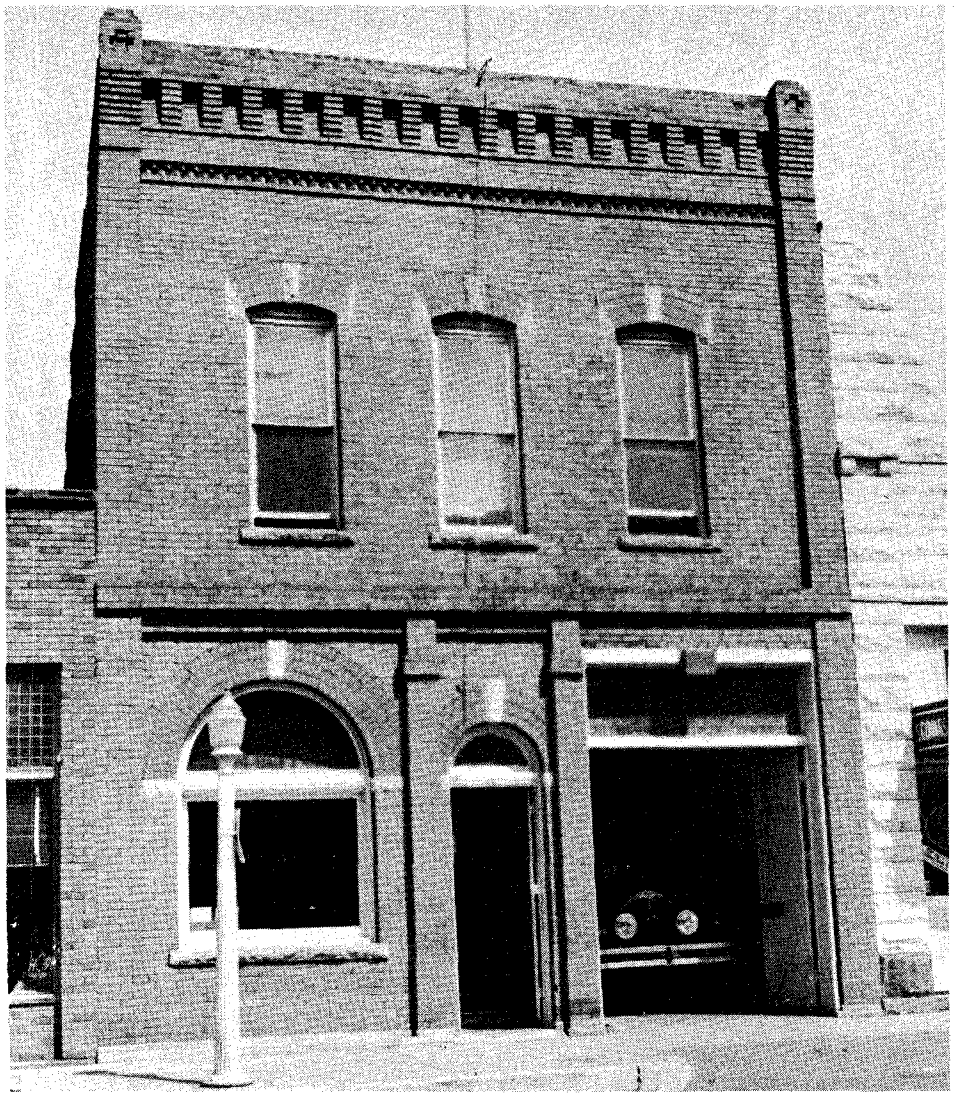
At the time Lamb was struck, John Berry was standing at the end of the bar talking to a customer. Berry was a large man, with an ample waistline, a good-natured manner, and a vast fund of stories. Despite his size the saloon owner could move swiftly when the occasion demanded. In a moment he had turned from the bar and was striding across the room.

Hawks like Lamb before him had become frightened at the turn of events and had started running toward the front door. Just before he reached it a young tough, known as "The California Kid," pushed open the door and entered. Anyone running is automatically believed to be guilty of something or other, and the California Kid grappled with Hawks at the door. At almost the same instant John Berry arrived at the scene and apparently was trying to help the Kid subdue Hawks. Exactly what happened isn't clear, but somehow the gun fired and Berry fell to the floor, mortally wounded.

BOTH of the Hawks brothers were taken to the local jail by the town constable and, as the jail would not have confined a good-sized cat much less a dangerous man, two guards were stationed outside. Because of the bitter cold guards were to be changed every tw hours.

The shooting caused a good deal o excitement and little groups of me gathered at the bars, now re-opened b their owners, and heatedly discussed th tragedy. John Berry had been well like and many of the citizens felt bitter toward the Hawks brothers. With th night's happenings being told and retold the truth of the matter was soon lost an each new version differed from the last Soon the story was going around tha George Hawks had deliberately sho down Berry in cold blood.

During the watch of J. Y. Crother and Bill West, a group of men number ing about twenty suddenly appeared i front of the makeshift jail and, levelin Winchesters at the two guards, demand ed the prisoners. Half frozen and ou numbered, the two guards threw dow their shotguns and allowed themselve



Flagstaff's first city hall (above) was built on the site of the jail where the Hawks brothers were killed.

o be forced against a fence adjoining he jail. The men were all masked and he guards were either unable or unwilling to indentify any of them. Crothers nd West later testified they heard the ound of shouts, angry arguments and he sound of broken furniture and scuffing inside the jail. A little later they eard three muffled shots and a terrifyng scream. A burning and broken lamp as kicked out the door and the mob eft hurriedly, scattering in all direc-ions.

Greatly shaken, Crothers and West ummoned help and entered the jail. The uilding was in pitch darkness and one f the searchers stumbled over a body. hey retreated hastily until a lamp could e brought. Returning once more they ound the inside of the building a shambles. Chairs were broken, tables over-rned. Apparently a savage fight had aken place. George Hawks, clad only in suit of long underwear, was found ing in the doorway leading to the makeift cells, with three bullet holes in his ody. He was quite dead. Billy was lying side one of the cells, two bullet holes his body. He, too, was dead. Five shots, t only three had been heard.

On the floor of the front room, or hallway, a coil of stout rope was found. Perhaps the mob had only intended to hang George, but the brothers had put up such a terrific fight someone had resorted to gunplay.

Tuesday, January 19, was another bitterly cold day in Flagstaff, but now a new chill was in the air. Three men were dead, good men, for the Hawks brothers had never been in serious trouble before. Billy was wild and foolish. George had only let himself be pushed by Billy.

The town would sorely miss John Berry, for his kindness and generosity would be long remembered.

Bill Lamb, the unwitting cause of all the trouble, suffered only a headache and it is reasonable to assume that Lamb would have had a large headache in any case.

The men who formed the mob must have had terrible pangs of conscience in the days that followed. The shooting was an accident and Billy Hawks had had nothing to do with it directly.

If Berry had stayed at the bar—if the California Kid had not entered at that precise moment—if neither Lamb nor Hawks had turned and run—

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BALANCE WHEEL

Sam Houston's Wife (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) by William Seale is the first biography of Margaret Lea Houston, third wife of the celebrated champion of Texas statehood. The author's research into new historical sources not only illuminates the life of this demure and influential woman but also presents unpublished sidelights on the career of the Texas patriot. Twenty-six years younger than Houston, Margaret Lea's sensitive nature and amiable grace were helpful in calming the frustrations and elevating the spirits of a husband plagued with alchoholism and personal misfortunes. Daughter of a Baptist minister, Miss Lea first met Houston in New Orleans where he recovered from wounds received in the victorious Battle of San Jacinto. Friends and relations considered the worldly Sam to be an unsuitable husband for pious Margaret Lea, but theirs was an ideal love match and the young wife had a wholesome influence on the rugged warrior who made good on his promise to give up alcohol. Much of the original material for the book came from love letters exchanged between husband and wife. Very good.

RELIGION

The story of frontier religion is a subject that hasn't been overdone. Those interested in this bit of Americana will enjoy the anecdotal history *Bible in Pocket, Gun in Hand* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.95) by Ross Phares. This is a paperback reproduced from the first edition (1962). The first preachers to venture beyond the edge of civilization were shocked to observe a new generation growing up in a Godless society. Some of them were uncouth, spouting, gun-toting chuck line riders. Some were so worthless that church committees dissolved their organizations in order to get rid of their freeloading gospel shouters. Jesse James carried a Bible and preached on the run. Cole Younger was religiously inclined and that arch-villain, John A. Murrell, became a favorite pulpit orator. In time, more devout circuit riders and ministers of denominational groups brought church discipline and prayers. Pay was poor and most of the pioneer ministers survived on prayers and generosity of local farmers and traders. A Methodist circuit rider's annual pay prior to 1800 was a promised $64 per year and traveling expenses; by 1800 it was $80 and only $100 even sixteen years later. Collecting the full amount was not easy.

WILD WEST

James R. Jennings witnessed the passing of the frontier in Arizona Territory and presents his assorted reminiscences in *Arizona Was The West* (Naylor, $4.95). His brief folk tales deal with white settlers and their varied encounters with outlaws, Indians and peace officers. Most of the action takes place around the Mogollon Rim and Little Colorado River basin. Holbrook was a hell-roaring town on the Santa Fe where twenty-six men were killed in one year. Also it was the headquarters for Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens who shot it out with the Bledsoe tribe, killing three, wounding one and scaring one into hiding. To the west lay the Hashknife Cattle empire run by Burt Mossman who cleaned out the local cattle rustlers and later headed the Arizona Rangers. The law required that witnesses attend hangings and a sample of Sheriff F. J. Watron's social invitation follows: "Dear reader—You are hereby cordially invited to attend the hanging of one: George Smiley, murderer. His soul will swing into eternity on December 8, 1899 at two o'clock P. M. sharp. The latest improved methods in the art of scientific strangulation will be employed and everything possible will be done to make the surroundings cheerful and the execution a success." Not all of the stories are this salty as pointed out in a foreword by Governor Jack Williams who says the book is about frontier men and women who succeeded in making good in a tough environment. Much of the book is concerned with pioneer ranching, country sociables, Mormons, wild animals and prankishness of youth with time on their hands.

COWBOYING TODAY

In The Outfit—A Cowboy's Primer (Dial Press, $6.95) by J. P. S. Brown, author of *Jim Kane*, describes the working life of a modern cowhand who rides from job to job in a beatup automobile. Once a work, the chores are much the same as of old. The bunkhouse usually is better warmer and more comfortable than th old-timers'; the cooking is as good o better and the cattle come from beefie stock. Mustang remudas have given away to bigger strains of Quarter Horse, Appaloosa and Morgan cow-horses. Roundup are still sweaty jobs; and rodeos an bailes, the customary social events Branding, ear-marking and steering sti occupy their original importance; th cattle rustler still plies his sneaky trad

(Continued on page 72)

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 70)

but does so in trucks powered for a fast getaway. These and other aspects of the cowboy's trade are presented in conservational style and include the rough-and-ready experiences of an itinerant cowhand named Bert Sorrells.

JACKSON HOLE

Jackson Hole Wyoming is a special place to this reviewer. Whether considered for its scenic grandeur, colorful history, or bitter controversies of land use and conservation, the impact of the area is powerful. *Jackson Hole, Wyoming; In the Shadow of the Tetons* (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95) by David J. Saylor is a complete account of Jackson Hole from the time John Coulter first viewed the majestic Tetons in 1807 to the present. Saylor spent two summers in Teton National Park as an employe of the National Park Service. He was fascinated with the Jackson Hole country and spent several years researching its history. From the times when the Indians used Jackson Hole in the summer but shunned it during the harsh winters, Saylor traces the inevitable parade of white men; explorers and exploiters, surveyors and settlers, commercializers and conservationists. While few will disagree with the ultimate use of such beautiful country being essentially recreation, and the wonderful efforts of men like Rockefeller, many will disagree that recreation means conservation. From bitter mistakes, scientific research, and technical assistance programs, ranchers are learning to use the country according to its ability to produce and even to restore range conditions to where they should be. Yet little is yet being done to regulate "recreation use" by people who are often more difficult to control and manage than cattle. When the public faces up to the fact that resources have limitations in the amount of any use they can withstand, recreation may indeed become "conservation use." Saylor's book will be of interest to students of land use, historians, conservationists, and tourists.

DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI

Armchair military strategists wanting to know about the deployment of the U.S. army and cavalry bases in the central United States for protection of settlers, freighters and travelers against Indians now have their opportunity to own a copy of a new issue of an out-of-print book on the subject. The facts are again available in a facsimile edition of the 1876 official report *Outline Descriptions of the Posts in the Military Division of the Missouri* (Commanded by Lieutenant General P. H. Sheridan). It can be obtained from The Old Army Press for $7.50 hard cover and $5.00 soft cover. The Military Division of Missouri was composed of five departments each with its commandant staffs, forts, camps and other posts. The Departments of Missouri, Dakota, Platte, Texas and Gulf maintained over ninety military posts from the Middle West to Canada, Idaho, Arizona, Texas and the Gulf of Mexico. Descriptions of the posts include locations, boundaries and design of the buildings and grounds. Also there are tabular lists of Indian superintendencies, agencies and reservations, plus a summary of some of the important Indian treaties. Good source material.

Charles Kelly

1889 — 1971

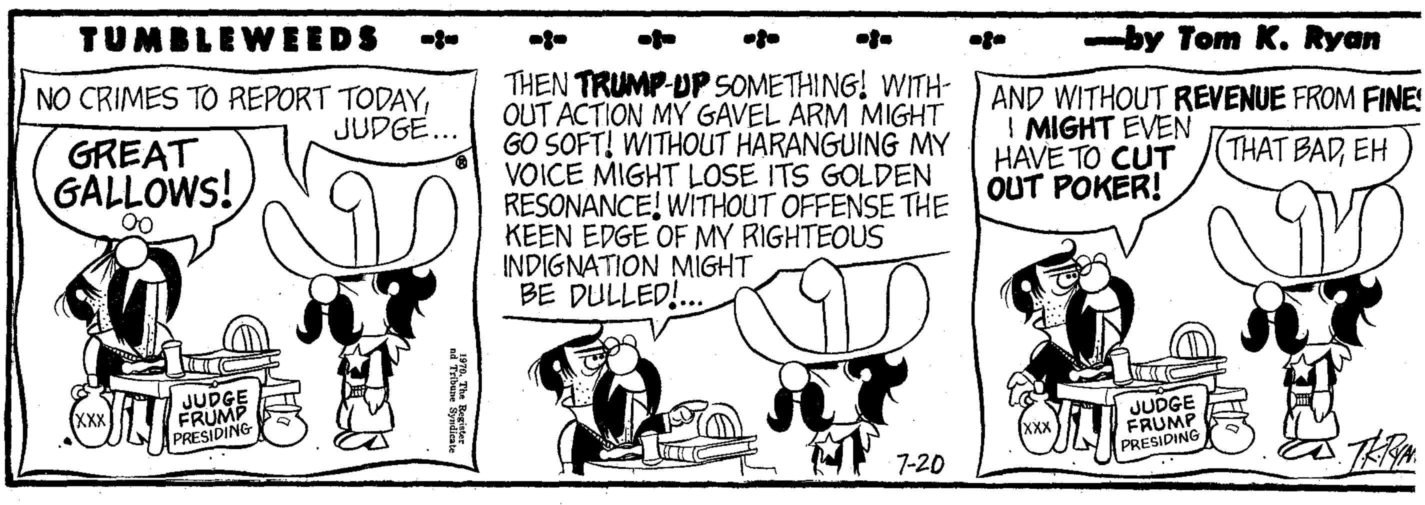
CHARLES KELLY, eighty-two, first superintendent of Capitol Reef National Monument, biographer and western author, died April 19, 1971 at his home in Salt Lake City.

Mr. Kelly came to Utah in 1919 after attending Valparaiso University in Indiana and serving an enlistment in the U.S. Army. By 1929 he was part owner of Western Printing Company in Salt Lake City and had acquired an insatiable curiosity about the history of the West.

A prolific writer, Mr. Kelly authored hundreds of articles for magazines and historical journals during the next four decades, as well as a half-dozen books. His articles have appeared in Old West, Relics, and True West, and others will be published later in the year.

Mr. Kelly became superintendent of the new national monument at Capitol Reef near Fruita in Wayne County, Utah in 1940 and served in that capacity until 1958. In those years he explored the state extensively and became an acknowledged authority on his historical inscriptions in Utah. For his efforts, the Utah State Historical Society named him an honorary life member in 1960. In 1969 he was chosen to receive an Award of Merit by the American Association for State and Local History for his outstanding contribution over the years to Utah history.

Charles Kelly was born February 3, 1889, in Cedar Springs, Michigan, to Alfred and Flora Lepard Kelly. He married Harriette Greener in Salt Lake City in February 1919. Survivors include his widow and two brothers, George of Cortex, Colorado; and Ira of Shawnee Mission, Kansas.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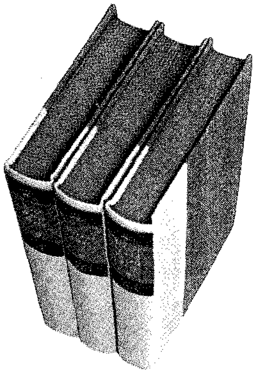

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